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Ballads from Manuscripts.

Vol. II.

PART I. A POORE MANS PITTANCE.

BY

RICHARD WILLIAMS.

EDITED FROM THE AUTOGRAPH MS. BY

F. J. FURNIVALL, M.A.

PART II. BALLADS RELATING CHIEFLY TO THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES TO THE WHOLE VOLUME,

BY

W. R. MORFILL, M.A.,

ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

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PREFACE.

It will not be necessary that I should say much by way of preface to the miscellaneous collection included in the present volume. The notices appended to each of the pieces will speak for them. Although for the most part deficient in poetical merit, they will have their value to the antiquarian and historical student. Many of the most life-like sketches and photographic portraits by Macaulay were drawn from the contemporaneous broadsides which he laid under contribution, and we have all, no doubt, felt surprise on running our eyes over the notes to his invaluable works when we have realized the strange sources whence his information was frequently drawn. The immortal chapter on the condition of England and the manners of the English in the time of Charles II. could only have been written by one who had made an exhaustive study of the fugitive literature of the Caroline period.

Several of the pieces included in this book have unfortunately been already printed; but as they have

made their appearance in works which have now become excessively rare, their reproduction cannot be unwelcome to the reader.

In conclusion, I must thank Mr. (Adams) Cokayne, formerly Rouge Dragon, now Somerset Herald, for some valuable information on the personages named in Teshe's poem. For the Introduction and Notes on the Campion poems I am indebted to Mr. Richard Simpson, the author of an exhaustive biography of the unfortunate priest.

Mr. Furnivall edited the text of Richard Williams's *Poor Mans Pittance* from the author's MS. for the Society in 1868. I have now added, at his request, an Introduction and Notes to it. He wishes to correct the date [1604] in the last line of p. 2 to [1605], as Williams miscalled the third year of James I. "The seconde yeare." I must thank him for many valuable suggestions, and the kind interest he has taken in the book throughout.

W. R. MORFILL.

Oxford.

INTRODUCTION.

Anthony Babington.

The cruel policy adopted by Elizabeth towards the Roman Catholics, her unjust detention in prison of Mary Queen of Scots, and the loud and frequent anathemas hurled against her by Pope and Spaniard, caused her reign to be fertile in plots and intrigues. The position of the Papists during this time had become very anomalous. In consequence of the Bull issued against her by Pius V. declaring that she was never at any time the true Queen of England, and absolving all her subjects from their allegiance, the Government resolved to take even more stringent measures than had been adopted previously. By 13 Eliz. it was treason to call the Queen heretic, schismatic or usurper, to introduce a Papal Bull, or to send relief to the fugitives over sea.

Even the most private practice of their religion was forbidden to Romanists; at any hour they might be hurried before the Courts of High Commission, where they could be interrogated as to how often they had been at church, and were in consequence liable to fines and imprisonment. Their houses were constantly being searched, and even foreign ambassadors complained that their chapels were visited by informers.

In 1581 a severe statute was passed, which was entitled "An Act to retain the Queen's Majesty's subjects in their due obedience" (23 Eliz. c. 1). It is thereby provided that any person perverting another to the Romish religion should be treated as a traitor, and the person reconciled incur the penalty of misprision of treason. Saying mass was to be punished by a fine of 200 marks; hearing it by a fine of 100 marks, with, in each case, a

year's imprisonment. Absence from church was to be visited with the infliction of a fine of £20 a month; and if it continued for a year or more, two sureties of £200 each were to be given for future good behaviour.

The kingdom was now full of spies, and the rack and gallows daily claimed their victims. The country saw something very like a renewal of the far-famed Marian persecutions, which form so dark a page in our national fasti, and have earned a very disagreeable epithet for their supposed authorizer. Although the English Roman Catholics showed considerable loyalty at the time of the Armada, yet within three months after its defeat, when leniency might have become cheap from so unsuspected a triumph, more than thirty persons—laity and clergy included—were put to death on account of their creed.

A statute was enacted, compelling those Catholics not possessing 20 marks a year to abjure the realm within three months after conviction, under the penalty of felony without benefit of clergy. In 1593 a very severe Act was passed against Popish recusants—as the Court phrase was. They were now not to travel a distance of more than five miles from their houses.

It can be readily imagined that these Draconian enactments produced an average quota of victims. The names of the unhappy victims are duly paraded before us by Lingard. To the man who reads history in an unprejudiced spirit they prove—if any proof were needed—how very little the doctrine of religious toleration was understood, obviously a growth of far later times. In pp. 157–191 of this book mention is made of the sufferings of Campion. But perhaps one of the saddest instances of this injudicious severity is furnished by the fate of Robert Southwell.

This unfortunate man was a Romish priest, who was apprehended in 1592, while domiciled in the house of the Countess of Arundel. He was thrown into the Tower, and frequently put to the torture. After three years' imprisonment, he was, on his own application, brought to trial, and so eager were his judges to

carry out his sentence, that he was even consigned to the executioner on the following day. Lord Burghley, who had been implored to make some settlement of his case, and release him from the dungeon in which he was languishing, brutally remarked, that "if he was in such haste to be hanged, he should have his desire." His poems, many of which are of great beauty, are well known to the lovers of our older English literature.[1]

Of the various plots attempted in this reign, the most important, from its fatal effects upon the captive Queen of Scots, and the romantic character of some of those implicated in it, was unquestionably that of Anthony Babington and his followers, whose dismal fate forms the subject of the poem printed on pages 5–22.

In this remarkable conspiracy three distinct elements may be traced: first, that of the enthusiasts sent into the country by the Pope, who aimed at nothing less than the assassination of the Queen; secondly, some English Catholics, who joined with a view to better the condition of their co-religionists, but probably with no design upon the person of their Sovereign; and thirdly, the counterplot inaugurated by Walsingham and his spies, who hoped so far to implicate Mary that her detection should involve the loss of her life. Anthony Babington, the chief figure in this web of threads and cross-threads, —a hot-headed youth, with a handsome figure, well-stored purse, and little discretion,—was the son of a certain Henry Babington, of Dethick, in Derbyshire, an opulent landowner. The estate had come into the family by the marriage of Thomas, second son of Sir John Babington, of Chilwell, with Isabella, daughter and heiress of Robert Dethick, who died in 1467.

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[1] Thus how solemnly funereal and mournfully quaint are the stanzas beginning, "Before my face the picture hangs," to be found, it is true, in almost every book of extracts, but none the worse for being somewhat hackneyed, as we cannot hear such choice poems too often. When we read this poem, we seem to be gazing into an open grave. There is something very fine, too, about Southwell's prose, especially his "Marie Magdalen's Funerall Teares."

The unfortunate Anthony was born in 1569, and lost his father ten years after his birth. During his minority his mother married again: her second husband being Henry Foljambe, who seems to have treated his step-son with great kindness. This circumstance is alluded to in the poem (pp. 10, 11):—

> "But in the state of widowhode not longe shee tarried,
> For with that good gentleman, Henrye Foliambe she married.
> Whoe loved vs all tenderlie as wee had bene his owne,
> And was verye carefull of oure education."

In favour of this gentleman Anthony charged his estates with 100 marks per annum, as a token of his gratitude. Besides himself, his father had left two daughters and three sons, Francis, George, and Charles. The latter is said to have committed suicide in prison, probably because implicated in the conspiracy for which his brother suffered. On the 25th September, 1587, among the prisoners in the Clink, we find Charles Babington.

The early youth of Anthony seems to have been spent in gaiety and the various amusements of the town. Being too early master of himself, and with abundance of means at his disposal, he led a wild and reckless existence, no doubt frequenting the theatres, where certainly his morals would not be improved, if Stubbes has given us a correct account in his Anatomie of Abuses, 1584): ". . . . Marke the flockyng and runnyng to Theaters and Curteins, daylie and hourelie, night and daie, tyme and tide, to see Plaies and Enterludes, where suche wanton gestures, suche bawdie speeches, suche laughyng and flearying, such kissyng and bussyng, suche clippyng and culling, such wincking and glauncing of wanton eyes, and the like, is used, as is wonderfull to beholde."—The English Drama and Stage, Roxb. Libr. 1869, p. 223. We feel that we have a picture of him when Dekker is describing the deportment of a gallant in Paul's walks; and the later sketch of Earle[1] will suit him well, when drawing the dandy of his time:—"Hee obserues London trulier

[1] Microcosmographie, edited by Arber, p. 39.

then the Termers, and his businesse is the street: the stage, the court, and those places where a proper man is best showne. If hee be qualified in gaming extraordinary, he is so much the more gentle and compleate, and hee learnes the beast [best] oathes for the purpose. These are a great part of his discourse, and he is as curious in their newnesse as the fashion. His other talke is Ladies and such pretty things, or some iests at a Play. His Pick-tooth beares a great part in his discourse, so does his body; the vpper parts whereof are as starcht as his linnen, and perchance vse the same Laundresse. Hee has learnt to ruffle his face from his Boote, and takes great delight in his walke to heare his Spurs gingle. . . . . He is one neuer serious but with his Taylor, when hee is in conspiracie for the next deuice."

Everything shows, however, that the unfortunate youth was of a friendly and genial temperament, and much endeared to his friends. There is something very touching in the words of Chidiock Tichbourne on the scaffold: "Before this thing chanced we lived together in the most flourishing estate. Of whom went report in the Strand, Fleet Street, and elsewhere about London, but of Babington and Tichbourne? No threshold was of force to brave our entry. Thus we lived, and wanted nothing we could wish for, and God knows what less in my head than matters of state! I have always thought it impious, and denied to be a dealer in it; but in regard of my friend I was silent, and so consented."

Babington appears to have made some profession of studying the law. He soon after married Margery, daughter of his guardian, Philip Draycot, of Paynsley or Peinsley, in Staffordshire, by whom he had one daughter, Mary, who died at the age of eight years. It was a Roman Catholic family, and we find Draycot apprehended as a recusant in 1587.

At the persuasion of John Ballard, a priest, who had entered England in disguise, and made a tour through a considerable part of the country to tamper with the disaffected and those who

were attached to the old faith, Babington joined the conspiracy, the leading features of which seem to have been the assassination of Elizabeth and the liberation of the Queen of Scots. Two other chief participators were a desperado named Savage, who had served the King of Spain in the war then raging against the revolted Netherlands, and a certain Pooley, who, although to all appearance faithful to the conspirators, was in reality in secret communication with Walsingham, Elizabeth's minister.

Mary, whose hopes of release had recently become fainter than ever through the treaty which had been concluded between her son James and the English Queen, was induced to become a participator in this plot, although at her trial she steadfastly affirmed that she had consented to nothing but an insurrection, and was in no way privy to the attempt on the life of her persecutor. A secret correspondence was carried on between Mary and Babington. The letters were all written in cipher; but in each instance Walsingham was made acquainted with the sending. The epistles were opened on their transmission, deciphered, and resealed by two experts, named Phelipps and Gregory, and forwarded to their destination, as if they had not been tampered with.

On the 14th of July, 1586, Mary is said to have received an important communication from Babington. It described the projected invasion of the country, the plan for her escape, and for the assassination. "This letter," says Tytler, "was not produced at the trial, and Mary denied ever having received it." The original certainly does not exist at present, but what purports to be a copy in a clerk's hand has been preserved. Besides the contents previously mentioned, Babington apologizes for his long silence, which he attributes to the extreme difficulty of safe communication with her. He tells her that six gentlemen had been selected for the honourable office of assassinating the Queen, and conjures her to be mindful of their posterity should they perish in the attempt. In her reply to this remarkable document, Mary fully accepts the responsibilities

of the conspiracy;[1] that is, if the document at present passing for her answer, which does not profess to be any more than a copy, and is preserved in the State Paper Office, has not been tampered with by Walsingham, as was asserted by Camden, and is also insinuated by Tytler.[2] The plan of the wily secretary had now fully succeeded; it only remained to seize his victim, who had never indulged a suspicion that her correspondence had met any other eyes than those for which it was intended.

She was at this time a prisoner at Chartley, in Staffordshire, and Phelipps, who deciphered the letters, was living under the same roof with her. She had remarked the man about the premises, and had a sort of half notion that his mission boded no good. In a letter, still preserved, she has left a description of this fellow as slender, yellow-bearded, pitted in the face with small-pox, and short-sighted; so that we have as it were a photograph of Walsingham's creature transmitted to us—a man fitted for dark passages and by-paths, just such a person as under a despotic government becomes a police-spy.

The Queen of Scots was still fond of and still able to indulge in the pleasures of the chase. On the morning of the 8th of August her keeper, Sir Amias Paulet—the same who had, with such virtue or prudence, resisted the dark hints given him by Elizabeth about poisoning his captive—invited her to hunt on

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[1] The mention of the design of the six gentlemen exists only in a postscript to the letter, and the defenders of Mary—notably Prince Labanoff and latterly M. Petit ["History of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots." Translated from Professor Petit by Charles de Flandre. London, 1874.]—consider it to have been fabricated by Phelipps. The subject is also cleverly handled in the new work of Father Morris ("The Letter-books of Sir Amias Poulet," 1874), who considers that the passage is inconsistent with other parts of the letter, where Mary is apprehensive of the punishment which Elizabeth will probably inflict upon her friends, if she succeeds in effecting her escape. She could therefore hardly have contemplated the immediate assassination of her enemy. The question is too intricate to admit of being discussed here, and I cannot do better than refer the reader to the above-mentioned work of Morris (pp. 227–242), where he will find the specious argument of Mr. Froude demolished with much ingenuity.

[2] "History of Scotland," vol. iv. p. 127. Edin. 1864.

the neighbouring estate of Tixall. She rode with a small retinue, including her two secretaries, Nau and Curle, from Chartley, but on her way was stopped by a Mr. Thomas Gorges, who informed her of the detection of the conspiracy, and further that she was to be conveyed to Tixall, and not to be allowed to return to Chartley. At first she abandoned herself to a paroxysm of rage and despair, and called upon her companions to rescue their mistress from the traitors who had ventured to lay hands upon her. Her passion, however, lasted but for a moment. Reflecting how useless all opposition must be, she allowed herself to be carried off; while her attendants Nau and Curle were detained, and her desk and papers rifled and ransacked by the obsequious emissaries of Elizabeth.

Leaving, however, the unfortunate Queen, over whom already the shadow of the scaffold was looming, let us trace the fate of the foolish men who had linked themselves to this insane enterprise.

On the following day Ballard, the priest, was arrested, and Babington now suddenly found that Pooley had betrayed them. Being closely watched and hotly pursued upon the faintest trace of their presence being indicated, he and his fellow conspirators hid themselves in the neighbourhood of Harrow and St. John's Wood.[1] The search became more and more careful. Indeed we have a letter from Lord Burghley himself, stimulating the zeal of the pursuers, and finding fault with their inadequate caution, because, instead of dispersing, they hunted their victims in gangs, thereby arousing suspicion. Moreover, as he tells them, their ideas of the persons who were to be arrested were far from accurate. They seem only to have known that one of the leading malefactors "had a hooked nose." Perhaps Babington was the gentleman (to follow the direction) "talle of stature, of whitely complexion, somewhat rownde faced, his beard flaxen

[1] These circumstances are narrated minutely by Mr. Froude, who has treated the whole subject somewhat sensationally, and perhaps drawn too much upon an exuberant imagination.

and cut shorte, having a doublett and hose of yeallowe fustian and a russet cloake."

Williams is very explicit in giving the names of all those who were apprehended and suffered. They were finally, fourteen in number, brought to trial. The indictment charged them with a two-fold conspiracy, one plot to murder the Queen, and another to raise a rebellion within the realm in favour of Mary Stuart. Many of the prisoners had been apprehended in the house of a farmer, named Bellamy, who was destined to pay dear for his mistaken hospitality. He is alluded to in the poem—

"Lastlie Bellamye, our hoste, that made us all the chere."

Babington, Ballard, Savage, Barnewell, Tichebourne, and Donne, admitted their guilt: the remaining pleaded not guilty, and of these five were convicted as accomplices on the authority of passages extracted from the confessions of the others, and two, Gage and Bellamy, as accessories after the fact, because they had assisted the conspirators after the proclamation issued against them.[1]

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[1] "Jerome Bellamye attaynted by verdict of xij men. His offence was in that he ayded and releyved Babington, Barnewell, and Dune in the woods and in his mother's haye barne, after that he vnderstood that searche was made for them as traytors, for conspiring the deathe of the Queene's Majestie."—Quoted from the *Reliquary*, vol. ii. p. 177. "In his examination Richard Mascall, servant to Mrs. Bellamy, stated that Ierome Bellamy appoynted him to guide the parties, and willed him to carry meat to these parties; he met with them in the wood & knew Donne, for that Donne had been divers times at Mrs. Bellamy's house: he saw them first lying on the ground in the woods, and then he went to his Mistress' house; when in the house he saw Donne and Ierome. Ierome delivered unto this party (Mascall) the meat & 3 loaves of bread, which this party carried at night: they ran to the hay barn on Thursday night & all five lay there. The meat was dressed in his Mistress' house. Upon Sunday at night they were altogether in the woods. Donne and Gage were taken upon Sunday night between 8 & 9 of the clock at night, and this party being with them fled from the watchmen. Mr. Donne hath a son at Windsor, dwelling in a farm called Shawe, who is servant to the Master of the Rolls (Sir Gilbert Gerard). Dolman & one Walle came of late to his Mistress' house. Donne told this party that all these other parties did seek to save themselves for religion's sake."—The *Reliquary*, vol. ii. p. 181.

On the day of his execution, Sept. 20th, Babington acknowledged and subscribed before the Privy Council the document (still preserved in the State Paper Office) in which he confessed his secret correspondence with the Scotch Queen. "This last is the alphabet by which only I have written with the Queene of Scotts, or receaved letters from her."

The wretched men were led to death according to the order and in the manner described in the ballad. Lincoln's Inn Fields was the place appointed for this melancholy spectacle, because they had been accustomed to meet there to concoct their conspiracy. Ballard suffered first, and after him Babington. He is said to have maintained a haughty demeanour on the scaffold, refusing either to kneel or to take off his hat. The curious reader may see the full details of his death in Howell's State Trials; but the account is too harrowing for transcription here. The cruel mode of execution which prevailed at this time, and lasted, we must remember, till the middle of the eighteenth century, caused the miserable prisoner to be almost embowelled and quartered alive. Strong as was the feeling against these misguided men, and sluggish as were all public demonstrations at this time, the sickening butchery met with such reprobation from the people that it was considered injudicious to attempt to repeat it on the following day, although we are told that the Queen was particularly anxious that the culprits should pay their penalty to the full.

Those who suffered on the 21st of September were simply hanged: the disgusting accessories of their punishment being omitted.

A touching letter was written by poor Babington, just before he suffered. A copy of it is preserved among the Ashmolean MSS. (Ash. MS. 781, leaf 73.) "The Coppie of Anthony Babington's letr written to Queene Eliza: being in Prison for high treason committed against her Ma^{tie}." I here add it from the *Reliquary*, vol. i. p. 3:

"Most gratious Souvraigne, yf either bitter teares, a pensive contrite harte, ore any dutyfull sight of the wretched Synner might work any pitty in your royall brest, I would wringe out of my drayned eyes as much bloode as in bemoaninge my drery tragedye shold lamentably bewayll my faulte, & somewhat (no dought) move you to compassion, but synnce there is no proportione betwixte the qualitye of my crimes and any human commiseration, Showe sweet Queene, some mirakle on a wretch that lyethe prostrate in yr prison, most grivously bewaylinge his offence, and imploringe such comforte at your anoynted hande as my poore wives misfortunes doth begge, my childe innocente doth crave, my gyltless family doth wishe, and my heynous trecherye dothe leaste deserve, So shall your divine mersy make your glorye shyne as far above all princes, as my most horrible practices are more detestable amongst your beste subjectes, whom lovinglye and happielye to governe,

"I humbly beseche the mercye Master himself to grante for his sweet Sonnes sake, Iesus Christe.

"Yor maties moste unfortunate, bicause most disloyall subiecte,

"Anthonye Babington."[1]

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[1] I extract the following from the *Reliquary*, vol. i. pp. 52–53:—"Stowe, in his 'Summarie of the Chronicles of England' in 1604, speaking of the execution, says: 'On the 15th September other 7 were likewise arraigned, who pleaded not guiltie, were found guilty by Iury, and had judgement. These traytors, 14 in number, were executed in Lincoln's Inne-fields, on a stage or scaffold of timber, strongly made for that purpose; even in the place where they had used to meete, & to conferre of their trayterous practices, there were they hanged, bowelled, and quartered, 7 of them on the 20 of Sep. to wit—J. Ballard, priest; A. Babyngton, Esquire; J. Savadge, Gent.; R. Barnwell, Gen.; Chidiake Tichborn, Esquire; Charles Tilney, Esquire; E. Avington, Esquire. The other 7 were likewise executed on the 21 of September, to wit—T. Salisbury, Esquire; Henrie Dunne, Gent.; Edward Jones, Esquire; I. Traverse, Gent.; I. Charnocke, Gent.; R. Gage, Gen.; Ierome Bellamie, Gent.;' etc.

"In a very rare black-letter tract, 'The Censure of a Loyall Subiect upon certaine noted Speach & behauiours of those fourteene notable Traitors, at the place of their executions, the xx. & xxi. of September, last past,' printed in 1587, in the possession of the Editor, the following account of the execution occurs:— * * *

'Wilk. Next unto this priest, Anthony Babbington was made ready to the Gallowes, and in euery point was handled like unto Ballard.

'West. Little may be the mone, bad was the best; but what observed you in his end?

'Wilk. A signe of his former pride, for whereas the rest, through the cogitation of death, were exercised in praier upon their knees, and bare headed, he whose tourne was next, stode on his feete, with his hat on his head, as if he had been but a beholder of the execution: concerning his religion, he died a papist. His treasons were so odious, as the sting of conscience perswaded him to acknowledge himselfe to be a most grievous trespasser against God & the Queen's Majesty. * * *

'Wilk. Next unto Babington, Sauadge was made ready for the execution.'"

Among a curious list of his books and other chattels, given by Mr. Purton Cooper in the "Reliquary," we find many Roman Catholic works of devotion, which were found hidden under a pile of wood. A handsome clock was appropriated by the Queen, who seized on all his estates, except those which were settled, and conferred them upon Sir Walter Raleigh. Of Dethick, the former seat of Babington, nothing at present remains: "all is open field," but we find the name of the family still lingering in "Babington lane" at Derby.

The history of another of the conspirators presents such touching passages that we make a few extracts from it. Chidiock Tichbourne (called Tushbourne in the indictment) seems to have been a young man of handsome fortune and singular promise. He had been unhappily seduced into the conspiracy from his friendship with Babington, no doubt hardly realizing to what extremities the matter would drift. I have already quoted an interesting extract from his address to the spectators while on the scaffold. I will close this short notice with the letter of Tichbourne to his wife, written the night before his execution, and the pathetic verses which he composed on his own most melancholy fate. They were published in the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, but perhaps have obtained more ample notice from their introduction into Isaac Disraeli's Curiosities of Literature.[1]

"A letter written by Chidiock Tichbourne the night before he suffered death, unto his wife, dated anno 1586.

"To the most loving wife alive; I commend me unto her, and desire God to bless her with all happiness; let her pray for her dead husband, and be of good comforte, for I hope in Jesus Christ this morning to see the face of my Maker and Redeemer in the most joyful throne of his glorious kingdome. Commend me to all my friends, and desire them to pray for me, and in all charitie to pardon me, if I have offended them. Commend me to my six sisters, poore desolate soules, advise them to serve God, for without him no goodness is to be expected: were it possible, my little sister Babb, the darling of my race, might be bred by

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[1] Disraeli tells us that he discovered them among the Harleian MSS. (36, 50). His account of the conspiracy is pleasantly written. See Curiosities of Literature, vol. ii. p. 171, ed. 1859.

her, God would rewarde her; but I do her wrong I confesse, that hath by my desolate negligence too little for herselfe, to add a further charge unto her. Deere wife, forgive me that have by these means so much impoverished her fortunes; patience and pardon, good wife, I crave—make of these our necessities a virtue, and lay no further burthen on my neck than hath already been. There be certain debts that I owe, and because I knowe not the order of the lawe, piteous it hath taken from me all, forfeited by my course of offence to her majestie. I cannot advise thee to benefit me herein, but if there fall out, wherewithal, let them be discharged for God's sake. I will not that you trouble yourselfe with the performance of these matters, my own heart, but make it knowne to my uncles, and desire them, for the honour of God, and ease of their souls, to take care of them as they may, and especially care of my sisters bringing up; the burden is now laid on them. Now, sweetcheek, what is left to bestow on thee, a small joynture, a small recompense for thy deservinge, these legacies following to be thine owne. God of his infinite goodness give thee grace alwaies to remain his true and faithful servant, that through the merits of his bitter and blessed passion thou maist become in good time of his kingdom with all the blessed women in heaven. May the Holy Ghost comfort thee with all necessaries for the wealth of thy soul in the world to come, where, until it shall please Almighty God I meete thee, farewell lovinge wife, farewell the dearest to me on all the earth, farewell!

"By the hand from the heart of thy most faithful lovinge husband,

"Chideock Tichebourne."

"Verses

Made by Chidiock Ticheborne of himself in the Tower, the night before he suffered death, who was executed in Lincoln's Inn Fields for treason, 1586.

"My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
And all my goods is but vain hope of gain:
The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun;
And now I live, and now my life is done!

"My spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung;
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green;
My youth is past, and yet I am but young;
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen:
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;
And now I live, and now my life is done!

"I sought for death, and found it in the wombe;
I lookt for life, and yet it was a shade;
I trode the ground, and knew it was my tomb;
And now I die, and now I am but made:
The glass is full, and yet my glass is run;
And now I live, and now my life is done!"[1]

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1 Many MSS. exist of this interesting and undoubtedly genuine composition, and besides being printed in the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ* and by Disraeli, it also appears in Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica*, page 361. Dr. Hannah, in his "Courtly Poets," 1870, has given us a reply from a MS. in the possession of Mr J. P. Collier, beginning, "Thy flower of youth is with a north wind blasted"—a piece of no value whatsoever.

The poem of Williams, pp. 9-22, it must be confessed, is not of any great poetical merit. It has, however, the freshness of a contemporaneous production, and adds a few facts to our knowledge of Babington's early life. Thus there is something very quaint about little Anthony nearly getting hanged with the chain of the good "Foliambe" (p. 11). Williams is evidently disposed to consider it prophetic of his subsequent fate.

> "But [I] was not suffred there longe to hange,
> but was nere strangled or I was taken downe."

His gay roystering life in London has been already mentioned, and is duly commented on in the ballad, perhaps with pious exaggeration. If, however, these young gallants frequented the "Curtayne," they were sometimes to be seen at Paul's Cross (p. 13):

> "Yett to the sermons wee woulde often resorte,"

although Williams adds that they only went there in ridicule of religion.

The circumstances of the arrest of Babington are very minutely narrated in verses 39, 40: we see him walking about, accompanied by his serving-man, in the guise of an ostler. One of the watch—a weaver by trade—is on the look-out for him, and is not to be put off by the affected nonchalance of Anthony:

> "We walked throughe the pastures as men without feare."

The ballad represents him as lamenting that he should have drawn his poor friend Tichborne into the conspiracy (p. 21):

> "But o, Tuchborne, Tuchborne! thou makest me full woe!
> For I was the firste that allurde thee to the same,
> Thie witts beinge yonge, likewaye I did frame;
> Thou beinge well Inclinde, throughe me didst consente
> To conceale the thinge that made vs all repente."

Williams's poem has been previously printed in the *Reliquary*.

An interesting ballad on the subject of Babington's Conspiracy is published by Mr. Payne Collier in his Book of Roxburghe

Ballads (1847), by Thomas Nelson, from which we extract the following lines:—

"This proude and haughtie Babington, in hope to gaine renowne,
Did stirre up many wilfull men, in many a shire and towne,
To ayde him in this devilish act, and for to take in hand
The spoyle of our renowmed Prince, and people of this land,
Who did conclude with bloudie blade a slaughter to commit
Upon her Counsell, as they should within Star Chamber sit,
Which is a place whereas the Lords, and those of that degree,
Yeelde justice unto every man that crave it on his knee."

Compare also—

"And Babington, that cursed wretch, what did bewitch thy minde?
That to thy Prince and country deere thou shouldst be so vnkinde?
Thou hopedst (belike) for better hap than euer traitor had,
But now thou hast thy due desert, which maks our harts ful glad."

—"A Dutiful Invective Against the moste heynous Treasons of Ballard and Babington: with other their adherents, latelie executed. G. W. Kempe, 1587."

Mr. Cooper also cites a ballad by Thomas Deloney, edited by Mr. J. P. Collier, for the Percy Society, in 1840 (Old Ballads, p. 104).

The lines on Babington are:

"Next Babington, that caitiffe vilde,
Was hanged for his hier;
His carcase likewise quartered,
And hart cast in the fire."

And of those executed on the 21st, he makes Donne and Jones both complain of Babington.

"The first of them was Salsburie,
And next to him was Dun,
Who did complaine most earnestly
Of proud yong Babington.

"Both Lords and Knights of hye renowne
He ment for to displace,
And likewise all the towers and townes
And cities for to raze:

"So likewise Iones did much complaine
Of his detested pride,
And shewed how lewdly he did live
Before the time he died."

Richard Jones had been licensed on the 27th August to print a Ballad authorized by the Archbishop of Canterbury, "beinge a joyfull songe made by a citizen of London in the behalfe of all Her Ma^ties subjectes touchinge the Ioye for the taking of the Traytors."—Registers of the Stationers' Company, vol. ii. p. 214, but no copy is known to be extant.

The Gunpowder Plot.

It is well known that the Roman Catholics, who had undergone many cruel persecutions during the reign of Elizabeth, looked forward with hope to her successor; but James, underneath his preposterous pedantry and coarse buffooneries, concealed no little astuteness and all the mendacity of a true Stuart. Before his accession Percy, who afterwards figured in the Gunpowder Plot, was sent by the English Catholics to ascertain what kind of treatment he proposed to extend to them, and received assurances from James that he would tolerate the Mass, "albeit in a corner." Hopes also had been built on the fact that the mother of the new sovereign had been so conspicuous in her adherence to the old worship.[1]

All these expectations were, however, doomed to be dashed to the ground. The inclinations of the new King were clearly shown in his treatment of a Mr. Pound, of Cheshire, who, having ventured to petition against the persecutions to which his co-religionists were subjected, was summoned before the Star Chamber, imprisoned in the Fleet, and fined £1000. A statute was also passed in 1604, requiring Jesuits and Seminary priests to quit the realm by a certain day.

The persecutions undergone by Sir Thomas Tresham, the father of Francis Tresham, one of the conspirators, will be mentioned

[1] Throughout this notice I have made considerable use of the interesting facts accumulated by Mr. Jardine in the account given in his Criminal Trials.

afterwards. Edward Rookwood, cousin of Ambrose, also implicated, of Euston Hall, in Suffolk, was committed to prison for "obstinate papistry," and after being reduced to beggary died in gaol. In the parish register of St. James, at Bury St. Edmunds, we have the following curt and melancholy entry: "Mr. Rookwood, from the jail, buried June 4th, 1598." The troops of menial lords and parasitic beggars which had accompanied James from Scotland were deeply interested in discovering any offending Romanists, and acquiring their forfeited estates.

Finding, therefore, their condition rapidly becoming worse, the recusants, as they were called, formed the desperate plot which has become so famous in English history, but is not without its parallel in the annals of other countries, instances having occurred at Stockholm, Lübeck, and Antwerp.[1] The original conspirators—seven in number—were all, as Fawkes said subsequently, "gentlemen of name and blood; and not any were employed in or about this action (no, not so much as in digging and in mining) that was not a gentleman." The chief contriver was Catesby, a man of ancient family long settled at Ashby St. Ledgers, in Northamptonshire, and a descendant of the favourite of Richard III., who fell with his master at Bosworth. There in the quiet village church may be seen the graves and monumental brasses of many of the Catesbys, but not of him who was destined to throw so dark a shade over the family name for all time. The old seat—or what remains of it—has long since passed into the hands of strangers; but the villagers still affect to show the room in which the conspiracy is alleged to have been concocted, grey with age and haunted with the traditions of a crime which has taken so deep a hold of the popular mind.[2]

[1] It is probable also that the fate of Darnley may have given them a suggestion.

[2] A history of the Catesby family will be found in Baker's "Northamptonshire"—a very valuable work of its kind. He traces them back to Randle, Earl of Chester, temp. Henry I. and Stephen. The manor of Ashby St. Ledgers passed by marriage to John Catesby, of Ladbrook, in Warwickshire, in 1374, and his descendant was the Sir William Catesby of Richard the Third's time—the "cat" of the doggrel verse, which cost its fabricator his head. His brass may be seen

Catesby gained over Winter, a gentleman of Worcestershire, who had been long a soldier in the Low Countries, and Winter initiated Fawkes, son of Edward Fawkes, a notary of York. This tremendous fanatic, who has long become the conventional stage-ruffian of the whole piece, seems to have been born a Protestant; but his father died in 1578, when he was yet a child, leaving a large family, and his mother, Edith Fawkes, after a widowhood of three years, married one Denis Baynbridge, a Papist, embracing his religion, in which she also caused her children to be educated. Thus young Guy grew up a confirmed Roman Catholic. Inheriting but a small property from his father, he soon dissipated it, and turned his attention to the great struggle then going on between Spain and the revolted Netherlands. As a soldier of fortune, he took service under the Archduke Albert, and, among other achievements, was present at the taking of Calais by the Archduke in 1598. He is described by Father Greenway as a man of great piety, of exemplary temperance, of mild and cheerful demeanour, an enemy of broils and disputes, a faithful friend, and remarkable for his scrupulous observance of all religious duties. He also seems to have been very popular among his co-religionists, for we are told by the same authority that his company was much sought by all those in the Archduke's camp who were most distinguished for nobility and virtue. The desperate fanaticism of the man may be plainly seen in his invariably choosing the most perilous posts, and the

in Ashby Church. His son, George Catesby, in 1425, obtained a reversal of his father's attainder and the restitution of his lands. Sir William Catesby, a great-grandson of this George, was on the 15th Nov. 1581, cited before the Court of Star Chamber, with Lord Vaux, of Harrowden, and Sir Thomas Tresham, as elsewhere mentioned. Among the Harleian MSS. is a detailed account of this trial, supposed to be drawn up by Sir Thomas Tresham himself. Robert Catesby, son of Sir William, was the projector of the Gunpowder Plot. I have twice visited this interesting place, under the guidance of a lady fully aware of the glories of her native county, both historical and intellectual—of Naseby, Ashby, Rushton, Fotheringay, and other localities,—and last, but by no means least, of "glorious John," whose name seems to close the roll of Northampton celebrities as with a diapason.

almost ferocious hatred he exhibited to Protestantism. When dragged, smeared with powder and coal-dust, into the presence of James, his manner was unabashed and insolent. "He is no more dismayed," wrote Cecil, "than if he were taken for a poor robbery on the highway." His answer to the King is too well known to need quoting here. The latter, with his own hand, carefully traced out the gradual degrees of torture to which he was to be subjected, as he had done in the case of the unfortunate Scotch quack, Cunningham.[1] We can picture to ourselves how efficacious the royal recipe must have been, by the feeble disjointed signature of the miserable patient.

In a lonely field near St. Clement's Inn, Catesby first revealed under an oath of secresy his desperate plot. An additional oath was afterwards administered to all the conspirators by a Jesuit missionary, Father Gerard, who was perhaps hardly fully aware of what they purposed. They were soon afterwards joined by Winter's brother, the two Wrights, Sir Everard Digby, and others, and lastly by one Francis Tresham, the son of Sir Thomas Tresham, of an old Northamptonshire family at Rushton, who had been frequently in trouble for harbouring recusants, and had been cited on the 15th of November, 1581, before the Star Chamber, with Lord Vaux, of Harrowden, for sheltering Jesuits in his house, and being present at the celebration of mass.

The circumstances of their obtaining an unoccupied building next to the Parliament House: then subsequently finding that they could hire a cellar immediately under it: and the arrest of Fawkes in consequence of the mysterious letter which had been received by Lord Mounteagle: are all well-known matters of history. On the subject of this letter—of which Williams speaks (p. 50)—

"One small letter hathe barde this strife"

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[1] "Ye maye thinke of this, for it is like to be the laboure of such a desperate fellow as this is; if he will not other wayes confesse, the gentler tortours are to be first usid unto him, *et sic per gradus ad ima tenditur;* and so God speede youre goode worke.—James R."

—there remains still great obscurity. The probability is that Tresham, of whose fidelity there had been doubts from the first, had long before revealed the conspiracy, which was allowed to proceed till it had become fairly ripened. The letter was then written, merely as a blind, and an opportunity was given the British Solomon of making an attitude out of his supposed sagacity. It is not a little curious that Lord Mounteagle himself was one of the persons accused of complicity by Winter in his examination before the Council, and in a State Paper still extant, his name can be read as that of a person implicated, although considerable pains have been taken to obliterate it. It had been arranged that Fawkes was to fire the mine, and as quickly as he could after the catastrophe embark on board a vessel for Flanders. Meanwhile Sir Everard Digby—a hot-headed young man of twenty-four, who had made lavish promises of money to assist the conspiracy—was to assemble a number of Roman Catholic gentlemen at Dunchurch, as if to hunt on Dunsmoor Heath; and as soon as intelligence arrived that King James and his ministers had been blown to the four winds, they were to send a party to seize the Princess Elizabeth. She was at once to be proclaimed Queen, with a regent during her minority, if the Prince of Wales or Duke of York, afterwards Charles I., did not fall into their clutches. Many attempts had been previously made by Tresham to induce Catesby to abandon the plot, and leave the country. The conspirators soon discovered that the letter had been shown to the King, but still followed up their plans with the wildest impetuosity, even though the cellar was visited as if by accident by the Lord Chamberlain and Lord Mounteagle. They saw Fawkes keeping guard, and a great store of coals and wood heaped up. Making a few casual remarks, and noting the ferocious appearance of the man whom they found in the vault, they afterwards retired. Fawkes was not without suspicions of this visit, but still clung to his perilous position, having, as he declared, made up his mind to blow the whole place up on the faintest signal

of alarm. About midnight, however, on the eve of the 5th of November, Sir Thomas Knevett, a magistrate, with a party of soldiers, surrounded the vault. Fawkes was arrested instantaneously, before he could execute his desperate plan. He was booted and dressed for a journey. A lantern was discovered in the corner, which is now preserved among the curiosities of the Bodleian Library. Everywhere were to be found the implements of combustion; among others, thirty-six barrels of gunpowder in casks, concealed under billets of wood. The conspirator did not disguise his attempt. He only remarked coolly to Sir Thomas, that if he had had a chance he would have blown him up together with all the premises. The discovery of the plot threw all the conspirators into the greatest consternation. Five of them, including Catesby himself, rode post haste to Ashby. Percy and John Wright even cast off their cloaks and threw them into the hedge, to increase their speed. As soon as the direct objects of the conspirators became known, many of the Roman Catholic gentlemen deserted the cause. Being hotly pursued by the sheriff of Worcestershire and the *posse comitatus* of the county, the conspirators resolved to make a last stand at Holbeach. Here an engagement took place with the authorities. Thomas Winter was hit in the arm by a cross-bow, and disabled. Two more shots mortally wounded both the Wrights; and Catesby and Percy, standing back to back, were pierced by two bullets from one musket, belonging to John Streete, one of the sheriff's men, who in consequence had a pension given him. Catesby feebly crawled to one of the sacred images in the house, clasped it, and instantly expired. Percy died of his wounds on the following day.

Sir Everard Digby was soon after overtaken near Dudley, and captured; and Robert Winter and Stephen Littleton were taken in concealment at Hagley, after having endured many privations, being for some time hidden in a barley-mow.

Tresham was not arrested till the 12th of November. His connexion with the plot has always been a mystery, which will never perhaps be satisfactorily cleared up. Any disagreeable

revelations which he may have made were effectually checked by the silence of the grave. He was found dead in the Tower on the 23rd of December. The account of his end is thus given by Sir William Waad, the Lieutenant, in a letter to the Earl of Salisbury: "He died this night, about two of the o'clock after midnight, with very great pain; for though his spirits were much spent and his body dead, he lay above two hours in departing." There seems, however, some reason to doubt whether after all this unhappy man met with a violent end. It is certain that his wife and servant were constantly with him. It must, however, have been important to many that he especially should be removed.

I have already alluded to the tortures which Fawkes had undergone by the direct recommendation of James himself, although there is very little doubt that the practice was a complete infringement of the law. It only remains to allude briefly to the fate of the prisoners. Some of the more fortunate had died sword in hand, fighting with the ferocity of madmen. Eight were doomed to perish under the knife of the executioner, with all the concomitant horrors which then rendered agonizing the punishment of treason. Sir Everard Digby, Robert Winter, John Grant, and Thomas Bates—the latter only engaged in the conspiracy in a menial capacity—were executed on a scaffold erected at the western end of St. Paul's Churchyard. The unhappy Sir Everard met his fate with firmness, but the deadly pallor of his face did not escape the notice of the bystanders. At the conclusion of his trial he had told his judges that if he could carry their forgiveness with him to the gallows, he should be able to meet his terrible fate more cheerfully. On the following day, being Friday, Thomas Winter, Ambrose Rookwood, Robert Keyes, and Guy or Guido Fawkes, underwent the same fate on a scaffold over against the Parliament House. Nothing, however, could break the iron spirit of Fawkes. . . was executed last of all—probably last by a refinement of cruelty, that he might, to use the words of the French Revolutionists,

drink long of death. He was so weak with torture and illness that he could hardly walk up the steps of the scaffold. There he muttered a few words, crossed himself, and flung himself defiantly from the ladder.[1]

Thus ended this terrible conspiracy, which sent a thrill of horror throughout the whole country, and is thus alluded to in a quaint treatise published in 1606, entitled "A comparative Discourse of the Bodies natural and politique." "The verie relating or mentioning thereof dawnteth my hart with horror, even shaking the verie pen in my hand, whilst I think what a shake, what a blast, or what a storme (as they termed it), they ment so suddenly to have raised for the blowing up, shivering into pieces, and whirling about of those honourable, anointed and sacred bodies, which the Lord would not have to be so much as touched."[2]

Oldcorne and Garnett,—the superior of the order of the Jesuits, then recently introduced into England,—who were supposed to be deeply implicated in the conspiracy, were captured at Hendlip Hall, near Worcester, a quaint mansion, full of

> "Rich windows that exclude the light,
> And passages that lead to nothing,"

—which, with its many nooks and secret chambers, seemed, it has been said, to have been constructed to harbour recusants. It required many days to discover their actual lurking place, as

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[1] For an account of the conduct of Fawkes, see a pamphlet entitled, "Gunpowder Plot: Arraingement and Execution of the late Traytors, the 27th January last past." This exceedingly rare production is quoted in *Notes and Queries*, 5th series, ii. p. 361: "Last of all came the great Devil of all, Fawkes, alias Johnson, who should have put fire to the powder. His body being weak with torture and sickness, he was scarce able to go up the ladder, but with much ado, by the help of the hangman, went high enough to break his neck with the fall: who made no long speech, but, after a sort, seeming to be sorry for his offence, asked a kind of forgiveness of the King and the State for his bloody intent, and with his crosses and idle ceremonies, made his end upon the gallows and the block, to the great joy of the beholders, that the land was ended of so wicked a villany."

[2] Quoted by Jardine, "Criminal Trials."

they had been concealed in a curious recess, the exterior of which was made to resemble part of a chimney. Here they had been fed for some time by means of soup and other liquids administered through a quill. Owen, the servant of Garnett, who was committed to prison with him, having already undergone the torture, and expecting forthwith to undergo it again, ripped himself up with a small dinner-knife allowed him for his meat.

The character of Garnett has been drawn very severely by Mr. Hepworth Dixon in his amusing book, "Her Majesty's Tower." He accuses the Jesuits of drunkenness and loose living, but it appears difficult as we rake among these popular scandals to get at the exact truth. There is certainly no direct evidence on the point, nor are we sure of any safe inferences from the fact that, as a Jesuit, his life was "a daily lie," as the author terms it. He was brought before Coke, who exhibited the usual spectacle of fulsome adulation of James and childish pedantry. He again asserted that the King in the whole matter of the Gunpowder Plot had been directed by a miracle. "God put it into His Majesty's head to prorogue the Parliament; and, further, to open and enlighten his understanding out of a mystical and dark letter, like an angel of God, to point to the cellar and command that it be searched; so that it was discovered thus miraculously but even a few hours before the design should have been executed." The insufferable pedant then wound up with a series of puns, ingenious alliterations, and all the euphuistic arts of which he was so great a master.

Nothing, however, could be proved against the prisoner, except that he had been guilty of misprision of treason, *i.e.* had not revealed the conspiracy when it had been communicated to him in confession. So brutally did Coke interrupt the unhappy man, that James, who was himself a witness of the trial, declared that the Jesuit had not had fair play. He was, however, found guilty; but so ill-satisfied was the court with the evidence against him, that a trap was laid to draw from his own mouth some admissions which would be sufficient to condemn him. Garnett and Old-

corne were allowed to associate in prison; and a certain Forsett, and Lockerson, Lord Salisbury's secretary, were placed in ambush to hear their conversation. An account of this was published in a curious tract, called, "The Interlocution between Garnet and Hall, the Jesuit, in prison, overheard by two worthy Gentlemen that were in insidiis."[1] It was chiefly on the evidence of these spies that the unfortunate Jesuit was led to the scaffold. The 1st of May had been originally fixed for his execution. "It was looked yesterday," says Sir D. Carleton, in a letter in the State Paper Office, dated 2nd of May, 1606, "that Garnet should have *come a-maying* to the gallows, which was set up for him in St. Paul's Churchyard on Wednesday, but upon better advice his execution is put off till to-morrow, for fear of disorder among prentices and others in a day of such misrule. The news of his death was sent to him upon Monday by Dr. Abbott, which he could hardly be persuaded to believe, having conceived great hope of grace by some good words and promises he said were made him, and by the Spanish ambassador's mediation, who he thought would have spoken to the King for him." On the 3rd of May, however, Garnett was drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution. By the express command of the King he remained hanging on the gallows till quite dead. Many miracles were reported to have occurred at his death. At Hendlip, where he was apprehended, an entirely new species of grass grew up, and was neither trodden by passengers nor nibbled by cattle. A spring of oil burst out on the place of his execution. An ear of straw, which had been put in a basket with the Jesuit's mangled and bleeding quarters, was found to have his likeness upon it, and became an object of Roman Catholic veneration.

The effect of the Gunpowder Plot upon the position of the recusants in England may be easily imagined. In the next Parliament that met (Jan. 21, 1606), an Act was passed

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[1] Quoted by Jardine, "Criminal Trials."

requiring them to take the sacrament once a year at least; their absence from church was punishable by heavy fines; an oath of allegiance, renouncing the Pope's authority in the most offensive terms, was imposed; persons harbouring recusants, or keeping servants who did not attend church, were to forfeit £10 per month. Another statute banished all recusants from court, and declared them incapable of holding any public office—of being executors, or guardians, or practising any of the liberal professions.

Such was the condition of the Roman Catholics in the reign of James I., and in this state they remained till his successor, wanting money and afraid to call a parliament, was willing to allow them to compound for their recusancy.

It remains for me in conclusion to say a few words about Williams's ballad. I am afraid it cannot be asserted either to possess much literary merit or to furnish us with any new and curious facts. In the true spirit of the age, with its puns and anagrams, he treats us to a variety of quibbles on the names of the conspirators.

> "Bates might in this poynte haue bated an ace." (p. 46.)
> "Nexte, Catesbye: thou didst playe the wilye catt." (p. 44.)

He tells us that when Fawkes—or Guido Vaux, as he calls him—was apprehended, many reliques were found upon him.

> "And when hee was tane, the rellicks weare founde,
> As a hayrie shurte, with other popishe trashe." (p. 49.)

His loyalty is of an oppressive kind, and such as would satisfy the requirements of the most enthusiastic gold-stick. He laments that the "Lord's anointed" was so near being removed from the earth;—

> "For greate is the maiestie of Roiall kinges,
> that here vppon earthe gods vicegerents bee!
> There lookes to trecherye are fearfull stinges;
> There eyes, like Argus, to beholde and see,
> even to there myndes that good subiects bee.
> From those that seke maiestie to betraye,
> Hee treason can fynde, and the same bewraye." (p. 55.)

He also re-echoes the tedious commonplaces about the discovery of the letter by the British Solomon. We must remember, however, that Williams,—a fact which Mr. Furnivall has also noticed,—in these grovelling adulations, was sinning in excellent company. There is something very choice about the following anecdote related in the Life of Waller: "That Parliament[1] being some time after dissolved, on the day of its dissolution, he (Waller), out of curiosity or respect, went to see the King at dinner, with whom were Dr. Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, and Dr. Neal, Bishop of Durham, standing behind His Majesty's Chair. There happened something very extraordinary in the Conversation those Prelates had with the King, on which Mr. Waller did often reflect. His Majesty asked the Bishops, 'My Lords, cannot I take my subjects' money when I want it, without all this formality in Parliament?' The Bishop of Durham readily answered, 'God forbid, Sir, but you should, you are the breath of our nostrils.' Whereupon the King turned, and said to the Bishop of Winchester, 'Well, my Lord, what say you?' 'Sir,' replied the Bishop, 'I have no skill to judge of parliamentary cases.' The King answered, 'No Put-offs, my Lord, answer me presently.' 'Then, Sir,' said he, 'I think it's lawful for you to take my Brother Neal's money, for he offers it.'"

Williams had previously tried to force himself upon royal notice: "And one of them I Did presente to your famouse Sonne, Prince Henrie, when your maiestie was in your progresse in Nottingham-shere, at the Howse of one Sir Iohn Byron, a knight, that Dwelleth in the forrest of mansfilde. *But I never harde anye awnswer of it.*" (p. 39.) This occurrence must have taken place either in 1612 or in 1614—probably the former year. Nicholls, in his "Progresses, etc., of James the First" (vol. ii. pp. 460, 461) tells us, "On the 14th of August, [1612], the King left Rufford, but not Sherwood Forest. He took up his lodging at Sir John Byron's, Newstead Abbey, about ten miles

[1] The last Parliament of James I. See "Life of Waller," p. v. (ed. 1722).

distant across the Forest, and for three days longer explored the haunts of Robin Hood and his merry men all." This Sir John Byron—the ancestor of the poet, who has made the name for evèr celebrated—entertained James in one of his progresses at Newstead Abbey. He had previously been knighted at Worksop, in 1603, when he met the King. At this time the mansion was celebrated for its splendour, and the park for its rural beauties; but the latter was afterwards divided into farms, and the whole property had suffered great deterioration before it came into the hands of the noble poet. The estate, which originally belonged to some Black Canons, was granted at the Dissolution of the Abbeys to the Sir John Byron then living, who was the Lieutenant of Sherwood Forest. Since the poet's time it has changed hands more than once. It has formed the subject of one of the most delightful papers of Washington Irving.[1]

As regards Richard Williams, the author of the first three poems, no information which can be relied upon seems forthcoming. The name, to begin with, is a very common one. There are no published productions by an author so styled in any catalogues of seventeenth century literature. In the preface to "The Complaynte of Anthonye Babington" he speaks of his "old eyes," and tells us that the pieces on Babington and the Gunpowder Plot were written just after the occurrence of these events. A writer in the *Athenæum* (May 22, 1869) doubts these two last statements, and considers that the poem on Essex was written after the arrival of James I. in London. This opinion seems especially borne out by the 54th and 55th verses:

[1] A good description of Sherwood Forest, printed by Major Rooke for private circulation, was copied in Harrod's "History of Mansfield," pp. 18 *et seq.* At the time of King James's visit it had been recently surveyed; and then contained,—arable land, 44,839 acres; woods, 9,486; waste, 35,080; Clipstone Park, 1,583; Beskwood Park, 3,672; Bulwell Park, 326; Nottingham Park 129; total, 95,117 acres.

"And daylie more his fame is raysde,
Synce our kinge came to swaye this lande.
. . . . . .
Oure kinge dothe countenance his frends,
Suche as in life tyme helde hym dere;
On them Riche Honors daylie spends,
for love to them and this greate peere;
His Sonne attendante on the prince,
Which envyes spite maye well convynce." (pp. 34, 34.)

In the Calendar of State Papers for reigns of Elizabeth and James I. we find here and there a Richard Williams, but no one that can be satisfactorily identified with our author. There is a man of the name who appears to have acted as a kind of general agent and steward to Lord Cobham; but since that nobleman was one of the most inveterate enemies of Essex, it is hardly probable that a retainer would be found singing the praises of the ruined Earl.

In 1624 (March 30) we find a grant to Rich. Williams of a lease of lands in the counties of York, Northumberland, Cumberland, Huntingdon, and Cambridge, value £49 16*s.* 10*d.*, at request of Robert May of the bedchamber, and in consideration of his faithful service. Perhaps this may be the man, and if so, it is probable that it is all we shall ever discover concerning him. At such a period of history men of humble station and poor ability followed the fate of the common herd of humanity: they "died and made no sign."

In 1627 (reign of Charles I.) a Richard Williams is recorded as presenting a petition for increase of pay. Perhaps this may have been our author, grown grey in service about the Court.

W. R. Morfill.

Ballads from Manuscripts.

Vol. II.—Part I.

A POORE MANS PITTANCE,

BY

RICHARD WILLIAMS.

EDITED FROM THE AUTHOR'S AUTOGRAPH MS.

BY

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, M.A.

PRINTED FOR

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1868.

[Arundel MS. 418, leaf 1.]

A Poore Mans Pittance.

THE BOOKE TO YOUR MAIESTIE.

Althoughe I bee not cladd in golde,
Nor withe a cover gorgeouse fyne,
Perhaps in mee you maye beholde
Thinges that to vertue doe Incline,
Passinge some glittringe giftes *that* shyne.

If mee to reade youle take the payne,
Your grace—I hope—shall reape *the* gayne.

This booke contaynes three severall subiects, as appeers in my petic*i*on to yo*u*r Roiall maiestie.

[leaf 2.]

A POORE MANS PITTANCE,

Contayninge three severall subiects:—

1. The firste, the fall and complaynte of Anthonie Babington, whoe, with others, weare executed for highe treason in the feildes nere lyncolns Inne, in the yeare of o*u*r lorde 1586

2. The seconde contaynes the life and Deathe of Roberte, lorde Deverox, Earle of Essex, whoe was beheaded in the towre of london on ash-wensdaye mornynge, A*nno* 1601

3. The laste, Intituled "acclamatio patrie," contayninge the horrib[l]e treason that weare pretended agaynste yo*u*r Ma*iestie*, to be donne on the parliament howse The seconde yeare of yo*u*r Ma*iestis* Raygne . . . . . [1604]

[leaf 3.] To the kinges moste Excellent Maiestie, with all other kinglie Titells and Dignities what soever, To whome your poore humble subiecte, Richarde Williams, wisheth healthe, longe life, and Manye happie years to Raygne over vs, to the glorye of god, and your maiesties comforte.

My Dreade and Roiall Soveraygne,

This Anthonie Babington was borne at a mansion howse of his fathers, called Dethicke, in the Countie of Darbye, in the parrishe of Crietche; whose father was a man of good accompte, and lived well and orderlie in his contrie, kepte a good howse, and releived the poore; But he was Inclined to papistrie, as the tymes then requyred; whoe had a brother that was a Doctor of Divinitie in Quene Maryes dayes, of whome some mention is made in this storye. This Anthonye the Sonne was a yonge man, [leaf 3, back.] well featured, and of good proportion in all the lyniaments of his bodie; of a moste pregnante fyne witt, and greate capacitie; had a reatchinge head, and a moste prowde aspiringe mynde; and by nature a papiste, where-in hee was borne and brought vpp; where[as], if hee had bene trayned otherwise, he might haue proved a good member of the common wealthe, where nowe hee became a reproche and scandall to the same.

In whose course of life manye accidents hapned,

even from his birthe to his deathe, as appeares in this his complaynte; wherein I haue followed the methode of a booke Intituled "the mirror of maiestrates[1]," wherein everye man semes to complayne of his owne mysfortunes: humblie besechinge your royall maiestie to pardon all Defectes, aswell in my writinge as in the basenes of the verse. In the one, I haue donne aswell as my learninge did serve me; for the other, aswell as my olde eyes woulde permitt mee, whiche I beseche your roiall maiestie to censure[2] withe clemencye, and I will trulie praye to the almightie for the longe continuance of youre healthe and happie estate, bothe to gods glorye and your maiesties comforte,

Your poore Distressed subiecte,

Richarde Williams.

---

[1] A Myrrovre for Magistrates. Wherein may be seen by example of other, with howe greuous plages vices are punished: and howe frayle and vnstable worldly prosperitie is founde, even of those whom Fortune seemeth most highly to fauour. Imprinted at London in Flete-strete nere to Saynct Dunstones Church by Thomas Marshe. 1559, 4to, 81 leaves, black letter. (Other editions in 1563, 1571, etc. etc.)—*Hazlitt's Hand-Book.*

[2] judge, criticize; *not* blame.

The Complaynte of Anthonye Babington, [leaf 4.]

sometyme of lyncolnes Inne, Esquier, whoe, with others, weare executed for highe treason In the feildes nere lyncolns Inne, the xixth of September, *Anno* . . 1586:

A Dreame or Induction.

Late, wearied withe my daylie toyle,
to bedd my selfe I dreste,
Whereas[1] a slomber caught mee sone,
yet coulde I take no reste;

But fallinge in a fearfull dreame,
me thought there did appeare
One cladd in roabes more white then snowe,
whose face did shyne moste clere,

Whose gorgeouse garments weare bedeckt
withe moneths, dayes, and howres;
vppon his head hee likewise ware
a crowne of fragrante flowres.

Celestiall signes did hym attende,
and compaste hym like case[2];
The mone and starrs attendante weare
vppon his princelie grace.

Whiche, when I veiwde with mortall eyes,
I freighted was withe feare;
But hee, to comforte me, beganne,
and spake as you shall heare:—

"Williams! shake of this sluggishe slepe!
prepare to followe mee;
ffor strange thinges I haue to reveale,
whiche I will showe to thee."

"O soveraygne god, I thee bespeke, [leaf 4, back.]
what god so ere thou bee,
Whiche doest not daigne in deitie[3]
to showe thie selfe to mee.

"If symple I maye bee so bolde,
of thee I fayne woulde knowe,
What god thou arte, what sacred wight,
to me declare and showe!"

[1] Wherein. [2] likewise. [3] MS. dietie.

"I morpheus hight, ruler of night,
thus poetts of mee doe fayne:
Arise," quothe hee, "and followe mee!
I bidd thee once agayne.

"Reiecte all care; caste of all feare;
to ludd's towne Ile thee bringe,
That is renowned throughe the wordle[1];
there shalte thou vewe a thinge."

Wherewith I rowsed vpp my selfe,
and quicklie was I dreste;
And vncouthe wayes I followed hym,
and did but seldome reste.

At laste hee thus spake vnto mee,
thatte[2] wearye shoulde appeare,
"Thie Iorneye drawes vnto an ende,
wee shall anon bee there."

Thus as wee paste by dale and hill,
appeares vnto oure vewe—
Withe brave prospecte,—a cittie fayre,
whose cituation well I knewe.

So longe wee paste, till at the laste [leaf 5.]
to a famose bridge wee came,
Where olde Thameyse, with surges greate
still beateth on the same.

It was aboute the howres of twelue,
when chymes did swetelie ringe,
And nature then due reste did yeilde
to everye livinge thinge;

And all was hushte in quyett sorte,
the starrs did shyne moste clere,
When on a sodden (as mee thought,)
a voyce soundes in myne eare,

Wherewith I sore affrighted was,
my bodye gan with feare to quake;
Morpheus than to comforte me began,
and theise wordes in effecte hee spake:

"Shake of all tymrose feare!" quothe hee,
"amased so, whie doest thou stande?
ffor this cause haue I brought thee here,
to take theise thinges in hande.

[1] world. [2] MS. thacte.

Caste vpp thie head, lifte vpp thyne eyes!
what doest thou there beholde?"
Where suche a spectakle I did vewe,
as made my harte full colde.

There might I perceive manye mens hedd*es*
on toppes of poales to stande,
Whiche did to suche parsons belonge,
as weare traytors to this lande.

ffourtene of them above the reste [leaf 5, back.]
in a higher degree weare placeste,[1]
Whiche morpheus sayde weare hedds of those
ther[e] executed laste.

And one of them in highest degree
Did stande in open vewe,
Where sounded suche a harrishe[2] voice
as did my feares renewe:

"Good contrie man! I doe thee praye,
vouchsafe some paynes to take;
And thats the cause I haue sente for thee,
my tragedie to make.

"Thoughe thou symple and vnlearned bee,
doe not refuse this payne;
Wishe Gentelmen all, by me take heede,
so good will thou shalte gayne

"of all suche as good subiects bee:
for the reste, take thou no care;
But penne my tragedie in suche sorte
as memorye shall to thee declare;

"And tell them, thoughe I weare no pere,
I presumed with the beste;
Therefore as worthie to be harde
as anye of the reste.

"Iacke cade, and Iacke strawe, they bothe
haue tolde there ruthles tale;
Cardinall wolsey and shores wife
Haue rewde there bitter bale;

[1] Pronounce *plast*: see p. 30, l. 188, note (2). [2] harsh.

"And late, fayre rosamonde hathe complaynde, [leaf 6.]
that longe synce was forgott;
Wherefore, to presse amongst the presse,
I truste twilbe my lott.

"My worshipfull frends, they still doe live
in credditt, love and fame:
The worse my happe, I shoulde begynne
my kynne or stocke to shame!

"But thou, my frende, pleade thou my cause!
at large, penne downe my case,
That I to all example maye bee,
that fall for wante of grace."

Whereto I fayne woulde haue replide,
myne Ignorance to excuse,
But morpheus wilde me scilence kepe,
no talke hee wishte me vse.

"Come on," quothe hee, "lett vs bee gone,
the tyme for anye man dothe not staye."
So in haste I wente, and home I came,
I knowe not well whiche waye;

But at the laste, when I wakened was,
and sawe it was a dreame;
"O god!" quothe I, "nowe comforte me!
what maye this nights[1] worke meane?"

And sondrie cogitations in mased mynde [leaf 6, back.]
did daylie mee moleste,
And till I had sett downe the same,
I never coulde take reste;

Whiche, thoughe it bee but rudelie donne;
yet take it in good parte,
Whiche presente the same to your highnes vewe
withe a frendlie willinge harte.

finis.

[1] MS. mights.

[leaf 7.]

ANTHONIE BABINGTON HIS COMPLAINT.

I.

What will it avayle, on fortune to exclame,
when as due desarte is cheifest cause of all?
my selfe, and none but my selfe, Iustlie can I blame,
That thus haue procured myne vntymelie fall, 144
and turned haue my honnye swet vnto bitter gall.
wherefore, good ffrende, take thie penne and write,
and in mournfull verse my Tragedie recite. 147

II.

Longe might I haue lived a contented happie state,
and haue borne a porte and countnance with the beste;
If fortune shoulde me checke, I coulde her mate;
Thus none, like me, more happie was and bleste, 151
Till that discontente procured myne vnreste,
And the pompe of pride so glared in myne eyen,
That I reiected vertue moste Devyne. 154

III.

But firste, I will tell thee myne estate and name,
and contrie soile where I was bredd and borne:
Anthonie Babington I hight; of a worthie howse I came,
Till my mysdemeanors made me forlorne, 158
givinge cause to my foes to laughe me to skorne,
whoe haue stayned my state, and blemisht my name:
In clymbinge by follie, [I] haue falne to my shame. 161

IV.

At Dethwicke in darbye-shere I was bothe borne and bredd,
my father was an Esquier of good reputation,
A good howse hee kepte, a vertuose life hee ledd;
my selfe, beinge a childe, was holde in estimation, 165
But havinge gott the rayne, I changed my facion;
Then privatlie I sought myne owne will and pleasure,
livinge to my likinge, but never kepte a measure. 168

V.

Doctor Babington, myne Eame[1], did pronosticate [leaf 7, back.]
that harde was the happe whereto I was borne:
Hee sayde, that 'pride my glorye shoulde abate,
and destenye had decreede I shoulde bee forlorne;'
Whose wordes my father then helde in scorne.
"O trayne hym vpp well!" myne vnkell did saye,
"vnlesse[2] hee repente the same another daye.

VI.

"Give hym not, brother, his libertie in youthe,
for then olde dayes hee never shall see;
Hee is my nephewe, the more is my rewthe
to thincke of his happe and harde destinye!
If skill beguyle me not, hanged hee shalbe."
This was the foresight of my fathers brother,
ffor whiche love of his hee was hated of my mother.

VII.

I knowe not where[3] hee spake by hassarde or skill,
for suche Divinations I doe not commende;
yet his counsell was good, to flie future ill;
for whoe-so in vertue there dayes doe not spende,
shalbe sure, with me, repente them in thende.
The proofe of myne vnkells worde I founde to trewe,
as by the sequell Hereafter you maye veiwe.

VIII.

Not longe after, my father resyned vpp his breathe,
and lefte my wofull mother with a greate charge,
Whiche proved for vs all to tymelie[4] a deathe,
ffor then, good gentelwoman, her purse ranne at large,
Havinge of debts and legacies greate somes to discharge.
But in the state of widowhode not longe shee tarried,
ffor with that good gentelman, Henrye foliambe she married.

[1] A. Sax. *cám*, an uncle. [2] lest. [3] whether. [4] early.

IX.

Whoe loved vs all tenderlie as wee had bene his owne, [leaf 8.]
and was verye carefull of oure education;
Whose love to mee was diverse wayes showne,
and I of the same had daylie probation,[1]
As by this maye appeare of whiche I make narration:
Withe his owne chayne of golde hee woulde me often decke,
Whiche made me a prowde boye, to weare aboute my necke.

X.

As on a tyme this chayne aboute my necke I did weare,
and goinge to an orcharde some aples to gett,
Where clymbinge a highe tree, as one without feare,
the boughe then brake whereon my foote I sett,
and downwarde I slipt, but was caught in a nett;
In the tree I was hanged faste by the chayne;
So desyre of my pride was cause of my payne.

XI.

But [I] was not suffred there longe to hange,
but was nere strangled or I was taken downe,
ffor there I strugled with suche a deadlie pange,
my mother, shee freighted, and fell in a sowne,[2]
and greife made my father likewise to frowne;
But my revivinge there sorrowes over-caste;
Then they reioycste, sayinge my destenye was paste.

XII.

Thus carelesse a tyme with them I liude at pleasure,
surfetted with selfwill and with fonde delite;
I knewe no golden meane, nor never kepte a measure,
but like a kyndlie[3] beare gan tymelie to byte;
Even then I harborde envye, and sucked despite,
And pride at that Instante tooke so depe a roote
That humillitie for ever was troden vnder foote.

---

[1] proof. [2] swoon. [3] natural.

XIII.

In myne none-age I was when my father dyde. [leaf 8, back.]
phillip draycott of paynslie, hee did me obtayne,
Whoe had appoynted me his doughter for my bryde,
and in whose howse a space I did remayne:
There suckte I pleasure that proved to my payne,
There was I misled in papistrie my soule to wounde,
There was I corrupted, made rotten and vnsounde.

XIV.

There, even there, a while I spente my youthfull tyme;
there was I lulled in securitie faste a-sleepe;
The[r]e was I frollicke, there was I in my pryme,
In Iollitie then I laught, but never thought to weepe,
my witts weare moste fyne, & conceits verye depe.
But oh, paynslie, paynslie, I maye thee curse!
where nature made me ill, education made me worse;

XV.

ffor by nature I was withe papistrie infected,
but might haue bene restrayned, had it pleased god.
My father and myne Eame, they weare suspected;
theye lived with there conscience, wherein I was odd,
Therefore was beaten with a more sharper rodd.
There conscience they kepte, & ruled it by reason,
livinge like subiects, and still detested treason.

XVI.

My fatherinlawe still ledd me to what I was Inclynd[e],
I meane, for my conscience, no farther hee woude deale;
my mayntnance [was] sufficiant to contente my mynde,
so that all this while I tasted nought but weale,
but coulde not bee contente, which I muste nedes reveale;
my fyne head was desyrouse to studye the lawe,
In attayninge whereof I proude[1] my selfe a daw[2].

XVII.

And for that cause forthwith I to london wente, [leaf 9.]
where in lyncolns Inne a student I became,

[1] proved. [2] a foolish fellow.—*Nares.*

and there some parte of my flittinge tyme I spente;
but to bee a good lawier, my mynde woulde not frame;
I addicted was to pleasure, and given so to game;
But to the Theatre and Curtayne[1] woulde often resorte,
where I mett companyons fittinge my disporte.

XVIII.

Companyons, quothe you? I had companyons in deede,
suche as in yoake with me weare well contente to drawe,
lyncked so in myscheife, wherein wee did exceede,
wee cared not for order, nor paste[2] of reasons lawe;
of god nor of good man wee stoode in litle awe;
wee paste the bounds of modestie, and lived without shame,
wee spotted our conscience, and spoiled our good name.

XIX.

Wee carde not for the churche; that place we not frequented;
the taverns weare better oure humors to fitt;
The companye of dayntie dames wee cheiflie Invented,[3]
withe whome in dalliance wee desyred ofte to sitt:
Theise weare the fruytes of our yonge hedds and witt.
Thus in lustie libertie I ledd a loose life,
and thoughe I weare married, I carde not for my wife.

XX.

Yett to the sermons wee woulde often resorte,
not in hope edification by them to obtayne,
But rather to Ieste, and make of them a sporte,
whiche nowe I feele, to my sorrowe, greife, and payne:
Theise bee the fruytes that sichophants doe gayne,
Cheiflie when theye mocke and skorne gods worde,
Disdayninge the servants and prophetts of the lorde.

[1] *Curtain.* A theatre which appears to have stood in Moorfields, and to have been celebrated for the performance of humorous and satirical pieces. See Collier's Annals of the Stage, iii. 268, and the quotations in *Nares.*

[2] *Pass*, to care for or regard: 'As for these silken-coaten slaves, I *pass* not,' 2 Hen. IV, iv. 2. 'Men do not *passe* for their sinnes, doe lightly regard them.' *Latimer, Ser. Ded.*—Nares.

[3] Or Bacchus merry fruit they did *invent.* Spencer, F. Q. I. iv. 15.
And vowed never to returne againe,
Till him alive or dead she did *invent.*
Ibid. III. v. 10.—Nares.

XXI.

With Catholicks still conversante I coveted to be, [leaf 9, back.]
that weare alwayes in hope, and looked for a daye,
Gapinge for a change which wee trusted to see.
Ambition so stonge me, my selfe I coulde not staye,
Whiche makes mee sighes to sighe well-a-waye;
Then I had my will, and playde with pleasures ball,
Then I was alofte, and feared not this fall.

XXII.

Yett so covertlie all this tyme I did my selfe behave,
and so closelie wrought in subtell synons frame,
What so ere I thought, my selfe I sought to save,
livinge all this while without suspecte or blame;
and more to wynne me credditt, a courtier I became,
Where the syrens songe so swetelie I did synge,
I never was suspected to worke suche a thinge.

XXIII.

The nobles of the courte of me thought so well,
that often to there tables they woulde me Invite,
Where in gesture and talke I did the common sorte excell,
Thereby wynninge favor in my companye to delite;
Whiche with a Iudas kisse I sought to requyte,
As in sequell of my storye shall after appeare,
Whiche I shame to tell, it toucheth me so nere.

XXIV.

And daylie more and more my credditt did increase,
and so in like manner did pride still abounde;
Beloved I was bothe of more and lesse.
when my Inwarde motions weare all vnsounde,
my parsonage was comelie which favor eache where founde;
But pryde had so blynded me, I could not see
That with Icarus alofte I mynded was to flee.

XXV.

The grounde that I troade on, my feete coulde not holde, [leaf 10.]
nor I bee contente in a happie state to reste,
lyke Bayarde that blushed not, then was I more bolde
when Rancor Inwardlie still boyled in my breste,
That like an vnnaturall birde I filed my neste,
In parlinge with parasites that looked for a daye;
By the counsell of Caterpillers I wrought my decaye.

XXVI.

Then I beganne to prie in-to matters of the state;
and with what I liked not, I secrett faulte did fynde;
Where I fawned openlie, I inwardlie did hate,
and to my confederates woulde closelie breake my mynde,
I meane, to suche as to my lore weare Inclynde,
Betwene whome and me suche myscheife wee Invented,
That wee thought to haue made all Englande repented.

XXVII.

Where-vppon in-to france a Iorney I did frame,
to parle with padgett, Morgan, and others of that crewe.
What wee had but decreede, they resolved on the same;
Whose pretended purpose, at large when I knewe,
I willinglie consented too,—which makes me nowe to rewe,—
and to sett the same forwarde, a sollemne oathe did take.
o cursed conscience, that a traytor didst me make!

XXVIII.

Then Into Englande I retornde agayne with spede,
and gott conferrence hereof with some of greate fame.
Manye weare the plotts whereon wee agreed,
and greate the attempts whereat we did ame,
which afterwarde proved oure ruynose shame;
and aspiringe pride so fyred my harte,
I was contente to playe a traytors parte.

his artickles of arraygnmente. [leaf 10, back.]

XXIX.

Yee, to bee a moste savage monster agaynste all kynde,
In sekinge the deathe of my Quene, the lords anoynted;
Ambition so stonge me, that I was starke blynde
in pluckinge her downe that god had appoynted,
and the vnitie of the realme in sonder to haue ioynted,
To haue made kings and rulers at *our* owne pleasure,
To haue exceeded in vyllanye without rule or measure.

XXX.

To haue made suche lawes as wee thought beste,
to haue turned the state quyte vpsyde downe,
The nobles to haue slayne, and clene dispossest,
and on a strangers hedd haue placed the crowne:
Herein wee weare resolute, but fortune did frowne:
no! twas god woulde not suffer *our* villanyes take place,
But vnlookte for, revealde them, to *our* shamefull disgrace.

XXXI.

ffarther, *our* Intente was to poyson the ordinance of the realme,
a moste haynouse matter as ever was Invented:
Whoe ever hathe harde of trecheries so extreame,
concluded, agreed vppon, and fullye consented?
an wofull matter, of all to bee lamented!
all courtrolls and records wee wente[1] to haue raced,
and them to haue burned, spoyled and defaced.

XXXII.

The fayre cittie of london wee also mente to rifell,
to haue robde the riche, and killed eke the poore;—
Theise thinges in effecte wee counted but a trifell,—
In all places of the lande [to] haue sett an vprore,
The wealthie to haue bereaude bothe of life & store;
no state nor degree wee never mente to spare;
But if hee woulde resyste, deathe shoulde bee his share.

[1] weened, thought, *not* went-in.

XXXIII.

Theise weare *our* intents, with mischeifs manye more, [leaf 11.]
even confusion to the whole realme to haue brought.
Confederates wee had, and that no small store,
Whiche ruyne and destruction weare redie to haue wrought;
wee either mente to make or bringe all to nought;
nought! yee, nought in deede! for nought weare *our* happs,
ffor desperate myndes doe feare no after-clapps.

XXXIV.

So forwarde wee [we] are, that the verye daye was sett
to murther *our* good Quene that god had preserved:
Barnewell and savage shoulde haue donne the feate,
but Iustice rewarded them as they well desarved,
beinge twoe monstrose traytors *that* from dutie swarved.
The Daggs[1] and all things weare redye preparde;
But in the nett they layde, they them selves weare snarde.

XXXV.

And ballarde that beaste, hee into Englande was come,
a Iesuite, a preeste, and a Semynarie vilde,[2]
Hee brought with hym *our* absolution from roome,
promysinge good successe,—wherein he was beguylde,—
So that from *our* hartes all pittie hee exilde;
and still hee incoraged vs in myscheifs to proceede,
Egginge vs forwarde, wherein there was no neede.

XXXVI.

But god woulde not suffer vs so closelie to worke,
but that all *our* doyngs laye open in his sight,
revealinge those myscheifs that in *our* hartes did lurke.
when wee suspected not, hee brought the same to light;
Then muste wee hyde *our* hedds, or scape awaye by flight;
But when wee had Incklinge *our* treasons weare descryde,
Awaye, awaye in haste! twas then no tyme to byde.

[1] Dag, a pistol.—Halliwell. [2] vile.

XXXVII.

Then watche and warde was made in everye coaste, [leaf 11, back.]
then weare wee taken eache howre of the daye;
My selfe was once taken: but whie shoulde I boaste
Howe that I made a scape, and so gott awaye,
not knowinge where to goe, nor haue perfitt staye?
But to harrowe-on-the-hill my selfe I convayde;
There in Bellamyes howse a litle tyme I stayde.

XXXVIII.

But there was made for me suche previe watche & warde,
and the contrie so besett, I no where coulde flie;
all hope of my escape was vtterlie debarde,
and searche in eache corner was made so nye
That I was compelde this polecye to trye,
To forsake the howse, and my selfe disguyse
lyke an Inkeper of london, to bleare the peoples eyes.

XXXIX.

But a rewarde was promyste hym that coulde me take,
whiche made the people looke so muche the nere[1];
And beinge constrayned the howse to forsake,
[We] walked throughe the pastures as men without feare;
my man like an hostler was cladd in symple geare;
But this woulde not serve, if truthe I shall tell,
my favor I coulde not change, my face was knowne well.

XL.

There was a poore man, a weaver, was one of the watche,
by whome the gate[2] laye as of force I muste walke;
Hee came to me boldlie, by the arme did me catche,
"Staye, good frende!" quothe hee, "with you I muste talke."
my conscience beinge guyltie, my tonge gan to balke:
"wee are not those you looke for," I foltringlie did saye;
"our commyssion," quothe hee, "is all passengers to staye."

[1] nearer, closer. [2] road, way.

XLI.

Then the people gan flocke aboute me a-pace, [leaf 12.]
and before the master of the rolls I forthwith was brought.
when I came there, I was knowne by my face
To bee the same man that theye so longe had sought,
and cheifest of the crewe that all the sturr had wrought.
Sir Gilberte Gerrarde Examynde, and sente me to the towre,
and stronglie was I guarded with a mightie greate powre.

XLII.

Then the londiners reioyced, and merrye did make
with ringinge of bells, givinge god the prayse.
All my olde common frends did me clene forsake,
That before had flattred me dyverse & sondrye wayes;
But favor, frendshipp, and faithe, by treason Decayes,
as appears by me, whose fame, credditt, and renowne,
my traytrose attempts had sone plucked downe.

XLIII.

Then shortlie after to the kings benche wee weare brought,
and a nomber of others, confederates like case,
There to make awnswer to the deedes wee had wrought;
but then my glorye gan declyne a-pace;
yet with a countnance I sett thereon a face;
where beinge arraygned, I guyltie was founde
of highe treason agaynste my kinge and crowne.

XLIV.

Barnewell and savage had confest the same before;
then bootelesse twas for vs anye poynte to denaye,—
our conscience beinge guiltie, it Irkte vs the more,—
So that fourtene of vs weare condemned that daye.
Wee carde not for deathe, wee stowtlie did saye;
our Iudgment was to be hangde, and quartred like case,
of whiche wee made no accounnte; deathe coulde vs not disgrace.

XLV.

And nowe the daye of our execution drewe nere, [leaf 12, back.]
In whiche wee did playe our laste tragicke partes,
when seven of vs on hurdells from the towre dra[w]ne weare,
Whiche was no small corsive[1] to our heavie hartes,
yet a Iuste rewarde for our wicked desartes.
The people flockte aboute vs with this heavye sounde,
"God save the Quene! and all traytors confounde!"

XLVI.

In the feilds nere lyncolns Inne a stage was sett vpp,
and a mightie highe gallose was raysed on the same,
Whiche was the verye Instrument, & our deadlie cuppe,
of whiche to taste our selues wee muste frame;
and beastlie Ballarde, twas hee beganne the game,
Whoe was hangde and quartred in all the peoples sight,
and his head on a poale on the gallose sett vpright.

XLVII.

Nexte muste I make redye to treade the same dance,
whereto I preparde my selfe as a man without feare:
Thousands lamented I had so harde a chance,
and for me there was shedd manye a salte teare.
They lookte for confession, but weare never the nere;
Sir ffrancis knolls, with others, offerde with me to praye:
"none but Catholicks prayers will proffitt," thus did I saye.

XLVIII.

Thus Died I stoutlie, and did not trulie repente
my wicked life paste, and moste haynouse treason.
If in a good cause my life had bene spente,
To haue avoucht the same there had bene some reason;
But wickedlie I lived and dyed at that season:
Havinge hanged a while, and my head cutt of in haste,
on the right Hande of Ballards it was placest.

[1] corrosive.

XLIX.

[leaf 13.]

Then Died Bar[n]well, Savage, and yonge Tushborne also,
withe Tilnie and Abington, in order as they came.
But o, Tuchborne, Tuchborne! thou makest me full woe!
ffor I was the firste that allurde thee to the same,
Thie witts beinge yonge, likewaye I did frame;
Thou beinge well Inclinde, throughe me didst consente
To conceale the thinge that made vs all repente.

L.

The nexte daye dyed Salsburye, Henrye Dune, and Iones,
with Iohn Travice of prescott, which is in lancashere;
So did Iohn Charnocke, a traytor for the nonce.
Roberte Gage of Croyden muste then on stage appeare,
and lastlie Bellamye, our hoste, that made vs all the chere:
Theise seven weare executed on saynte matheues daye,
The twentithe of September there partes they did playe.

LI.

Oure quarters weare boyled like the fleshe of swyne,
and on the cittie gates in open vewe doe stande;
oure conceited hedds, that once wee thought so fyne,
on london bridge bee spectakles to subiects of the lande,
Warninge them to shunne to take like things in hande.
Our soules in the censure of gods Iudgments doe reste:
This was the rewarde for the treasons wee profeste.

LII.

Thus haue I tolde thee my tragedie at large,
in everye particular as the same was wrought;
reporte it to my contrie-men, I thee straytlie charge,
to shune those things that my destruction brought;
ffor traytrose attempts at all tyme prove nought:
Serche our Englishe Chronikels, & thou shalte fynde the same.
That "whoe begyns in trecherie, hee endeth still in shame.

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LIII.

[leaf 13, back.]

At my requeste, therefore, admonyshe then all men
to spende well the tallente that god hathe them lente;
and hee that hathe but one, lett hym not toyle for tenne,
ffor one is to muche vnlesse it bee well spente,
I meane by ambition, leaste hee to sone repente.
To conclude, happie is the man, and threefolde bleste is hee,
That can bee contente to live with his degree.

felix, quem[1] faciunt aliena
pericula cautum.

finis.

[1] quam.

The Life and Death of Essex.

[Arundel MS. 418, leaf 14.]

To oure Roiall kinges moste
Excellente maiestie

This booke — my gratiouse Soveraygne — of the life and deathe of my lorde of Essex, I did write presentlie vppon his deathe, and did bestowe the same on some of my honorable and worshipfull frends, whoe thought well of the same, In regarde that I had written the truthe bothe of his life and manner of his deathe; and nowe [I] haue revived the same, and make presente of it to *your* princelie maiestie, w*hi*ch I beseche you accepte, as a poore pittance of my zeale and Dutie to *your* highnes, and that it woulde please you to pardon all defectes of the same, wherein you bynde me for ever to praye for *your* Roiall maiestie longe to raynge over vs //

your maiesties poore distressed
Subiecte, Richarde Williams

[leaf 15.]

A lamentable Motion or mour[n]full remembrance for the Deathe of Roberte Lorde Deverox, Late Earle of Essex, whoe was beheaded in the Towre of london on ashwensdaye mornynge in the yeare of oure lorde—1601—

I.

Englande! thou haste cause to complayne,
to thincke vppon hym that is gone,
Whose face thou nere shalte see agayne,
Whiche is the cause of this thie mone,
Doughtie Deverox, that famose Earle,
That Iewell rare, that princes pearle.

II.

And is hee gone, and gone in-deede?
a corsive[1] greate, a gallinge greife,
The whiche makes manye a harte to bleede;
but all in vayne, without releife,
To thincke this worthie peere shoulde die,
Whose harte was fraught with pietie.

III.

Thoughe hee bee gone, hees not forgott;
nor will not bee this manye a yeare,
Thoughe sorrowe fall vnto oure lott
for losse of this moste gallante peere.
Essex! Essex! (manye doe saye,)
By envies spite was made awaye:

IV.

Whose vertues, If I coulde recounte, [leaf 15, back.]
on whiche to thincke dothe passe my skill,
Leaste Muses of parnassus mounte
Herein shoulde guyde my symple quill:
But tushe! I can them not rehearse
In suche base stile and symple verse.

[1] corrosive.

V.

Yet will I doe the beste I can:
His frends will take it in good parte,
Thoughe I Decipher not the man
accordinge to his highe desarte,
whose vertues aymde at higher things
Then pan can pipe on oaten strings.

VI.

ffirste, for his birthe and highe discente,
tis knowne hee came of noble blood;
Trewe Honor was his whole intente,
To Doe his Quene and contrie good;
But cheiflie, gods truthe to mayntayne,
ffor whiche hee sparde no toyle nor payne.

VII.

Lett his greatest enemyes saye,
what toyle it was hee did forsake,
If maiestie wilde, hee then strayght-waye
moste willinglie woulde vndertake;
Earle Essex was ever preste
To see his contries wrongs redreste.

VIII.

That Portingale can witnesse well, [leaf 16.]
and Don anthonie, then there kinge;
Where haughtie valor did excell,
That man in his estate to bringe.
At lisborne gates this challenged hee,
"The prowdest within, come forthe to me!"

IX.

But when hee sawe it was [in] vayne,
He stucke his Dagger on the gate,
Whereon hee honge his golden chayne,
as skornynge there the prowdest made:
"This shalbe[1] token that I bringe
To you your trewe anoynted kinge."

[1] MS shalle.

X.

Seinge hee coulde not there prevayle,
withe Honor [he] marched thence awaye.
The spanyards pride hee ofte did quayle, 57
and wrought there ruyne night and daye,
And so came home with threefolde fame:
Then Honored was brave Essex name. 60

XI.

Then Into ffrance this lorde was sente,
And Walter Deverox, his brother dere;
Ten thousande men with hym there wente 63
Taccompanye this gallante peere.
At Gurnaye hee greate fame did wynne;
That towne by valor hee tooke in.[1] 66

XII.

To-wardes brave [Rouen] then marched hee, [leaf 16, back.]
His brother leadinge his brave trayne,
Whoe was shott by the enemye 69
So cruellye, that hee there was slayne;
whoe, to revenge his brothers deathe,
vowed there to spende his latest breathe. 72

XIII.

The frenche kinge Did his furye staye,
whoe with greate multitudes came there;
But withe Honor Hee marcht awaye, 75
ffor hee there forches did not feare.
Then Deverox in esteme was heilde,
whoe gott renowne in Towne and feilde. 78

XIV.

But nexte Cales commeth to my mynde,
where, in despight of Spannyshe pride,
A goodlie Towne hee there did fynde, 81
well Rampyrde, mande, and fortified:
His foes agaynste hym there did stande
moste stronglie, bothe by sea and lande. 84

[1] took, captured.

XV.

But brave Honor did there prevayle,
and valor Ioyned to the same;
when foes did freshlie hym assayle,
"Saynt George and Essex:" at which name
It Ioyed so eache Englishe Harte,
The spanyards felte bothe woe and smarte.

XVI.

And so that Towne hee bravelie entred, [leaf 17.]
Sir Iohn Wingfilde beinge nere hym,
That withe brave Essex boldlie ventred,
and as a faithfull fre[n]de did chere hym;
But cruell Deathe, with deadlie darte,
Then strooke[1] this gallante to the harte.

XVII.

ffor nexte before hym hee was slayne
withe shott that came from of the wall;
whiche was to hym a threefolde payne,
to see his frende so nere hym fall;
But greefe coulde doe his frende no good;
withe furye hee revengde his blood,

XVIII.

And in despite hee wanne the towne
of all that semde hym to resiste.
Then firste, good lawes hee did sett downe,
His souldiers furye so Dismyste,
and charged them vppon there lives
not to deflowre maydes nor wives.

XIX.

A leiftenant brake his commande,
whoe deflowred there a mayde;
But hee was hanged out of hande,
to make the reste by hym affrayde;
Three howres on markett crosse honge hee,
That all his Iustice there might see.

[1] MS. strooke.

XX.

Greate mercye hee did likewise showe, [leaf 17, back.]
not Ioyinge in sheedinge guyltlesse blood,
nor Tryvmpht in the yeildinge foe, 117
nor suche as at his mercye stood:
Whiche clemencye his foes did prayse
To his greate fame, even sondrye wayes. 120

XXI.

His warrs by seas weare of like force:
The spannyshe shipps weare stronglie mande,
where was made manye a lowlie corse 123
That stoutlie at defence did stande;
But our shipps fought with suche greate yre,
That twoe of them they sett on fyer, 126

XXII.

And twoe of them they brought awaye
Home Into Englande for a price;
Ransackte the towne; then woulde not staye, 129
But marcht from thence with good advice.
Then Essex name was in accounte:
whoe but Deverox did then surmounte? 132

XXIII.

Yet er hee wente from thence awaye,
The Spanyards for the Towne agreede,
And certen somes to hym did paye; 135
So then they marcht awaye with speede,
And paste the seas, with sayles on hie,
As men resolude[1] to fight, not flie. 138

XXIV.

To the Ilands Hee marched then, [leaf 18.]
where of treasure hee gott good store,
withe all oure gallante Englishmen; 141
all had Inoughe, what woulde you more?
yet more they had gotten that daye,
But that ill lucke did crosse there waye. 144

[1] resolved.

XXV.

Then came hee home with honored fame;
then was hee loude[1] of prince and peere;
Admyred then was Essex name,
and as there lives they helde hym dere.
Yet envie might repyne as then,
That alwayes lurckes in enviose men.

XXVI.

Then Generall hee was elected,
In Irlande for to beare the swaye,—
A Trayne[2] whiche hee not suspected,
To worke his ruyne and decaye;
Greate promyses to hym weare made,
But in performance they did fade,—

XXVII.

And gallantlie hym selfe preparde
with a moste brave and warlike trayne,
(no coste to furnishe hym was sparde;)
whoe might hym serve, was gladd & fayne,
moste voluntaryes; fewe weare preste
That wente with hym, some of the beste.

XXVIII.

Hee there did spende bothe toyle and payne [leaf 18, back.]
to doe His Quene and contrie good;
Hee Honor and good fame did gayne,
the whiche did coste his derest blood;
ffor there a plott for hym was layde,
Whiche withe his honored hedd hee payde.

XXIX.

But treason was layde to his charge,
and manye artikles obiected;
whoe rowed not so in follies barge,
and thinges propounded not suspected;
and suche at that tyme bare the swaye,
as sought his ruyne and decaye;

[1] loved. [2] artifice, stratagem: *Macb.* iii. 4, *Spencer*, F. Q. i. iii. 24.—Nares.

XXX.

And so hee was condemnde to dye,
the whiche hee tooke in quiett parte,
and to the lorde his god on hie
Hee yeilded hym with all his harte.
Deathe coulde not Daunte his noble mynde;
Vnto His Quene hee was moste kynde.

XXXI.

And so hee ever did proteste
Hee mente her maiestie no harme;
no one thought in his harte did reste,
Thoughe synon[1] subtellie did charme
In secrett sorte his blood to spill:
Hee was contente, they had there will.

XXXII.

Yet mai[e]stie woulde hym discharge, [leaf 19.]
and haue releaceste[2] hym from his thrall;
But Rawe-bones layde on lies at large,
and howrelie sought to see his fall;
whoe never stayde, till they gott synde[3]
His doome of deathe, to please there mynde.

XXXIII.

And then in all post haste withe speede
Theye to the Towres leiftenna[n]t came,
withe strickte commande to doe the deede,
as hee woulde awnswer to the same
If hee made staye, or once delayde
The prescript howre; which hee obayde.

XXXIV.

Yet greiude in mynde, hee loude[4] hym dere,
But muste her highe commande fulfill.
when this good man of this did heare,
Hee sayde "good lorde, bleste be thie will!
I thancke my god and my good Quene
That thus myndefull of me haue bene.

[1] Cecil or Cobham.
[2] Pronounce *releast:* compare *disgraceste* for *disgraced*, l. 331; and *placeste* for *placed*, l. 333, below; p. 7, l. 82, above. [3] signed. [4] loved.

XXXV.

" To-morrowe morninge I shall paye
the debte that I doe owe her grace.
my life to her I downe will laye
moste willinglie, within this place;
Then my frends, that my Gardiants bee,
Shall see my god moste stronge in mee."

XXXVI.

That night in prayer hee did passe, [leaf 19, back.]
moste ferventlie, vnto the lorde;
no feare of deathe his troble was;
His mynde was fixte on gods pure worde;
His care was cheife for his greate synne
and loathed luste hee had liude in.

XXXVII.

And godlie men withe hym did praye,
confirmde his faithe on christe a-bove,
Howe hee[1] had washte his synns awaye,
of his mere mercye and greate love,
nowe home from strayinge did hym call;
Hee on his shoulders woulde beare all.

XXXVIII.

Moste of the night that waye hee spente,
and ofte woulde comforte his dere frends
That semed for hym to lamente:
" wepe not for mee! men haue there ends.
all that [be] borne, nedes muste dye;
To-morrowe mornynge so muste I.

XXXIX.

Ashwensdaye mornynge nowe was come;
His deadlie foes as earlie there,
And yet that loude [him] there weare some,
That came to see with greife and feare.
All thinges in haste prepared was,
That this peere to his deathe might passe.

[1] he who.

XL.

A place appoynted in the towre, [leaf 20.]
withe stage and blocke, and all things fitt,
Made redye agaynste the verye howre,
with seates for suche nobles to sitt
That came to see hym loose his head,
where manye brinishe teares weare spredd.

XLI.

Then came this peere with countnance mylde,
as Lambe vnto his slaughter ledd:
His foes, whiche pittie had exilde,
ffor verye shame helde downe there head,
To thincke in mynde what they had donne,
Thus to ekclipse bright Honors sonne.

XLII.

Then kneelinge downe, his prayer did make
vnto his god in Heaven above;
all wordlie[1] motions did forsake,
forgave his enemyes with love,
"Lorde, laye not this vnto their[2] charge!
my Deathe I haue deserude at large."

XLIII.

His greatest wordlie care was this,
Hee had some frends that loude hym well,
That never knewe secrett of his,
nor previe weare to his counsell,
yet weare in troble for his sake;
But hoapte his Quene woulde mer[c]ye take.

XLIV.

The Headsman kneeled on his knee, [leaf 20, back.]
and sayde, "my lorde, forgive your deathe!"
"Withe all my harte I forgive thee;
Dispatche at once! come, stoppe my breathe!
Thou, Iustice mynister arte here;
Come, doe thie office, and haue no feare!

[1] worldly. [2] MS. my.

XLV.

"Come nowe," quothe hee, "whats to bee donne?
wee maye dispatche the same with spede;
my glasse on earthe (I see) is ronne,
And lachesis will cutt the threede,
whoe prepared hathe His sharpned knife,
To reave me of my vitall life."

XLVI.

Then layde his bodye flatt alonge,
His head likewise vppon the blocke;
But Headsman did threfolde wronge,
whoe tooke at hym three severall stroakes
Er head from bodye wente a-waye;
yet as a lambe hee quyett laye.

XLVII.

Thus this greate peere ended his life,
and brought his soule to quyett reste,
ffree from the cares of wordlie strife,
whiche daylie did his mynde moleste;
And nowe with god in glorye dwells,
whereas his ioye earthes ioye excells.

XLVIII.

As Hee with god, a-bove dothe reste, [leaf 21.]
Hee hathe lefte vs here to complayne;
oure hartes withe sorrowe are distreste,
and comfortles wee still remayne
ffor wante of hym that so is gone,
whiche is the subiecte of our mone.

XLIX.

The noble men, they wante a peere,
withe them in counsell that did sitt;
Captaynes, a leader they helde dere,
a seconde sallomon for witt,
a Iosias stronge, grave and wise,
affable, kynde, but not precyse.

L.

Souldiers doe there Generall wante,
that still was wonte to see them payde
Thoughe Captaynes woulde the same supplante,
and they longe tyme shoulde bee delayde;
whiche, when Essex of that did here,
Hee turnde to ioye there mournfull chere.

LI.

whoe cassirde[1] suche as delte not well?
ffrom his bandes bannysht them awaye?
Wherein his Honor did excell;
Then souldiers trulie had there paye:
Here was trewe fame wonne by desarte;
This showde the Honor of his harte.

LII.

Widowes doe wayle, and children crye, [leaf 21, back.]
and manye fatherlesse lamente;
Maydes at there distafes showe cause whie
wee moved are withe discontente;
ffor there, in dolefull tunes theye singe,
"Essex, Essex, did comforte bringe."

LIII.

The poore that begge at everye dore,
In heavie notes recorde his fame;
Hee alwayes loude the needye poore,
and they admyrde good Essex name;
no whippinge stockes hee did Invente,
Theye weare not made by his consente.

LIV.

And daylie more his fame is raysde,
Synce our kinge came to swaye this lande;
nowe is hee myste, nowe is hee praysde,
Whiche our good kinge well vnderstands;
His maiestie hym selfe is sadd,
Whereat his foes are nothinge gladd.

[1] cashiered.

LV.

Oure kinge dothe countenance his frends,
  suche as in life tyme helde hym dere;
on them Riche Honors daylie spends,
  for love to them and this greate peere;
    His Sonne attendante on the prince,
    Whiche envyes spite maye well convynce.

LVI.

Whereas his foes, they are disgraceste,[1] [leaf 22.]
  but Iustlie, throughe there owne desarte;
In lymbo patrum some are placeste,[2]
  whiche is a terror to there hartes;
    yett this maye well putt them in mynde,
    To Essex they haue bene vnkynde.

LVII.

God grante theye maye thincke of the same,
  and trewe teares of repentance bringe;
They nowe are scandalde with defame
  for treason agaynste oure good kinge.
    But if truthe bringe treason to light,
    God sende them there desartes by right.

LVIII.

And suche measure as they haue mett[3]
  To worthie Deverox, whiche wee mysse,
Iustice the like on them maye sett;
  Theye maye withe truthe acknowledge this,
    "That noble pere whiche wee betrayde,
    His blood on vs is Iustlie layde."

LIX.

God sende all greate men to take heede,
  and withe there state to bee contente,
leaste that ambition chance to breede
  Suche thoughts as maye make them repente
    To hassarde state and noble name,
    To bee Impeached withe defame.

[1] Cp. *defaceste* for *defaced*, p. 48, l. 294, etc.
[2] Cp. p. 7, l. 82.
[3] meted.

LX.

Noble Essex was beloved well [leaf 22, back.]
of riche and poore of eache degree;
Hee loved was, as fame dothe tell, 357
of suche as never did hym see.
Tushe! that was hitt the commons love!
His Honors periode did prove. 360

LXI.

Oh that pure love shoulde turne to spite,
or honye swete converte to gall!
Oh that trewe Honors cheife delite, 363
By envye shoulde gett suche a fall!
Oh that theise wordes I doe rehearse,
Might withe remorse there malice peirce! 366

LXII.

Well! hee is gone! that is to trewe!
yet ins[1] posteritie dothe live;
Twoe gallante Impes, that doe renewe 369
the fame that Essex dothe vs give;
Twoe gallante sonnes of Deverox race,
Whiche hardlie can broke[2] his disgrace. 372

LXIII.

ffor nature gynnes to beare a swaye
alredye in there youthfull pryme:
To perfection come it maye, 375
when leaste tis thought in after tyme,
perhaps to bee revengde on those
Haue bene there fathers greatest foes. 378

LXIV.

I wishe it not: gods will bee donne! [leaf 23.]
But guyltlesse blood will vengance crave;
The father crye[s] vnto the Sonne 381
from his Horried tymeles grave.
Thus writers write, thus poetts fayne;
manye forgotten, a-newe complayne. 384

[1] in his. [2] brook.

LXV.

But farewell Essex, noble peere !
farewell, trewe Honor, that did shyne !
Thie beames weare splendante, pure, and clere,
and thou the prospecte of *our* tyme !
Thou throughe the pikes didst boldlie ronne ;
Deserved fame haste trulie wonne.

LXVI.

All that loves thee bidds thee farewell,
ffrom Highest to the lowest degree ;
But sure, thie fare dothe farr excell
The greatest peeres on earthe that bee.
Gods presence is thyne onelie foode,
That bought thee *with* his derest blood.

vivit post funera virtus.

finis. R. W.

[Arundel MS. 418, leaf 24.]

Acclamatio Patrie,

or

The comp[l]aynte of the good subiects of Englande for the myserie of these Tymes,
Or the powder Treasons:
otherwise
a pulpitt for papistes, and a trappe for Traytors.

To our Roiall kinges moste excellente maiestie.

Moste dreade and gratiouse Soveraygne, this booke I did write presentlie vppon the Dangers paste of this horrible pretended[1] treason; and seynge no other had written thereof, I did pretende[2] to haue put the same in printe, and had gotten it lycenced accordinge to order. But a printer asked me a some of moneye for the Impression, whiche I was not able to paye; and so I kepte it privatt, But that I presented [leaf 24, back.] Some of them to my Honorable and worshipfull frendes; and one of them I Did presente to your famouse Sonne, Prince Henrie, when your maiestie was in your progresse in Nottingham-shere, at the Howse of one, Sir Iohn Byron, a knight, that Dwelleth in the forrest of mansfilde. But I never harde anye awnswer of it; and nowe haue thought it good to presente it your Highnes, amongst the reste of my labors: not that the particulars are vnknone to your maiestie, but that thereby you maye see my love and dutifull zeale to you my kinge, and contrie. Moste humblie besechinge your Highnes to pardon myne attempte, and to accepte of the same, whoe will and doe, Daylie praye to the almightie to kepe and defende you from all traytrose attempts, and that you maye live manye yeares to rule and Raygne over vs.

Your maiesties poore Distressed
Subiecte, Richarde williams.

[1] intended. [2] intend.

Aclamatio patrie, or [leaf 25.]
The complaynte of the good subiects
of Englande for the myseryes of theise
Tymes;
Withe a trappe for Traytors,
and a pulpitt for papistes.

I.

What cause haue al good subiects to complayne
for *our* dere contrie, spotted *with* defame,
The whiche, trecherie dothe polute and stayne,
and woulde ecklipse the glorie of the same,— 4
But, to there ruyne and endlesse shame,
our roiall kinges maiestie to surprise,
and ore his progenye woulde Tyranise. 7

II.

Oh Englande, Englande! a moste happie soile,
that hathe bene the nurse of roiall kinges!
o vilde[1] viprose broode, that seke the spoile
of *your* dere mother! that *with* payne forthe brings 11
bothe wholesome flowers, and neules that stings!
vnnaturall children, and bastards broode,
That woulde glutt *your* selfe *with* her dereste blood! 14

III.

What did you Imagyn, when you began
this dangerose attempte and moste wicked[2] treason,
Hatefull to god, odiouse to man,
wherein you had nor grace, nor reason? 18
all pittie bannysht, *your* fruytes that season,
you that in an Instante woulde all destroye,
abridginge all hope of *our* contries ioye. 21

IV.

If his maiestie, Tyranouse had bynne, [leaf 25, back.]
and had ruled *with* rigor this fertile lande,
and that god had sente hym to plauge[3] *our* synne,
wee ought not his holie decrees withstande, 25
nor agaynste his highnes once lifte *our* hande.
whie? because hee is the lordes anoynted,
over vs to Raygne, by hym appoynted. 28

[1] vile. [2] MS. wicted. [3] plague.

v.

But hee is mercyfull; you knowe it well!
Hee makes good lawes, and dailie sekes for peace!
Reporte in eache contrie his fame dothe tell,
althoughe vntrustie traytors never ceasse
To augmente his feares, and greives increase;
But hee, resolude, in god putteth truste,
whoe is a rocke and safegarde to the iuste.

vi.

Doe what you can, not one heare shall fall
nor be dyminisht from his highnes head!
Thoughe you practise, frett, fume, splitt your gall,
your attempts are vayne! you sonder but the thredd
whiche destruction for your selues hathe bredd!
wee good subiectes Ioye at your Illusion,
To see your ruyne and sole confusion!

vii.

Consider what twas you woulde haue donne:
the moste odiouse thinge that ever was Invented!
To ecklipse the glorye of Englands sunne,
withe the devill and hell you had Indented,[1]
your owne damnation had consented!
The like nere harde synce the wordle began!
Murther, ruyne, and wracke of manye man!

viii.

you threwe at all, but haue loste your firste mayne: [leaf 26.]
you aymde at fayrest kinge, Quene, prince, and all,
and the whole nobillitie to haue slayne,
The learned Bishopps to haue brought to thrall,
and of wise Burgeses haue wrought the fall;
To haue blowne them vpp without all pittie,
Haue burnde the kings howse, and fyred *the* cittie!

ix.

Yee! at an Instante this shoulde haue bene wrought,
when they weare busied to make good lawes!
In whose trewe hartes no trechery was thought,
But there contries good was the onelie cause,
when you—worse then[2] ravens or chatringe dawes—
There vtter subvertion had devisde
By treason, which god hathe ever despisde,

[1] Covenanted by an indenture or indented deed. [2] MS. then then.

X.

Tyrranye, crueltie, and moste wicked hate,
to Dinge[1] them downe with myndes variable,
of there soules as then not myndinge the state;
Some weake in faithe, in conscience not stable!
But that gods mercyes are ever able
To save synfull soules at his good pleasure,
you might haue robde them of heavens treasure.

XI.

you respected neither bodie nor soule!
ambition kepes no lymmitts nor boundes:
your aspiringe myndes had dared[2] controule,
your conscience, spotted and full of woundes.
like men not sicke, yet sodenlie swoundes,
So you felte no greefe, yet sodenlie fell
Without gods mercyes to the depest hell.

XII.

What Had ensued if you had prevaylde? [leaf 26, back.]
woes, ruyne, and vtter confusion!
Gods holie truthe by your means had quaylde,
and poperye agayne had made Intrusion,
and light darkned with your Illusion!
Then to puritanes and protestants woe!
There wives, children, and there lives, to forgoe!

XIII.

A thousandes mysecheifes more had attended:
all vyllanyes then had bene sett abroache;
Howe [could] Innocence, haue Rigor defended,[3]
when truthe to bee tryed durste not approche?
But crueltie over hym woulde Incroche,
Tyranisinge too, and laughe at his fall:
The tyme nowe is come thou shalte paye for all!

XIV.

Then, woe to the riche that had purste vp golde!
and woe to anye that had gotten treasure!
ffor then base Rascalls woulde haue bene bolde,
Haue robde and trivmpht at there pleasure;—
for vyllanye never kepes a measure;—
yee woe to all that did honestlie meane!
yer the harvest weare come, the slaves woulde glean[e].

[1] strike, smite. [2] ? MS. [3] warded off.

XV.

Havocke they woulde haue cryed:
"the tyme is nowe come, lets rifell for all!
of theise cormorants weele abate the pride,
and of greasie churles weele splitt the gall!
Better theise lacke, then good fellowes fall:
ffor what they haue gott by vnlawfull gayne,
To spende for there sakes weele take the payne.

XVI.

"This is the daye wee haue longe looked for, [leaf 27.]
and nowe tis come, weele sett cocke on hoope.
Tushe! feare not, hostice! weele paye thee the score!
Be merrye, my wenche, doe no longer droope!
ffor this, manye a carle wee haue made to stoope."
Thus villanye woulde vaunte, more then I write,
or my skilles[1] penne is able to recyte.

XVII.

This, *our* generall ruyne woulde haue bene!
If treason had brought his purpose to passe,
wee dolefull dayes in Englande shoulde haue sene,
withe moste greivose grones cryinge 'alas,
That ere suche crueltie Invented was!
That wee lived to see these dolefull dayes,
where wronge abuseth right so manye wayes!'

XVIII.

But god in mercye did beholde *our* estate,
and in his goodnes hathe looked vppon vs
when wee weare cyrcumvented *with* deadlie hate,
all hope of remorse had quyte forgon vs,
and that destruction was nerest on vs,
Confusion preste[2] *with* his bloodye hande
To overthrowe the state of this *our* lande.

XIX.

Nowe particularlie Ile touche there names
that thus had plotted oure generall fall,—
I proteste to my greefe, but to there shames,—
That mente to haue made havoke of all,
and turnde oure honye to moste bitter gall,
Infectinge the swete and moste pretiose springs
ffrom whence came the nectar of roiall kinges!

[1] skill-less. [2] ready.

XX.

Percye! thie honor of valor firste begane [leaf 27, back.]
when Haughtie Hott-spurr did firste wynne that name
By peircinge the eye of a moste brave man
In a famose combatt; but nowe the same
Treason hathe stayned, to thie[1] endlesse shame
Of thee and all that honorable race,
of whiche thie trecheries haue sought disgrace.

XXI.

Didst thou not sarve thie dreade roiall kinge?
and nere[2] his person in accounte helde dere.
Oh vilde cursed viper! whye wouldst thou stinge
or poyson the fountayne that ranne so clere?
contente coulde not please thee, it dothe appeare;
But thyne aspiringe ambitiouse pride
Bothe wise men doe hate, yee, and fooles deryde!

XXII.

And nowe thie prowde head orepries that place
where monstrose treason shoulde haue bene effected!
pittie, so brave a man shoulde wante the grace
of god and man to bee so reiected,
plottinge cruelties nere before suspected:
I meane, the horror thou mentst to bringe
vppon thie contrie and thie roiall kinge.

XXIII.

Thie selfe weare caught in the trappe thou didst laye,
tane in the snare thou thie selfe devisde.
Thie quarters doe stande for foules as a praye,
thie life thou didst leese[3] as a traytor surprisde,
Thie conceytes all dasht, that thou hadst devisde;
Thie head and quarters farr severed doe stande,
Devided in sondrye places of the lande.

XXIV.

Nexte, Catesbye: thou didst playe the wilye catt, [leaf 28.]
and wearte cheife agente in this wicked treason,
Not, naturallie, to spoile the noysome Ratt,
But moste agaynste kynde, at that Instant season
Hadst plotted, bothe agaynste pittie and reason,
Thie kinges confusion and wracke at the leaste;
whiche showes thou wearte a filthie scratchinge beaste,

[1] the. [2] never. [3] lose.

XXV.

And wouldst scratche downe the parlament howse
and all the nobles assembled that tyme:
Here was a cruell catt to catche a mouse!
Here was the scomme of filthie mudd and slime!
Here treason shoulde haue bene broacht in the pryme!
But it pleasde god this catt was caught ithe snare,
And tangled in the grynne[1] or hee was aware;

XXVI.

And his head likewise elevate dothe stande
over that place hee woulde haue destroyde,
a prospecte to good subiects of the lande
whome his villanyes woulde fayne haue anoyde;
But horror his stomake had so overcloyde
That it vomyted forthe his skandalouse shame,
To the sole discreditt of Catesbyes name.

XXVII.

O sir Everarde Digbye! thou wearte a knight,
a man whose wisedome shoulde haue tane heede,
And wayed howe god dothe defende the right,
and howe traytors in thende did ever speede,
Desarte had alwayes his desarved meede;
Experience whereof thou longe hadst sene
In treasons plotted agaynste our late Quene.

XXVIII.

Howe god was still her maiesties defence [leaf 28, back.]
when traytors sondrye wayes sought her fall,
Howe, vnsuspected, hee bewrayde there pretence,[2]
Parrye maye stande an example for all,
His owne feare frettinge so at gall,
That when hee quiveringe nere her grace did stande,
The Dagge[3] was redye to fall forthe his hande.

XXIX.

Digbye! this might haue bene a warninge for thee,
and to all others of that cursed crewe!
But weale his good happe in tyme coulde not see,
and discontente makes manye one to rewe,
so become trustles, to there prince vntrewe.
Digbye in like predicamente hathe bynne;
Digged a pitt, and hym selfe fell in.

[1] snare, gin. [2] intention. [3] Pistol.—*Halliwell.*

XXX.

Nexte, Roberte wynter, Ithe cath[a]loge I fynde;
a man whose name Destruction woulde bringe,
whoe in this action bare a traytrose mynde,
and woulde destroye the glorye of our springe,
consentinge to the Deathe of our roiall kinge;
whose boystrose gale shoulde haue blowne suche a blaste,
To haue made all Englande othe sodden agaste,

XXXI.

yee, to haue blowne vpp all without remorse,
The kinge, Quene, prince, and nobles together,
Turnde manye good man vnto a dead corse
with mangled lymbes. was not this foule weather
when furye shoulde haue hoysted vpp altogether?
This was wynters love and holye zeale!
Suche blastes, lorde, cutt of from this common weale!

XXXII.

The nexte is Iohn Grante, whoe might grante in-deede [leaf 29.]
Hee was a traytor in the highest degree,
Grantinge in this action his overmuche spede,
That his good estate in tyme coulde not see:
ambitiouse myndes nere contented bee,
as appearde in actions of this Grante,
In whose will to treason there was no wante.

XXXIII.

And all muste grante that hee deserved deathe
ffor his attempts in that moste wicked deede,
That cruellie woulde haue abridged the breathe
of manye thousandes, if treason coulde spede,
and manye a mothers childe haue made to bleede:
Tis generallie granted hee was vniuste,
a vyllayne, a traytor, not worthie of truste.

XXXIV.

Bates might in this poynte haue bated an ace,
that was (as tis sayde) Traytor Catesbies man:
Swashbucklers ronne on to there myscheifs apace,
and forwarde the same asmuche as they can;
There orehastie spede they afterwards ban,
To the overthrowe of them and there states,
as well appearde by this fellowe Bates.

XXXV.

Thoughe men there masters ought trulie to sarve,
as in dutie theye thereunto are bounde,
[*Yet should they not plot their king's head off to carve,*[1]]
By treason sekinge there states to confounde,
There kinge and contrie with horror to wounde;
no servante in this ought take his masters parte,
leaste Gwerdonde as bates, for his Iuste desarte.

XXXVI.

nowe another wynter came in the thronge, [leaf 29, back.]
that blewe his blustringe blastes in this realme,
for hee at roome had bene resident longe,
But came to Infecte this moste sacred stream,
Makinge his brother blowe suche a gleame
of treason as never was harde of before:
a cruell wynters blaste, that vexte vs sore!

XXXVII.

Weare theise, wynter, the beste fruyts thou couldst bringe,
I muste nedes confesse thie comfortes weare colde,
with thie whirlinge wyndes to wither *the* springe
so sone: but that it hathe bene oftymes tolde,
'Myscheife is ever in all things to bolde.'
proofe in thee, for the broyles thou haste bredd
Hathe severde thie quarters farr from thie head.

XXXVIII.

Thou mightst well haue exclamed on roome,
as of thie myserye the fynall cause,
where princes are censurde with heavie doome,
that resiste agaynste there catholicke lawes,
makinge subiects rebell, not takinge pawse,
nor wayinge what god *com*mandes in his worde,
"ffeare god, love the kinge," thus scriptures recorde.

XXXIX.

Then Rockwood hathe rocked hym selfe faste a-slepe,
lulled by treason to swete securitie,
whose witts weare fyne, and conceites verye depe,
But blotted and stayned with all Impuritie;
whose harte was fraughted[2] with obduritie,
That hee those vyllanyes putt in vre,[3]
Contries ruyne by treason to procure.

[1] A line left blank in the MS. [2] freighted, fraught. [3] use, practice.

L.

Then had approachte oure desolation!
ruyne and murther had bene redye preste!
Then Roome, withe all her abhomynation,[1]
woulde once agayne on highe avance her creste,
and all godlie lawes shoulde haue bene depreste!
In amplest sorte, without condition,
Cruellye executed there commyssion!

LI.

Then widowes shoulde haue waylde there husbands wante,
and children haue wayled for there fathers dead,
Mothers for children which theye woulde supplante,
Sisters for brothers manye a teare haue shedd,
Manye fathers haue gone with greife to there bedd
ffor losse of there sonnes, whome crueltie kilde!
muche Innocent blood shoulde then haue bene spilde,

LII.

All recordes of lawes as then defaced, [leaf 31. back.]
all precedents likewise shoulde haue bene burned,
Counselers Iudges and clarkes disgraced,
and there former hopes to sorrowe turned;
yee, all good men with greife haue mourned
To see the desolation of theise dayes,
where myscheife had Tryvmphed so manye wayes!

LIII.

Then haue wee not cause to prayse our god,
whoe from theise dangers hathe vs preserved,
and fre[e]d vs from this heavie smartinge rodd
of suche traytors as from dutie swarved?
and like sawcye mates they woulde haue carved
of manye good men bothe there goods & life:
yee, one small letter hathe barde this strife.

LIV.

Here was the wisedome of our god to bee sene!
Here mans owne wisedome was proved but vayne!
Here, where so manye consultations had bene,
Here to plott and practise there witts they strayne,
Here, marke by there vyllanyes what they gayne!
a trappe they had layde, and bayted a gynne,
Thee hooke they swallowed, and pitt they fell in!

[1] Cp. *The Fal of the Romish Church, with al the abhominations*, black letter, in Lambeth Library.

LV.

And so by Iustice haue repte there desartes,
and gwerdon due to suche mercyles men:
Hanged and quartred, and there traytrose hartes
Withe bowells and members burned, and then
There bodyes butcherde in sight of manye men,
That greatlie did lamente there lacke of grace,
That by treason woulde there glorye deface.

LVI.

The treasons that Babington once Invented, [leaf 32.]
withe yours in no sorte might bee comparde!
Theye to the Deathe of there Quene consented;
you aymde at all—a crueltie never harde!
all sparkes of christianytie debarde,
The kinge, Quene, prince, and nobles fynall doome!
Suche bee the fruytes that bee plotted at roome,

LVII.

And hither are sente to bee Ingrafted
By Iesuytes ithe hartes of good mens mynde!
and manye other dreggs are hether wafted
of superstition, mens hartes to blynde,
Causinge them to poperye [to] bee Inclinde:
So, by wicked Bellamytes'[1] perswation,
They Hassarde the Danger of there salvation,

LVIII.

And are Egged on to treason like case,
bothe agaynste kinge and contrie to rebell,
Sekinge the Image of god to deface:
what is donne agaynste hym, all is well!
loe, theise bee the fruytes of that romyshe hell!
and when [their] soules are secluded[2] gods glorye,
Then will they fishe for them in purgatorye.

LIX.

But that rotten staffe is disfavorde quite,
and hope of purgatorye out of requeste;
no wise men in suche things will take delite;
with suche heavie burthens theyele not bee prest;
There hope is 'oure god hathe purchacste the reste
of repentante synfull soules after deathe,'
Purgatorye longe synce hunted out of breathe.

[1] ? Bedlamites or Balaamites: the Jesuits, Garnet, Oldcorne, etc. [2] shut out of.

LX.

Saynte ffrancis maye faste, firste auchtor of *the* same, [leaf 32, back.]
of whiche hee ever hathe bene the cheife proppe,
But nowe waxte olde, decripitt and lame,
His requiem masses downe are lopte,
The zeale of gods truthe that streame hathe stopte ;
That scarbugge[1] w*h*ich did so manye affright,
By triall of truthe is quyte put to flight ;

LXI.

And, good bee praysde, all y*o*ur popishe trashe
accounted as thinges frivolose and vayne ;
y*o*ur eare-confession, and suche myshe-mashe
of filthie vilde dreggs, gods glorye to stayne,
By whiche to y*o*ur state you horded vpp gayne,
Is quite from brittayne banyshed awaye,
ffrustrate y*o*ur hopes, and you haue loste the daye,

LXII.

Yee, the greate daye of y*o*ur expectation !
and y*o*ur hopes all turned to darkest night,
Wherein shoulde haue bene suche Innovation
agaynste nature, agaynste equitie and right,
If y*o*ur devises haue prevayled might,
when one of y*o*ur crewe, and with you accurste,
Thoughe agaynste his will, revealde it at firste,

LXIII.

And by his written letter hathe taught you to preache,
what doctryne, the whole wordle knoweth to well,
veryfyinge what you before did teache,
In catholicke errors to make men dwell,
Teachinge the waye that leadeth to hell :
y*o*ur pulpitt was a Gibbett raysed on hie,
whereon for treason you weare Iudged to dye,

LXIV.

A pulpitt where manye haue preached before, [leaf 33.]
that haue bene traytors agaynst kinge and state.
God grante, I praye, there never bee more,
withe you so puffed withe wordlie hate,
But that there Rigor maye in some sorte bate,[2]
or like sicke Horses, to cure the fallose,[3]
God sende you all maye preache on the gallose,

[1] Scare-goblin, or -bugbear ; like scare-crow.
[2] Abate.
[3] *Fellon*, a disease in cows : *felone*, a sore or whitlow.—*Halliwell.*

LXV.

As some of them of late weare forced to preache
In pawles churchyarde, weste parte of the same,
Where a Highe Gibbett farr above our retche
was there elevated on a wooden frame,
and to see them there manye thousands came:
Sir Everarde Digbye, hee repentant dyde,
But on the Catholyke faithe hee still relyde.

LXVI.

Then preacht wynter, Grante, and Bates like case;
But one selfe doctryne they agreede vppon,
There pulpitt to papistes a foule disgrace,
that weare there in place spectators on;
There wante of grace bewaylde of manye one,
I meane, good subiects of Towne and cittie
That shedd brynishe teares for there soules pittie.

LXVII.

Thexecutioners playde there butchringe partes
as Iustice had doomde, and Iudgment had paste,
and traytors gwerdonde for there desarte,
The rewarde of trecherye payde at laste;
for they muste nedes fall that ronne in suche haste
Into the gulphe of Iminent Dangers,
That to allegiance become suche strangers

LXVIII.

As did theise foure herebefore recited, [leaf 33, back.]
and all the reste of that vilde faction:
at there fall I knowe papistes are spited,
ffor manye weare prevye to the action
whose lives haue not yet made satisfaction;
leaste[1] theye repente there purpose in this case,
God sende them preache on some suche like place.

LXIX.

Then to westmynster other foure weare drawne
on Hurdells throughe london, to there disgrace,
To the olde pallace where treason was sowne;
there was elevated there preachinge place,
where wynter, firste of that rebelliose race,
preacht popishe doctryne to confirme his faith[e];
But the Hangman quicklie stopped his breathe.

[1] unless.

LXX.

Then Died Rockwoode, Vaux, and keyes the laste,
all on the same pulpitt made there endes;
But with hangmans helpe there paynes weare sone paste;
There deathes a corsyve to there popishe frends,
and a comforte to suche as the welfare intends,
And to kinge and contrie wishe all good,
livinge in dutie, not thirstinge for blood,

LXXI.

All theise traytors that before are named,
with others by Iustice doomde in like cases,
whose aspiringe mynde the gallose hathe tamde,
In worcester, stafforde-shere, and suche like places,
where theise traytors lurkinge hydd there faces,
Thoughe covertlie hyd, yet founde out at laste,
And with theise in rancke deserve to be placeste.

LXXII.

Stephen litleton, thou hadst cause to repente! [leaf 34.]
thie howse was receptakle of the reste.
God grante thie trecherie thou didst lamente,
and that contrition harborde in thie breste;
ffor in theise actions thou weare to preste;[1]
ffor in Holbage howse thou didst receve them,
and ronnynge awaye, as a praye didst leave them.

LXXIII.

And percye and Catesbye bothe there weare kilde,
Withe twoe of the Wrights, and others I not name;
Muche traytrose blood that tyme there was spilde,
That never to triall of Iustice came;
The Desperate vyllaynes had vowed the same,
never to bee tane, and by Iustice tryde,
what hassarde so ere there fortunes did byde.

LXXIV.

But tis thought there bee some of greater states
that haue bene agents and Dealers therein:
Tis pittie that ever by suche base mates
they shoulde bee counselde[2] to suche deadlie synne,
Or that anye peere shoulde bee sene therein,
To ecklipse the glorye of Honored fame,
and bee scandalizde with touche of the same;

[1] Ready. [2] MS. comselde.

LXXV.

ffor greate is the maiestie of Roiall kinges,
that here vppon earthe gods vicegerents bee!
There lookes to trecherye are fearfull stinges;
There eyes, like Argus, to beholde and see,
even to there myndes that good subiects bee.
ffrom those that seke maiestie to betraye,
Hee treason can fynde, and the same bewraye.

LXXVI.

God grante all [these] subiects example maye bee [leaf 34, back.]
to all others, hereafter to beware,
The saftie of there states to beholde and see,
and of allegiance haue a speciall care,
leaste the like gwerdon fall to there share;
So generallie wishinge all to take hede,
Theye in aftertymes the better maye spede.

LXXVII.

The guylte of the harte is knowne by the eye:
althoughe traytors connynglie dissemble,
The wisedome of princes can sone aspie
out those secrett; for feare makes them tremble,
and there guyltie consciences to wemble.[1]
There outwarde countnances then bewraye[2]
What theye[3] haue thought, or tonges can saye.

LXXVIII.

A conscience clere, no prerogative needs,—
loe, here is the wisedome of *our* good god!—
when corrupted myndes *with* there horror bleedes.
Thus truthe and villanye are things farr odd,
The one withe love, the other *with* Iustice rodd;
Thus bothe are gwerdonde in thende, wee see:
Then whoe woulde venter a traytor to bee?

LXXIX.

Whie, none but fooles that haue loste there witts,
and wasted out the same on foolishe toyes,

[1] *Wemble*, to turn a cup upside down in token of having had enough tea, (Northern;) *Wamble*, to roll, to rumble, (*Halliwell;*) to move in an undulating manner, (*Jamieson;*) to rise up as seething water does, to wriggle like an Arrow in the Air. (*Kersey's Philipps.*)

[2] MS. bewaraye.

[3] MS. there.

So then will venter on suche franticke fitts,
and woulde thereby abridge other mens ioyes.
See here, the sequell proves there owne anoyes!
This tale of treason and her sadd storye,
of manye a man hathe dymmde the glorye,

LXXX.

And alwayes hathe, synce the wordle beganne, [leaf 35.]
that eve in parradise did Adam betraye,
whiche was the ruyne of the state of man,
To all posterities the sole decaye
till god in mercye washte the same awaye:
onelie by the deathe of his beloved sonne
Brusinge the Serpents head, our ioyes begonne.

LXXXI.

So that the Devill the firste traytor was,
thoughe transformed into an angell bright,[1]
Intendinge subtellie to bringe to passe,
By polecye turninge darknes to light,
That for Imitacion all others might
Slilye goe aboute when they tyranise,
or with an Intente myscheife to devise.

LXXXII.

So when anye man to myscheife is bente,
withe full resolve to prosecute the same,
His master is preste[2] to forwarde his Intente,
Ats[3] elbowe egginge hym, devoyde of shame,
Makinge hym worke in destructions frame
The webbe[4] of woe, to overthrowe his state
By murther and treason, which god dothe hate.

LXXXIII.

But now, you sacred muses, guyde my penne!
Devyne Minerva, rule my artlesse[5] quill,
That I maye sett forthe to the vewe of all men
His worthe, whoe farr surpasseth my small skill,
yet will expresse a loiall subiects will
To eternyze here his deserved fame,
Terrifyinge traytors at sounde of the same!

[1] *Originally* of light. [2] Ready. [3] At his.
[4] MS. weble. [5] Unskilful.

LXXXIV.

ffirste, hees religiouse: thats knowne well: [leaf 35, back.]
to sett forthe gods glorye, his speciall care,
what paynes hee takes therein, the wordle can tell;
what metings and assemblies hee did prepare,
To haue things reformed, thought out of square,
Where his maiestie in presence did sytt
Hearinge controversies, for a kinge moste fitt.

LXXXV.

Then hees mercifull, and no rigor showes,
all crueltie Bannyshed from his harte:
His bountie and love, whoe is it but knowes?
In amplest wise gwerdonynge trewe desarte,
and vnto subiectes dothe eache waye Imparte;
yee, of stubborne papistes hathe stayde the leasure;
But theyle bee reformed at there owne pleasure,

LXXXVI.

Or els by treason will cutt out there waye,
and so Intrude on his highnes favor,
of hym and his sekinge the sole decaye.
Dothe this of good religion savor?
no! obstinate men! you doe but glavor[1]!
where his highnes seekes your quiett and peace,
you onelie seeke his sorrowes to Increase!

LXXXVII.

Hee is also called the prince of peace,
ffor whiche all nations to hym haue sente.
In leauge[2] with all princes, olde quarrells ceasse;
Quyet of his contrie hathe eache waye mente.
But aspiringe myndes are never contente,
If an angell from heaven hither came downe
To rule here in earthe, and weare Brittaynes crowne.

LXXXVIII.

What vertues in anye kinge hathe ever bene, [leaf 36.]
but in his maiestie wee maye fynde them?
Takinge patrone from our late blessed Quene,

[1] to sooth up, or fawn upon.—*Kersey's Phillips;* to flatter.—*Nares.* [2] league.

vnto whose love hee ever combynde hym,
and shee in like love did ever mynde hym,
as beinge trewe heire of her roiall race,
Endowed bothe with her vertues and gra[ce].

LXXXIX.

Hee is also wise, hee is Iuste and learned,
provident and carefull for subiects [g]ood;
whose wisedome, withe sallomon, hathe [disce]rned
whoe is the right childe of Harlotts b[lood];
whose learnynge, the truthe sone vnderstoode
without devydinge the same a-sonder,
To gods glorye and oure greate wonder.

XC.

Hee is likewise provident for the poore,
restrayninge the canckers of his common-wealthe
That vagarantlie begg from dore to dore,
thoughe still they wander vpp and downe by stealthe;
and for maymed souldiers provided healthe,
and stipens[1] in places for them to live,
In all sheres[2] the contries doe pentions give.

XCI.

Hee mayntaynes Hospitalls for the disseasde,
where the sicke are healde, the lame are cured;
But mall-contented myndes are never pleasde,
when withe ambition theye bee in-vred,
a Dissease that never can bee cured,
Tis so puffed with hate, and [with] furye dothe swell,
It often drawes downe the sicke soule to hell.

XCII.

Nowe to conclude, or[3] I haue well begonne [leaf 36, back.]
to prayse his vertue that dothe prayse surmounte,
leaste I shoulde darken the glorye of the sonne,
whose fame is boundlesse, passinge my accounte,
vnlesse withe phaeton I presume to mounte,
To rule don phebus steedes and fyrye carr,
That where I shoulde make I shalbe[4] sure to marre.

[1] stipends.
[2] shires.
[3] before.
[4] MS. shalle.

XCIII.

[G]od blesse and preserve this our roiall kinge!
[And fro]m traytrose practises defende hym,
[In wh]ose harte trewe contente maye daylie springe;
[A lo]nge and happie raygne ore vs god sende hym! 648
confounde all suche as evill pretende[1] hym!
God blesse our Quene, prince, and nobles of the lande!
protecte them, swete Iesus, with thie mightie hande!
Amen! 652

Lorde, I am bolde on thie mercyes to persever:
poore williams thus dothe praye, and will doe ever.

finis—R. W.

[1] Fr. *pretendre*, aime at . . lay or put in for; also, to meane; intend.—*Cotgrave.*

[If any readers feel that "*poore williams's*" flunkeyism is as bad as his verse, let them remember how much of that quality there was in England in James's time; let them compare *A Prophecye* in the Percy Folio *Ballads and Romances*, iii. 372–3, and think that, as Williams was evidently begging for relief, he may be excused for laying on the praise and glory thick enough to suit James's taste. R. W. was no worse than hundreds of divines and statesmen of his day.—F. J. F.]

Jyl of Breyntfords Testament,

BY

ROBERT COPLAND, BOKE-PRYNTER,

The Wyll of the Deuyll

and his

Last Testament,

A Talk of Ten Wives on their Husbands' Ware,

A Balade or two by Chaucer,

And Other Short Pieces.

EDITED BY FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL.

PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.
LONDON, 1871.

PRINTED BY TAYLOR AND CO.,
LITTLE QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

FOREWORDS.

In hunting up Captain Cox's books lately, to give an account of each of them in my edition of *Laneham's Letter*, 1575, for the Ballad Society, and thus get a notion of the literature on which a reading middle-class man of Elizabeth's time was brought up, I came across "Julian of Brainford's testament" for the first time. Hearing that there was only one copy extant of the eight leaves of each of the only two editions known, I askt Mr. G. Parker of the Bodleian to transcribe the copy there for me[1]. and as it proved to be worthy of preservation, I resolved to reprint it privately with another tract of like subject, *The Wyll of the Deuyll*, which I had seen in Lambeth Library two years ago when looking for MSS and books about the condition of England in Henry VIII's reign, and had then put down for reprinting in the Early English Text Society's list, but had since thought of withdrawing in order to avoid possible annoyance to the Society from any cantankerous puritan like the one who bothered me about the Percy-Folio Loose and Humorous Songs. Both tracts are of value as illustrating the manners and tone of the classes they treat of in Tudor days; and I have no notion of leaving them to be seen only by those who can spare time and money for visits to Lambeth and Oxford for that purpose. None of us students of English

[1] Mr. Collier does not say where the other copy, "Jyl of Braintford's Testament," is. [In his own possession.—T. Corser.] He holds it to be of the earlier edition. I hold it to be of the later, because it is less correct. Mr. Collier's reported variations of it are markt A in the notes following.

antiquity are beasts or fools enough to want to possess such tracts because they contain a few coarse words; we want the whole of the getatable evidence, whatever it may be, on the social condition of Tudor England, on our shelves, so that we may judge of it for ourselves.

Moreover, *Jyl of Breyntford* is by Robert Copland, the one of the poet-printers of Henry VIII's time to whom we are most indebted, and who has left us the most valuable picture I know, of the beggars and thriftless class of his day, in his *Hye Way to the Spyttel House,* which I recommend every one to read in the reprint in Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's *Remains of the Early Popular Poetry of England,* 1866, vol. iv, p. 17. This *Hye Way* was another of Captain Cox's books, and I have given an account of it in my Forewords to *Laneham's Letter.* We owe besides to Robert Copland[1] the amusing "Complaynte of them that ben to late maryed" printed by Wynkyn de Worde; an 'Inuocation,' and perhaps all the metrical translations in 'The passyon of our lorde,' Wynkyn de Worde, 1532; "The History of Helyas Knight of the Swan translated out of french into English [by Robert Coplande] at the Instigation of y^e^ pusant and Illustrus prince y^e^ lord Edward Duke of Buckingam, Earle of Hereford Stafford & of Northhampton" (W. de Worde, 6 Febr. 1512–13); "The Life of Ipomydon," said to be printed by Wynkyn de Worde; "Kynge Appolyne of Thyre," a translation from the French, with an original prologue (W. de Worde, 1510); "The Rutter of the See, with the Hauens, Rodes, Soundynges, Kennynges, Wyndes, Flodes, and Ebbes, Daungers, and Coastes, of Dyuers Regyons, &c," London, 1528, a translation; an Address before, and an Envoy in verse after, a prose tract, "The

[1] His two names form an acrostic just preceding the last stanza . . a fact . . only recently pointed out to us. *Collier's Bibl. Cat.* i. 153. "He was probably the author, or rather, translator, of a second tract of similar character: "A complaynt of them that be to soone maryed," W. de Worde, 1535, 4to, 13 leaves, black letter; and of the "Payne and Sorowe of Euyll Maryage," W. de Worde, no date, 4to, 4 leaves, black letter." Hazlitt's *Early Pop. Poetry,* iv. 21, (at p. 73 of which volume the last named tract is reprinted).

spectacle of lovers. here after foloweth a lytell contrauers dyalogue bytwene loue and councell, with many goodly argumentes of good women and bad, very compendyous to all estates, newly compyled by Wyllyam Walter, seruaunt vnto Syr Henry Marnaye, Knight, Chauncelour of the Dutchye of Lancastre," (W. de Worde: a copy in Mr. S. Christie-Miller's Library at Britwell[1]); an address in verse by 'Roberte Coplande, boke-prynter, to new-fanglers,' in four 8-line stanzas, prefixed to Chaucer's *Assemblé of Foules* 1530, and at the end, an Envoy of 3 more stanzas; also another Envoy to Wynkyn de Worde's edition of 'The Castell of Pleasure,' a poem by William Nevyl, son of Lord Latimer[2]. 'He also contributed the *Petycyon* and *Envoye* to the Myrrour of the Chyrche, 1521; and he has verses before the *Secrets of Aristotyle*, 1528[2].' Also, says Mr. Hazlitt, *E. Pop. P.* iv. 371, on the last leaf of 'The Introductory to wryte and pronounce Frenche' by Alexander Barcley, 'Imprynted at London in the Fletestrete at the sygne of the Rose Garlande by Robert coplande, the yere of our lorde M. CCCCC. xxi. y^e^ xxii day of Marche,' is "Here foloweth the maner of dauncynge of base dances, after the vse of fraunce and other places, translated out of frenche into Englysshe by Robert coplande": this is reprinted in a note to my edition of *Captain Cox* or *Laneham's Letter*, Bal. Soc. 1871. "'The Secret of Secrets of Aristotyle,' translated out of French, and emprented by R. C. 1528, 4to, with the translator [R. Copland]'s Envoy in verse. 'The Maner to liue well &c,' printed by R. C. 1540, 4to, and translated, probably by himself, out of French. (See *Dibdin*, iii. 120–4.) 'The Art of Memorye,' translated out of French into English by Rob. Coplande. London, by W. Myddylton. 12mo.[3]"

Of the *Wyll of the Deuyll* I can find no notice, bibliogra-

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[1] All from Hazlitt's *Handbook*.

[2] Hazlitt's *Early Pop. Poetry*, iv. 19, 20.

[3] 'For further notices of Copland, consult Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* vol. i, p. 252; Warton's *Hist. Engl. Poet.* vol. i, p. ccxxxvi, and vol. iv, p. 138; Dibdin's *Typog. Antiq.* vol. iii, p. 122; Ritson's *Bibliogr. Poet.* p. 173.'—*Corser's Collect. Anglo-Poet.* Pt. iv, p. 455.

phical or other, but am told that Mr. J. P. Collier has reprinted a later edition of it in one of his Series, and, as usual, without saying where his original is. It is a sharp and coarse satire against certain classes of the society of its time, and is reprinted from the copy in the Lambeth Library. For Testaments more or less like the present one, see *Colyn Blowbols Testament*, printed in Mr. Halliwell's *Nugæ Poeticæ*, 1844, and Hazlitt's *Early Pop. Poetry*, i. 91; Dunbar's *Testament of Andro Kennedy*, 1508, (and in *Works*, ed. Laing;) '*Wyl Bucke, His Testament*, by John Lacy, printed by W. Copland, no date, 4to (reprinted by Haslewood, and in *Literature of the 16th and 17th Centuries Illustrated*, 1851); *The Will and Testament of the Hare*, printed (I think) in the English Gesta Romanorum; *The Last Wyll and Testament of Dan Bartholomew of Bath*, printed in Gascoigne's Posies, 1575, 4to,' Roxburghe Library, 1870. (*E. Pop. P.* i. 91.)

The Talk of Ten Wives on their Husbands' Ware was first brought into public notice by Sir F. Madden, in his account of the contents of the Porkington MS No. 10, in his *Syr Gawayne* for the Bannatyne Club. He called it an amusing but indelicate story. Mr. Halliwell also quoted several passages from it in his *Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words*. It illustrates those old-time women of Britain, of whom Chaucer's Wife-of-Bath and Dunbar's Widow are the types, and justifies those poets' sketches. The Ten Wives' Talk is, we may be sure, no libel on what went on at those frequent sittings 'at the ale' in which women formerly indulged. A near relative of mine, a few years since, was greatly astonished to see a like question to that discust by the Wives, experimentally settled on some clean plates, for a bet, by a party of Welsh farmers after a market dinner at an inn on the borders.

A few other pieces of like character that have come across me in my manuscript work, are added.

In the *Jyl* tract the black-letter *I* is printed *I* or *J* according to modern usage.

Egham, *September* 2, 1870.

[4to, C. 39. Art. Seld. (Bodl. Libr.)]

Jyl of breyntfords testament.

Newly compiled;

[Woodcut of a man and a woman, with a house in the background.]

[p. 2] "¶ Proface, maystres Jyllyan, with your company:
I pray you fyll you not to moche of that mutton,
I promyse you that it is very queysy,
And, or ye be ware, wyll make your bely button."

[Woodcuts of a man and 2 women. *Fantasy* over the man on the left; *M. Jyllyan* in the centre; an unnamed one on the right.]

"Take no thought, good syr, how I shal be fyld,
But come you nere, & take parte of our swyllyng.
Leaue your courteysy, I pray you, be pyld,
And couer your head; I be-shrew the fyllyng!" 8

[p. 3] ¶ Prologus of Robert copland, the auctor.

At Brentford[1], on the west of London,
Nygh to a place *that* called is Syon[2],
There dwelt a widow of a homly[3] sort,
Honest in substaunce, & full of sport; 12
Dally she cowd, *with* pastim & Jestes,
Among her neyghbours and her gestes;

---

[1] Seven miles down the South Western Road. Many a walk did I have there from school at Hanwell, to buy books, papers, and packets of sweetstuff and cakes.

[2] Sion House is the Duke of Northumberland's big place between Brentford and Isleworth, seen well from the Thames and Kew Gardens, and is said to have as many windows as there are days in the year.

[3] holy, A.—Collier.

She kept an Inne, of ryght good lodgyng,
For all estates that thyder was comyng.
It chaunced this wydow, as it is supposed,
In her sport, and meryly dysposed,
After her deth, for a remembraunce
Thaught to haue some matter of pastaunce
For people to laugh at, in suche company
As are dysposed for to talke meryly,
Mengled with mani propre scoffes and boordes,
Of sondry tauntes, with some mery woordes,
The which I haue hard at many seasons
Full of pastyme[1], with prety reasons;
For yf any dyd a thyng ouerthwart,
They sayd euer, "ye shall haue a fart
Of Jyll of Branford for your payne!"
The which sayng oft troubled my brayn,
For I neuer knew what the mater was,
Nor coud the meanyng bryng to pas;
Tyll at the last, vpon a day
I met on, Johñ hardlesay,
A mery felaw in eche company,
Which sayd, "Copland, thou lokest drye!"
"The truth," quod I, "is as ye say;
For I drank not of all thys day."
[p. 4.] And of a short tale to make an ende,
To the Read Lyon at the shamels end
We went for to drynke good ale;
And as he was tellyng his tale,
I offred hym for to drynke fyrst:
"Copland," quod he, "art thou a-thyrst,
And byddeth me a-fore the to drynke?
To my Jugement, I do thynke,
Of Jyll of Brentford worthy thou art,
Be her bequest to haue a fart!

[1] pastaunce, A.—Collier. Compare Henry VIII's song, "Pastaunce with good companye," in my ed. of Captain Cox, or *Laneham's Letter*.

And truly now is come to my mynde,
Not long ago how I dyde fynde
An old scrow, all ragged and rent,
Besemyng it is some mery entent,
As dyuers say that do it rede;
But galaunt toyes ther semes in dede,
It is so antyk, broken, and so raced,
That all the chyef[1] is clene defaced.
Take it, and I pray the hertyly
Loke theron; and yf thou espy
That it be of any substance,
Of myrth, or of honest pastaunce,
And where thou spyest that it dooth want,
Or where for lack the mater is scant,
Put to it as is accordyng
To the mater in euery thyng;
Bere[2] it with the, and take sume payne,
The poore mare shall haue his man agayn[3]."

¶ Whan I came home, at lasure,
My hert not parfytly at pleasure
[p. 5.] For the los of a certayn frynde,—
As good knowes, few be to fy[n]de—
For recreacion I it toke,
To pas the tyme, ther on to loke;
And of trouth, oft in the redyng
It dyd styre me to fall on smylyng,
Consyderyng the prety pastyme
And rydycle ordre of the ryme,

[1] Collier says that *chyet* in one copy is changed to *cheef* in the other, (*Bibl. Cat.* i. 153). This is probably one of those invented mistakes, of which some occur in his *Stat. Reg.* See my ed. of Boorde's *Introduction*, etc., E. E. T. Soc. 1871, p. 71-2, note. At any rate, either his *chyet* or *cheef* must be wrong.

[2] Keep, A.—Collier.

[3] This line, says Mr. Collier, illustrates a speech by Puck in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii, sc. 2, the end:—

> Iacke shall haue Iill, nought shall goe ill,
> *The man shall haue his Mare againe*,
> and all shall bee well. *Booth's reprint*, p. 157, col. 1.

The couert termes, vnder a mery sence,
Shewyng of many the blynd in-solence,
Tauntyng of thynges past and to come,
Where as my selfe was hyt with some;
And for that cause I dyd intend
After thys maner to haue it pende,
Prayeng all them that mery be,
If it touch them, not to blame me.

¶ An ende of the proll[o]gue.

Here foloweth the preface and testament of maystres Jyllyen of Brentford.

THis mery wydow, mastres Jyllyan,
On a day dysposed ioyfully,
By any way that I presuppose can,
Ordeyned a lytell banket of deinty;
At the whiche, to bere her company,
For certayne of her neyghbours she sent,
And for her Curat, to be ther present,

Prayeng hym for to bryng paper and ynke,
To wryte som-what after her entent.
She made hym chere of her meat and drynke.
[p. 6.] That doone, she sayd, "this is myne intent,
That you as now shall wryte mi testament;
For I do fele that aege dooth mee oppresse:
Good is to haue all thyng in redynesse.

(a²)

"My neighbours here shalbe with you recorde,
How I am penytent at this makyng,
And hole of minde, now, thankes to our lord;
Howbeit, I haue oft a shrewd shaking:
ye shalbe pleased for your payn takyng."
"ye, maystres," quod he, "I am your curate,
I am bound to serue you erli and late."

"Well than," quod she, "In dei nomine, Amen!
My soule I bequeth to our lord almight:
He hath it maed, it is his own then;
He hath it bought, it is his be ryght,
In heuen to be in the eternall lyght.
And to the erth I bequeth my body,
It is his own; I can it not deny.

"My synnes all I comyt to the deuyll.
Let hym take them with hym to hell,
For he was the causer of all myn euyll.
My goodes, to the world, yf I do well,
For they be his, I can it not expell;
Her I found them; here they must remayn;
Saue fame *and* name, I leue nothyng certain.

"Now vnto my frendes, reason is I should
Haue a synguler aspect bi nature:
I gyue vnto them all that they hold,
[p. 7.] As moche as I do to any creature;
yf they gete ought, then are they sure,
After my dethe, yf they do for me,
I bequeth to them of my charyte.

"But now, good syr! I pray you for to take
[. . . . . .]
This cup of ale, and drynke ones for god sake,
For I am dysposed to ordeyn a dole
To all maner people thorow a hol;
For I wold not haue to ouer moche preas,
Least that *with* throng my almes shold ceas.

"Now ye haue dronk ones, good goostly father,
I trust for to make an ende the rather;

"¶ And write as I do byd you, hardyly:
'I bequethe a fart to hym that is angry
With his frend, and wotes not why.

'To hym that selleth al his herytage,
And all his lyfe lyueth in seruage,
I bequeth a farte, for hym in his aege.

'He that settes by no man, nor none by hym,
And to promocion fayn wold clym,
I bequethe a fart, for to make hym trym.

'He that wyll not lerne, and can do nothyng,
And with lewed folk is euer conuersyng,
I bequethe a fart, toward his lyuyng.

'He that boroweth with-out aduantage
[p. 8.] And euermore renneth in arrerage,
I bequeth a fart, for to lye to gage.

'He that geueth, and kepeth nought at all,
And by kyndnes to pouerte dooth fall,
Shall haue a fart, to helpe hym with all.

'He that is euer way-ward at hart,
And with euery man is ouerwart[1];
For to please hym, I bequethe a fart.

'He that[2] hath drynke in his hand, and is dry,
Byddyng him drinke fyrst *that* standeth him by;
I bequeth a fart, his thyrst to satysfy.

'He that hath a faire wenche in bed all night,
And kyssyng her not onse or it be day lyght,
Shall haue a fart to clense his eye syght.

'He that lendeth a horse, *with* all thynges mete,
And on his own vyage gooth on his fete,
Shall haue a fart to kepe hym fro wete.

[1] overthwart. [2] thay, *orig.*

'He that suffreth all maner of offence,
And loseth his goodes through neclygence,
Shall haue a farte for a recompence.

'He that taketh a wyfe, and haue nothyng,
And boroweth all thyng to them belonging;
I wyll a fart toward theyr offryng.

'He that prepareth not for his houshold
[p. 9.] Agaynst wynter, and hym self is olde,
Shall haue a fart[1] to kepe hym fro coulde.

'¶ He that gooeth to a feaste to sup or to dyne,
And hath no knyfe *with* hym, neyther cours nor fyne[2],
Shall haue a fart for to drynke *with* his wyne.

'¶ He that boroweth tyll none wyll lend hym,
And swereth so moche, tyll non wyll beleue hym,
Shall[3] haue a fart for to rel[e]ue hym.

'¶ He that mourneth for that he cannot haue,
And vnpossyble to get that he dooth craue,
Shall haue a fart, as a folysh knaue.

'He that dooth nothyng but shaue and poll,
And taketh no thought for to saue his soll,
Shall haue a fart, my passyng bel to toll.

'A prentyce or seruant that wyll not obay,
And wyll not lerne, but ofte ren a-way;
A fart for hys fredom I do pouruay.

'He that suffreth his wyfe to do her lust,
And seeth that to foly she is full trust,
Shall haue a fart, though I sholde burst.

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[1] fare, *orig.*
[2] Guests took their own knives with them to feasts.
[3] Slhal, *orig.*

'A wydow that ones hath ben in the brake,
And careth not whome that she doth take,
Shall haue a fart, though myn ars ake.

'A mayde that marryeth, not caryng whome,
[p. 10.] And doeth repent when she cometh home,
Shall haue a fart, to by her a come.

'¶ He that dooth drynke euermore,
And wyll not shyfte to paye therfore,
S[h]all haue a fart for to set to[1] his score.

'He that goeth to a fray at the begynny[n]g,
And to a good meale at the latter endyng,
Shall haue a farte for his good attendyng.

'He that gooth oft where he is not welcom,
And to his fryndes hous gooth but seldom,
Shall haue a fart for his good wesdom.'

Maystres[2] *Iyll.*

"Now hold your hand, and make a stay there.
Howe many fartes haue I bequest here?
For by my trouth I am almost wery."

The Curat.

"For soth, maystres, here is iomp[3] four *and* twenty."

Maystres Iyll.

"Nay, set in one mo, to make a hole quarteron."

Curate.

"Tell me what, and it shalbe done anon."

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[1] no, *orig.* [2] Maysters, *orig.*
[3] *jump*, just, exactly.

Maystres Iyll.

" Mary, he that dooth his wepen lend,
And hath nothyng hym selfe to defende,
Shall haue a fart; and there an end.
These I do bequeth in especiall;
But as for all the other in generall
That are with-out nombre, [they] shall not be swerued,
But delt to all suche as haue them deserued.
[p. 11.] But tary, I pray you all, yf ye please,
For I fele me sodeynly euell at ease;
It is a styche, romblyng in my syde,
Which dooth greue me at many a tyde.
I must rest me tyll the pang be gone,
For other medicyn knowe I none.
It cometh in maner of a wynd,
That causeth my bely for to grynd;
I feare it wyll turne to a strangury,
To an vncom, or to a tympany;
With qualmes & stytches it doth me torment,
That all my body is torne and rent;
I haue a lytell box full of dyaculum,
I dare not for nygorshyp[1] take sum,
I-wis I am vnwyse so for to spare it,
For I should take ther-of a-fore the fet."

The Curat.

¶ With that she groned, as panged with payne,
Grypyng her bely with her hands twayne,
And lyft vp her butook som-what a-wry,
And lyke a handgon, she lete a fart fly.

¶ *Maystres Iyll.*

" ¶ Ah, syrra, mary, a-way the mare!
The deuyll geue the sorow and care,

[1] ? *for* 'nygonship,' miserliness; 'niggon,' a niggard, a miser.

For thou haddest me almoost slaine !
I pray god thou come neuer a-gayne !"

¶ *The Curate.*

With that sum laughed, & sum did frown,
And for shame held theyr heades down.

¶ *Maystres Iyll.*

" ¶ Be merry,[1] neybours, moch good do it yow !
I thank god I am well eased now !
[p. 12.] Loo ! there is my gryef gone and past ;
I wyst well that it wold not long last.
I pray you all for to be mery ;
I gyue it among this company,
For to make you some chere with-all ;
For I tell you, myn executors shall
Neuer haue all : by god I swere,
I wyll deale whyle I am here,
Now and than, where as I lyst.
By Chryst, I tell you, I have a chyst
Full, that shall be open whyle I lyue,
Secretly and openly for to gyue.
I shall haue ynough, I wyll not them spare,
As well for other, as myn own welfare.
Whan I am dead, they that come after me
S[h]all deale the rest at theyr necessyte.
Therfore as now, thys suffycyent
As concerning this sayd testament.
To sub[s]crybe your names, it shall not skyll ;
For I make it but as copy of a wyll.
As touchyng the choys of myn executours,
Of my funerals, and surueyours,
And other tryfles, ye shall not take the payns ;
Another tyme, whan it comes in my brayns,
It shalbe ordred after suche a sorte
That some shall not take it as a sporte.

[1] mercy, *orig.*

But, neybours, I pray you be not angry
Bycause that I am so bold and homly
To kepe you here at my folysh reason.
Some wyll thynke my wyts be geson[1]; 280
But yet I tell you that all this season
We haue neyther sayd heresy nor treason;
[p. 13.] And yf thè take it neuer so at hartes
I-wys it is but a bequest of fartes, 284
Wylled to them that, without aduysement,
Do that thynge waer of they repent:
Ther fore I wyll you no longer trouble.
. 288
What, mayd! come hyther,[2] I shrew your nek!
Bryng vs vp shor[t]ly a quarte of sek,
A cowple of bunnes, and set vs som chese.
Lo, frendes, ye shall not all your labour lese; 292
I haue as now no better chere to make you;
Be mery and welcome! to god I be-take you! 294

Finis.

[A woodcut of a woman with a basket on her arm, and of a man with a book in his hand: like the cut on the title-page.]

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[1] scanty. [2] *printed* 'hyeher.'

[p. 14.] ¶ *The auctour.*

Whan *the* com*p*ani was al passed & gone,
And *the* curate w*ith* maistres Iil alone:
"Maistr[i]s" q*uod* he, "if it be your plesaun*c*e,
ye know it is *the* custam & ordinaun*c*e
Of them *that* writ a dede, indenture, or byll,
That it is of ryght, reason, & skyll,
Some recompence of labour for to haue:
Gyue what ye lust, for I wyll not craue."
"By our lady," quod she, "that is but well said.
What, John! how! come hyther, mayd!
Go call the company a-gayne to me,
For I haue to say, two woordes or thre."
Whan they came, she sayd, "neyghbours, I pray
you, bere record what I do saye:
I sent for you for a certayne purpose
Whiche a-for you I dyd dysclose;
The truth is so, after the same rate
I dyd send also for mayster curate,
To wryte, ye sawe, my symple testament.
Now in dede, as is conuenyent,
He doth aske for his labour therfore.
In dede, bicause he mad no bargaine before,
And dooth put it to my conscience,
Truli this shall he haue for a recompence;
And by-cause a-fore hand he k[n]ewe my mynde,
He shall not fynd me to hym vnkynde:
A fart and a half I wil geue hym, no les,
Nor no more; thys is of my gentylnes;
For he that worketh, vnknowing wha*n* to haue,
Not half a fart is worthi for to craue,
[p. 15.] And besyde that, a hood full of bels."
"Why," quod the preste, "get I nothyng els?
Than to the deuill I geue hole fart, half, a*n*d all!"
"Nay, take it thy selfe, folysh syr Hoball,
Syr John whypdok, syr Jak whypstoke,
Syr John smelsmok, as wyse as a woodcok!

A hedge Curat, *with* as moche wit as a calf,
To syt so long for a fart and a halfe!
But to proue your braynes to be thynner,
Or euer ye go, pay for your dynner!"
This[1] she raeled, as her maner was to iest;
And so, with-out farwell, lost her dayly gest.

Finis.

¶ Thus endeth Jill of Brantfords testament conteynyng. xxvi. farths and a half.

¶ *An exhortacyon,*

My maysters, I pray you all that shall rede
Or here [th]is lytell prety fantasy,
Passeng forth meryly, in it to proced,
The maner how for to deale moost egally
This half fart truly, for to try,
That the Curate for his parte be not denyde
Of the fart and the half, and let the rest ly;
And who shal haue *th*e half among you to be trid[e].

In this matter, yf ye do a-gre,
Who shall haue this half fart, say ye?

¶ Imprented at London in Lothbury ouer agaynst Saint Margarytes church by me Wyllyam Copland.

[p. 16, *blank.*]

[End.]

[1] often printed for *thus.*

[*From the original black-letter tract in the Lambeth Library.*]

¶ The Wyll of the Deuyll, [A. i.

And last Testament.

An Exhortacion to the deuyls Adherentes. [sign. A. ii.

PAmachius, Bishop of Rome, beweilyng the death of Belsebub his father, doth cause al his Auernals forked-tipes, & anoynted Gentlemen, to come to the readyng of the Deuyls Testament & Last Wyll, which he, his owne selfe, trustyng no body in so hyghe mattiers, he dothe reade out a loude openly, saiyng as hereafter followeth.

The wylle of the deuyl.

IN myne owne name, Amen! I Belseebub, cheife of hel, Prince of darkenesse, Father of the vnbeleuers, and Gouernour of the v[l]niuersall sinagoge Papistical, beyng sycke in bodye and soule, make [1] [A. ii. back. this my Testament and Last Wylle, in maner & forme folowyng, that is to say; Fyrst, I bequethe my spytefull soule & body to my sonn Antichrist, togeder to be buried in saynt Peters Churche at Rome, vndernethe the hygh Aulter and Canapie, or in the stony & carnall heartes of my Dearlynges, the Massemongers and Papistes. Also, all my Ceremonies which in the Churches bee vsed here within this region, I geue them to the makers & inuentors ther-of, & to their posteritie, to bestow them where thei wyll: that is to wyt: First, I geue and bequethe to pope Phelix, all suche supersticious & idle holydayes, as he inuented: & to

[1 leaf A iii] Honorious, [1]that Iue and coniurer, I geue the Offerynges which were geuen to ydolles & ymages. And I geue Constantine al the whole ymages of my Churches: My belles, to Sabinianus: my popysh Hympnes, to Pope Leo: my Matens and Organs, to Urbanus & Uitalianus: my syngyng, to Pope Stephanus: my Procession, to Agapitus: to Pope Alexander, my coniured waters: to Paschalis, my reliques: to Honorius, my Letany: my supersticion of Lent, to Thelesphorus; the vigil saturdaye, to Pope Innocent: & the friday fish, to Pope Leo: The Imbredays, to pope Calixtus: to Theodorus, the Paschall at Easter: to Gregory the .vii. the Saintes vigils and Rogacion wycke: my Lent [2]If A 3 back] seruyce, to A[2]uela the first: my Shrines and dedicacion, to Sergius & Phelix: All Hallowes & all soules daye, to Johan the .xix. And to Pope Boniface the .iiii. My yearely Confession, to the councell of Laterenence: & al other my Ceremonies, to the Inuenters therof, as precisely as I rehersed them particulerly by name.

And I geue and bequethe to the Usurers of all Tounes and Places, .xx. millions of golde, to be deuided equally betweene them, as they woulde parte my blessyng; and that they le[nd]ande to no maner of person any part therof, without great lucre and gaynes, yea, and without bearyng any aduenture at all.

Item, I geue my Chastitee to the Cleargy. Also, I [3] If A 4. geue to the best parte of them, eueryche, [3]a red blooddy goune; and euery other of them, a longe greene goune, or a fyne blacke goune, with eueriche their tippettes of veluet & sarcenet, doune to the grounde, to be knowen from other men, followyng me to my buriall, if I dye, and none other persones.

Item, I geue to the meane sorte of people, a M. loaues of bread, to be geuen to the dogges, rather then to poore men. Item to the Mercers & Grocers, and other reteylers of wares, euerich of them, a clothe, to hange before their wyndowes: & eueryche of them a subtle light, to make all their wares to shew fyne.

Item, I geue to the Uintiner, all my rotten wynes, to apparell the rest of their Wynes.

Item, I geue to euery [1]Tayler, a Banner, wherin shal be conteyned al the parcelles of cloth and sylkes .&c. as he hathe cast them into hell.

[1] lf. A 4 back.

Item, I geue to eueryche of the cheifest menne of Lawe, a Moyle, to bryng him to hell; and two right handes to helpe himself with-all, to take money of both partes: and to euery of these pety Bouget men of lawe, and Tearmers, a couple of geldynges for him and his man to ryde vp & doune, and a Bouget to put inne their Sub-Penas, to crake the poore men with-all in the countrey. Item, I geue to all Women, souereygntee, which they most desyre; & that they neuer lacke excuse.

Item, I geue to euery syngle woman and vnchaste wyfe in London, a couered Basket, to [2]beare in their handes; & to the fynest sorte of them, an Apple squyre, to go before eueryche of them to couer their follyes.

[2] leaf B. i.

Item, I geue to all Whoremongers, Fornicators, and Aduouterers, a craftye wytte, to wrest the scriptures, & to make them serue for filthy purposes, therby to excuse & proue themselues fautlesse. Wherein, I wyl al our Sodomitical Clergye, which for their owne ease do abhorre paynfull wedlocke, and replenish the worlde with incestuous whoredome, to helpe and ayde them with vnshamefast railyng agaynst our enemies, the ministers of Goddes worde. Item, I geue vnto hym which, vnder the tytle of Heresyes Testament, dyd, as a valiant Champion of ours, [3]most treaterously diffame and sclaunder the trew doctrine of my great foe and enemye, Jesu Christ, a stubburne, styffe, & rebellious hert, therwith stoutly—thoroughe my speciall diuelysh grace—to withstand & resist, and as moche as in him lyeth, to let, his Princes procedynges, and to intoxicate & poyson the simple, lest they falle and swarue from me; and after his deceasse, if he continew faithfully to the end in my seruyce, a place in hel, next to Satha*n* my eldest sonne.

[3] leaf B 1 back.

And bicause that—with the inuincible sworde of my mortall enemy, which most victoriously reigneth nowe, our kyngdome beyng almost subuerted, sauing that yet, some of our Marked monsters do boldly & vnshamefastly, agaynst their owne con[1]science & knowledge, do maynteyne and vpholde it, fightyng with toothe and nayle for our honor and right,—I feele my self wou*n*ded to death, without any hope of recouery, (For all Phisicio*n*s, to whom I have geue*n* leue to kyl boldly, without any feare of enditement or hangyng, and to minister poyson to the pacientes, in stede of wholsome phisycke, haue with the crafty and theuysh surgeons all forsaken me,) I doo here, in my ragious mynde, geue my ample & large banner & standarde, the Masse, vnder the which all false Christians haue with me stoburnly and moch more blasphemously fought agaynst *th*e price of their owne soule healthe and redemption, that is to say, the deathe and bloode of my most deadlye [2]enemy Jhesu Christ, vnto my good, especiall, and trusty frendes, Emserus, Echius, Faber Constanciensis, and Stephen Gardenerus, with many other, vnto whom, if they wyll persist stil in my desent & comely camp of blasphemy, I haue prepared a place meete for suche Champions and worthye knyghtes: Reserued alway, that my sonne the Antichrist, with his shauelynges and annoynted Sodomites, shalbe participant therof, that so, with the daily Offeryng of a new made God, they may purchase vnto themselues my Satannicall blessynge and helly rest.

[1] leaf B ii.

[2] leaf B. ii. back.

I do geue to Urbanus the .i. the syluer and golde*n* Chalices; and vnto Sixtus the first, all my fyne Corporaces; & the holy [3]deuelish halowed Uestimentes or Parliament robes, whiche my Standardbearers doo vse to weare in my battayles and warres, I dooe bequethe vnto Stephen the first.

[3] leaf B iii.

Item, I geue the rablement of the other feined and domme ceremonies wherwith my standard is patched and made, to the Popysh masmongers, to conforte their sory

hertes with-all, licensyng them, with the misunderstanded Gospell & Epistell to cloke their blasphemous Masse, as I myself dyd bring against myne enemy Christ, playn scriptures, to blynde him with-all. These bee the domme & blasphemous Ceremonies that I do meane; the *Confiteor*, wherein is the puddle of all blasphemye; the Office; the misused *Kyrye ele*[1]*son;* their blasphemous Colectes; their couetous Offertory, to spoyle the poore Laitee with-all, and fyll their owne purses; their stinkynge Canon, with their *Sussipe sancta Trinitas* wherwith they robbe my great enemy Christ of his honor and glory. Item, I wyl them, vnder the colour of the Communion set furthe by their godly Prince, boldly and vnshamefastly to keepe, maintayne, & vpholde my blasphemous Masse, which is an iniurye to the right institucion of the Lordes Supper.

[1] leaf B iii back.

Item, I geue to all them that kepe whores beside their wives, a baudy house of their owne, & this saiyng of the retcheles woman in Salomon [2](Stollen waters ar sweete, & the bread that is priuely eaten hathe a good [3]taste) to defende their baudery.

[3] leaf B 4.

Item, I geue to all Preestes, Lemondes, that wyl not marry, but perseuer in their Sodomiticall & abhominable chastitee, that they shall pysse holy water all the dayes of their lyfe, euer chatteryng agaynst the trewe wyues of the Ministers.

Item, I geue to all them that professe the Gospell, and with their filthy liuyng doo geue occasion to blaspheme the same, a fayre tongue to talke of it, an hipocriticall face, and a newe Testament or other Booke in their handes, to hyde their feined holynesse, & hipocrisye with all.

Item, I geue to euery Ruffian, a sword & a buckeler, a shyrte of mayle, & hosen of the same, a payre of chayned buskens, a theuish looke, & a whore.

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[2] The brackets are those of the original.

[1]Item I geue to all my idle huswyues, a small huswyfe or .ii. to kepe them company with-all, & to loue other mens houses better then their owne, and to passe as much for their honesty as thei do of their cobled shoes, and also, a loue to go gay on the holy day, and to do nothing; and other of the workyng daye, to kepe them occupyed styll.

[1] leaf B 4 back.

Item, I bequethe to all dycers, otherwyse called wynde-shaken gentle men, to euery one a thousand payre of false dice, a copper chayne or two, .xx. copper rynges plated with golde, a glosyng tongue, a fayre dissembled countinaunce, to deceyue playne men with-all, & an acre of land vpon shoters hyll, worth an hundreth pounde a yeare, therewith to mainteyne his e[2]state, and his amorous ladyes.

[2] leaf C i.

Item, I bequethe to euery honest woman, beyng a furtherer of loue, the kepyng of some great mans house, that in the owners absence, fayre wyues may resorte thyther, to banket & make mery with their Frannians.

Item, I bequethe to euery yong woman maydenlyke, when she shall goe to the market, a poore woman to bye her meate, that she in the mene tyme may go to a baudy house for her recreacion, or elles to a dauncyng scoole to learne facions &c.

Item, I bequethe to euery apprentise that is willyng to deceaue his maister, a receauer of his masters goodes; a house to set his chest in, with his apparell, that he maye go clenly; a Ruffian for his compa[3]nion, to helpe him to spende his money, & to bring him acquainted with whores .&c.[4]

[3] sign. C,i. back.

Item I bequethe to all couetous excequtors[5], a false &

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[4] Compare Chaucer's apprentice, with his friend who helpt him to spend his plunder, whose wife swived for her sustenance, and to whose house he moved his bed and his array when he was sent away by his master for robbing his box:—*Cook's Tale;* Canterbury Tales, Group A, § 8, l. 4389–4422.

[5] Too secuturs and an overseere make thre theves. *Harl. Catalogue,*

an vnfaithfull hert, & loth to departe frome that whiche is not their owne, not bestowing the goodes of the deceassed to the comforte of the Poore Flocke of Jhesu Christ, which causeth vs mvch to reioyce together in hell, to see the multitude that cometh thither dailye, for that dredefull offence committyng.

Item, I geue to all hatefull haters of the poore Christians, a proude, crafty, & vnmercifull wyt, agaynst the prouision for the releyfe and maintinaunce of the same.

Item I geue to certayne Cities, Tounes, and Countreyes, [1]negligent rulers, deuelysh, vnchast, couetous, and vnsaciable ministers, pollers, and guydes, to haue the gouernance therof; Kepyng the goodes bequethed to the maintinance of the same, to their owne lucre & vantage, and to make merchaundyce of the goodes, landes, & rentes of the same, to oppresse the Poore laboring flocke of myne enemy Jesu Christ, that thei enioy not those goodes, landes, & rentes, according to the wylle & mynde of the Bequethers, but mayntayne vsury, and make leaces of the rentes therof, to the utter vndoyng of all Artificers: For the whiche Usurpers is prouyded a place with me in our infernall Cities & Palaces, wher they shall reygne, with Diues Epulo, worlde without ende.

[1] leaf C .ii.

[2] leaf C .ii. back. Item, I geue to the faithfull seruauntes of my sonne Mammona, a proude, couetous, and an vncharitable hert, therwith boldly & without mercy, to oppresse the poore, to spoile the fatherlesse and wydowes, and to put the commens of the countrey frome their Farmes, Houses, commodities & liuyng, and all to maintayne their pride, & cueriche of them, which after their deceasse wyll spende all their euyl gotten goodes merily, with cardyng, dicyng, & whorehuntyng.

Item, I geue to all Craftes men that fyght vnder my standarde, a lyeng tongue, & swearyng. Item, I geue to the Butchers, new fresh blood to ouer sprincle their stale

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ii. 727, col. 1: *Reliq. Antiq.* i. 314. See the many stories about rascally executors in R. Brunne's *Handlyng Synne*, &c. &c.

meate[1], that it may seeme to the eye of the vnware byer, [2] leaf C 3. newly kylld, [2]& prickes inough to set vp their thynne meate, that it may appeare thycke and well fedde.

Item, I geue to the Fishmongers, free libertee to sell their rotten lynges & stinkyng saltefysh, to breede & engendre diseases among the people, to the phisicions advaun*t*age & proffit.

Item, I geue to the Kookes and Pye-bakers, good leaue to shreade mouldy meate, & ready to renne away for quick ware[3], & to mengle it together with new fresh flesh, therewith to make pies & pasties, to furnysh their neyghbours tables with-all.

Item, I geue to the Goldesmithes, brasse & copper inough to myngle with their rynges & plate, to make them to wey for advaun*t*age. Item I geue to the Peuterers, & all other [4] leaf C 3 back. that [4] occupye weyghtes & measures, to haue false & contrary weightes, to bye with the one, & sell by another. Item, to the Apothicaries, I geue leaue, that when a man asketh them a thyng, & [they] haue it not, to bryng them another thyng, and say it is that.

Item, I geue to my Dearlyng*es*, the priuey papistes, ymages, Crucifixes, and other lyke puppet maumettry, to worship secretly in their Oratories and bed Chaumbres, bicause they may not worship them openly abrode in Temples & churches.

☞ Ouer this my Testament & last Wylle, which I haue here made, in my ragyous mynde and spytefull diuelysh memory, in the presence of my great cou*n*cellour[s], Minos, [5] leaf C 4. & Radamanthus: I do make the Furies of [5]hell excequtors, that is to saye: Megera, Alecto, & Tisiphone: all Masssemo*n*gers & Papistes, with the Authour of

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[1] Compare the first Sleight of Cookery (slyȝte of cure) in the *Liber Cure Cocorum*, ed. Morris, 1862, p. 5.

[3] live maggots. Cp. the Cook in Green's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, p. 59.

Heresyes Wylle and Testament[1], beyng faythfull ouerseers of the same.

¶ Written by our faythfull Secretaryes, Hobgoblyn, and Blooddybone, in the spytefull Audience of all the Courte of hell.

TESTE ME IPSO.

[2] leaf C 4 back.

[2]The Courte Auernall, after the rehersall of the Deuyls last wylle and Testament.

☞ Wo, wo, to our vnsaciable paunches, which thorough our Souereygne Lorde Belseebub had ben so long fed with the labors of the Laitee! O our belly chere, our belly chere, fare well! that mischeife maye come vpon these new Gospellers, by whom wee shall bee driuen to ploughe and to carte, and to kepe shepe!

O Belseebub our sweete
Mazon, Masses of
Requiem
thou shalt lacke
None.

Imprinted at London by Humfrey Powell.[3]

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[1] Neither this tract (which was mentioned before on p. 22) nor its author is now known.

[3] Humphrey Powell dwelt in 1548 above Holborn-conduit. He appears soon afterwards to be the first printer in the kingdom of Ireland. I have heard of no book printed by, or for, him at London, after 1551, yet I find him in the list of the Stationers' Company in the year 1556.—*Ames*, p. 264.

A Talk of Ten Wives on their Husbands' Ware.

[Mr. Ormsby Gore's Porkington MS. No. 10, ab. 1460 A.D., leaf 56, back.]

LEve, lystynes to me
Two wordys or thre,
And[1] herkenes to my songe;
And I schall tell ȝow a tale,
Howe .x. wyffys satt at þ^e^ nale,
And noman hem a-monge.

"Sen we haue no othere songe
[Forto singen vs amonge,]
Talys lett vs tell
Off owre hosbondes ware,
Wych of hem most worthy are
To-day to bere the bell.

And I schall nowe begyn att myne:
I knowe the mett[2] well & fyne,
The lenȝte of a snayle,
And euer he warse is from day to day.
To grete god euer I pray
To gyve hym evyle hayle."

¶ The secund wyffe sett her nere,
And seyd, "by the rode, I haue a ware
That is two so mene[3]: [leaf 57.]

[1] Every final d, g, m, n, has a curl to it, which in some cases must mean *e*. [2] measure, length. [3] middling; 'twice as poor.'

I mett[1] hym in þ^e^ morowe tyde,
When he was in his moste pryde,
The lenȝte of .iij. bene.

"Howe schuld I be served *with that*?
I wold gybbe, owre *gray* catt,
Were cord þere on!
By sayne peter owte of rome,
I se neu*er* a wars lome
Stondyng opon mone."

¶ The .iij. wyffe was full woo,
And seyd *that* "I haue one of thoo
That noȝte is at nede;
Owre syre breche, when hit is torn,
Hys pentyll pepythe owte be-forn
Lyke a warbrede[2];

"Hit growethe all w*ith*-in þ^e^ here:
Sychon se I neu*er* ere,
Stondyng opon schare[3].
ȝett the schrewe is hodles, [leaf 57 back.]
And of all thynge goodles!
There cryste gyve hym care!"

¶ The .iiij. wyffe of the floke
Seyd, "owre syre fydecoke[4]
ffayn wold I skyfte[5]:
He is longe, and he is smalle,
And ȝett hathe þ^e^ fydefalle[4];
God gyve hym sory thryfte!

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[1] meted, measured.

[2] ? Warbot. 'A worme, *escarbot*, Palsgrave.' Halliwell. Cp. 'Warbeetles. The large maggots which are bred in the backs of cattle. Norfolk.' *Ib.*

[3] 'The pubes of a man.' Halliwell, quoting this passage. 'The fork of the legs,' from A.S. *sceare* shears, scissors.

[4] For *fyde*, cp. our *Fiddle*, *fiddle-de-dee*, nonsense; *fiddle-head*, stupid, etc.

[5] shift, change; A.S. *sciftan*.

"The leste fyngere on my honde
Is more *th*an he, whan he dothe stonde:
Alasse *that* I am lorn!
Sory mown*n*tyng com there-on!
He schold a be a womon
Had he be eere born."

¶ The .v. wyffe was fuⁿ fayn
When sche hard her felowys playn,
And vp sche gan stond:
"Now ȝe speke of a tarse[1]!
In aⁿ þ^e warld is not a warse [leaf 58.]
*Th*an hathe my hosbond.

"Owre syre bradys[2] lyke a dere,
He pysses his tarse eu*er*y ȝere,
Ryȝte as dothe a boke:
When men speke of archery,
He mon stond faste there-by,
Or ellys hys schote woⁿ troke[3]."

¶ The .vj. wyffe hyȝte sare;
Sche seyd: "my hosbondys ware
Is of good a-syse[4];
He is whyte as ony mylke,
He is softe as ony sylke,
ȝett sert*is* he may not ryse.

"I lyrke[5] hym vp w*ith* my hond,
And pray hym *that* he woⁿ stond,
And ȝett he lythe styⁿ.

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[1] 'Mentula, virga:' Halliwell, citing this passage.
[2] ? sheds his horns; ? *braid*, to draw a sword out of the scabbard.
[3] fall short: Halliwell, quoting these lines. ? A.S. *trucan* fail.
[4] measure, standard of weight, etc.
[5] jerk. *Lirt* to toss, West. and Cumb. Dial. p. 368: Halliwell, citing this passage.

When I se *that* aꝑt is noȝte,
I thynke mony a thro[1] thoȝte;
Bot cryste wote my wyꝑt." [leaf 58 back.]

¶ The .vij. wyffe sat on the bynch,
And sche caste her legge on wrynch,
And bad fyꝑt the wyne:
"By seynt Iame of galys,
In englond ne in walys
Is not a wars *th*an myne!

"Whon owr*e* syr*e* comys In,
And lokes af*ter that* sory pyne
That schuld hengge bytwen his legg*is*,
He is lyke, by the rode,
A sory laue*r*oke[2] satt on brode
Opon two adyꝑt egg*is*."

¶ The .viij. wyffe was well I-taȝte,
And seyd, "seldom am I saȝte,
And so I weꝑt may:
When the froste fresys.
Owr*e* syris tarse lesys,
And aꝑt-way gose a-way.

When the ȝeke[3] gynnys to synge, [leaf 59.]
Then the schrewe begynnys to sprynge,
Lyke a humbulbe;
He cowres vp on othere two,—
I know not the warse of tho,
I schrew hem aꝑt thre!"

¶ The .ix. wyffe sett hem nyȝe,
And held a mett[4] vp on hyȝe
The lenȝte of a fote:

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[1] fierce. [2] lark. [3] A.S. *geac* a cuckoo. [4] measure.

"Here is a pyntell of a fayre lenȝte,
But he berys a sory strenȝte,—
God may do boote[1];—

'I bow hym, I bend hym,
I stroke hym, I wend[2] hym;
The deuell mot hym sterve!
Be he hote, be he cold,
Tho I torn hym two fold,
ȝett he may not serve."

¶ The .x. wyffe be-gan her tale,
And seyd, "I haue on of the smale, [leaf 59 back.]
Was wyndowed a-way.
Of all noȝtes it is noȝte:
Serti*s*, and hit schuld be boȝte,
He is not worth a nay" ∴ Amen.

[1] remedy, help. [2] turn.

A Balade or two by Chaucer.

[The two following Balades owe their importance to Shirley's heading over their second page, the back of leaf 244, "Balade by Chaucer." Over the first stanza of the first Balade, near the foot of the page, is merely written "Balade;" but over the second stanza, at the top of the back of leaf 244, is the headline "Balade by Chaucer," and this second stanza begins with a capital letter as if it were the first stanza of an incomplete Balade. Taken-in by this, I printed only the 2nd and 3rd stanzas in *The Athenæum*, February 18, 1871, p. 210, col. 2, but a Chaucer friend, who had at first been taken-in like I had, and then found out his mistake, told me of mine; and here accordingly is the complete Balade, though without the Envoy which it ought to have.

Following it is the incomplete Maidenhead-Balade that disputes with the Swiving one the title to being Chaucer's. Either or both may well have been written by the author of some of the *Canterbury Tales*.

"Shirley was Chaucer's contemporary, having been born in 1366 (as Ritson, *Bibl. Poet.* 102, reports Stowe), and himself wrote verses. He is our great authority for the authorship of the minor poems of his time. He died in 1456, aged ninety, and copied volumes of verse (and prose), of which at least five still exist. The handsomest, a vellum one, written before Shirley was old, is Harl. 7,333, containing Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales,' &c., some of Lydgate's Poems, &c.; the other three known to me are, the Additional MS. 16,165 in the British Museum, on paper, written in Shirley's old age, containing Chaucer's 'Boethius,' the present Balade, &c.; Ashmole 59 in the Bodleian, on paper, containing Lydgate's Poems, &c.; and a paper MS. R. 3. 20 in Trinity College, Cambridge, of Lydgate's Poems, &c. Mr. Bradshaw has seen a fifth Shirley MS—of Lydgate's Poems—that the late Mr. Lilly had on sale for £120; but as no English buyer would give that sum for it, it went to the United States.

"On the first view, then, we ought to presume that the following Balade (or Balades) is (or are) Chaucer's; and, as neither is in Dr. Morris's or Mr. Robert Bell's edition of Chaucer's Poetical Works, both ought to be put before Early-English students." (*Athenæum*, altered.)]

[Shirley's MS, Additional 16,165 in the British Museum, leaf 244.]

Balade (on Swiving).

Hit is no right[1] alle oþer lustes to leese /
þis monepe of May / for missyng of on cas
þer-fore I wol / þus my chaunce cheese
Ageyns love / trey ageyns an as /
Hasard a tout[2] and launche an esy pas /
In lowe countrey / þer as hit may not greve
þus holde I bett / þan laboure as a reve /

[1] Every final *f*, *g*, *t*, has a tag to it. [2] ? MS. cont.

¶ Sith hit is so / þer as hit may not freese / [leaf 244 back.]
þat euery wight / but I · haþe sume solas
I wol me venge on loue as doþe a breese[1]
On wylde horsse þat rennen in harras[2] /
ffor / maugre love amiddes in his cumpas
I wol conclude / my lustes to releeve /
þus holde I bett / þan labour as a Reve /

¶ Yit might I seyne / cryst seeyne[3] as whan men sneese[4] /
If I hade leve / to hunt in euery chace
Or fisshen / and so myn angle leese /
þat Barbelle had swolowed boþe hooke and lace /
[5]Yit launche a steerne / and put at suche purchace
To fonde[6] to dompe[7] / als deepe as man may dyeve /
þus holde I bett / þan labour as a Reeve /

[Shirley's MS. Addit. 16,165 (Brit. Mus.), leaf 244 back.]

Balade.

[The Yard-Plough with its Ball-Stots.]

¶ Of alle þe crafftes oute / blessed[8] be þe ploughe
So mury it is / to holde[n] it[9] by-hinde /
ffor whanne þe share / is shoven Inn depe ynoghe
And þe cultre / Kerveþe / in his kuynde /
þe tydee[10] soyle / þat doþe þe lande vnbynde /

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[1] Gadfly. [2] Stud of brood mares and horses.
[3] ? 'save'—MS. may be 'seeyue'—or ? 'saine,' make whole, protect.
[4] ? MS fneese. Ellis's Brand, iii. 66, quotes from Langley's 'Polydore Vergil,' fol. 130 *b*, "There was a plage whereby many as they neesed dyed sodeynly, wherof it grew into a custome that they that were present when any man neezed should say, 'God helpe you!' A like deadly plage was sometyme in yawning, wherfore menne used to fence themselves with the signe of the Crosse: bothe whiche customes we reteyne styl at this day." [5] *Query*, MS. ? [6] Try.
[7] Plunge. [8] All the final *d*ees and *e*s have a curl to them.
[9] ? MS. [10] ? MS. rydee.

Ageyns þe hil / Tpruk[1] In, tpruk out, I calle /
ffor of / my ploughe / þe best[e] stott[2] is balle /

¶ þe Dryver hade a goode[3] / at whuhche I loughe /
ffor of þe poynt whan stripped was þe Rynde /
He dyd dryve In, þeghe þe lande were toughe /
Boþe Rudd and Goore / and eke Bayard þe blynde
[4]þat beter beestis / may þer no man fynde /
Ageyns þe hil / tpruk In, tpruk out, I calle /
ffor of my ploughe / þe best[e] stotte is balle /

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[1] ? Tprnk.

[2] This Reve sat vp on a ful good *stot*
That was al homely grey / and highte Scot.
CHAUCER, *Canterbury Tales*, Group A,
§ 1, l. 615, Ellesmere MS, p. 18.

[3] goad.

[4] leaf 245.

[Addit. MS. 16,165, leaf 245.]

¶ Deuotissima suffragia *pro* mulieribus impregnandis.

[Oratio]

¶ Omnipotens sempiterne deus / qui beatissimam virginem & matrem Mariam in conceptu / et partu concecrasti, et Ionam prophetam de ventre Ceti potenti virtute liberasti / famulam tuam .N. grauidam protege & vi[vi]fica in salutari tuo, vt proles in ea contenta feliciter ad lucem prodeat, et ad graciam lauacri proveniat, ipsaque in parturiendo dolorem misericorditer evadat, & a morte periculo secura permaneat / per dominum nostrum Iehsum cristum filium &c /

Secreta /

Suscipe, quesumus domine, preces & hostias humilitatis nostre, & famulam tuam .N. scuto protecciones defende / & quam ex gracia tua grauidam esse voluisti, adueniente partus tempore graciose [1]Libera, et ab omnibus tribulacionibus, cum prole, clementer conserua / per dominum nostrum Ihesum & cetera /

¶ Post communio

Adeste, domine, supplicacionibus nostris, & famule tue .N. munus concede, vt v[e]niente tempore pariendi, gracie tue presidium suscipiat, vt cum proles humana ediderit, percepto lauacri salutari, gloriosis incrementis ffeliciter proficiat, per dominum Ihesum *Christ*um filium tuum. & cetera /

[1] leaf 245 back.

Proverbs.

[The following Proverbs are in the Harleian MS 7578, and in the Fairfax MS. 17, in the Bodleian Library, are attributed to Chaucer. They have been sometimes mistakenly amalgamated with Halsham's Balade 'The worlde so wide'[1]. These Proverbs were first printed by Stowe, in his Chaucer's Works, ed. 1561, leaf 340. Mr. Bradshaw first arranged them in couplets.]

[Shirley's MS. Addit. 16,165, lf. 246 bk.]

¶ Prouerbe.

(1)

¶ What shal þees cloþes þus many fold̄
Loo þis hoote / somers day /

[*Answer*]

Affter heet / komeþe cold̄ /
No man caste his pilchche away /

(2)

¶ Of þis worlde / þe wyde compas /
Hit wol not / in myn armes tweyne /

[*Answer.*]

Who so mychel wol embrace /
Lytel þer of he shal destreyne.[2]

[1] Copies of this are in Shirley's MS Addit. 16,165, leaf 244; Harl. 2251, leaf 23, back; Harl. 2255, leaf 14.

[2] grasp: see *Parlement of Foules*, stanza 49, l. 337.

[Harl. MS. 78, lf. 80', ? ab. 1455 A.D.]

Doctrina et Consilium Galienis.

Onys a day / and *twyes* a day / *Thryes* a wook / and twyes a yeer /

Onys a day. þat Is to seyne / Charge and bidde þy wyff, If sheo may in any wysse / to go to þe chirche / þer deuowtely to here / hir masse /

Twyes a day / þat is to seyne / Affter þat þat god sendeþe to þee and hir / counseylle hir at duwe tymes to ete and sowpe /

Thryes a wook, þat is to seyne / If so bee þat of þy manly raysoun þowe feel þy self of so noble and strong corage / with-oute þenpeyring of þy *per*sone / þanne thryes a wooke paye þy dette / which þowe art bounden-to by þe bonde of þy mariage /

And twyes a yeer / þat is to seyn / Affter þy degree and power / so cloþe hir in pourpur*e* or palle /

And who þat þus rulleþe his goode wyff, fayre mot him befalle. Et econtra.

---

[1] This leaf and the three leaves following are without doubt in Shirley's handwriting, with his *eo* for *e*, etc. After the present bit of prose, follows Chaucer's *Complaint of Pitee*, with the curious unique continuation printed by Stowe, Urry, etc. Shirley seems to have thought this continuation, part of Chaucer's poem.

In the prose above, the words underlined in the MS are printed in italics. In other words, the italic letters are, as usual, expansions of contractions.

The Meaning of Marriage.

[Sloane, 1983 B, leaf 13.]

Ther was an old batchleor maried to a young girle, and efter maried he went to bed *with* the girle everie night for 6 months time togither, never minding nor unde[r]standing what he ought to doe to his wife at night, bot fell asleep when he went to bed at night, & got up in the morning, and went abroad to his busines; and all the time understanding *that* he hadd nothing to doe *with* a wife bot for dressing his victuals, & keeping a clean house, & his back wearme all night, bot never minded the onlie & cheif thing te poor young girle vanted. so efter long times patience, or rather Impatience, the poor girle vent to the preist of the parosh, & compleaned on her housband John, and sayes, "god for-give yow, Sir, for marieing me to a man *that* understands not mariadge! therfor, pray, Sir, tell him what he ought to doe, or let us be pairted, for I can not comand natur longer; and ye vold taiken it ill to me to gon & satisfied nature the wrong vay, and mad me sit on the pillar of repentance." The preist replyed *that* he vold be at her dwelling the nixt day, & speak to John; and acordingly cam, and asked John how he cam to be so unkind to his wife; who replyed *that* 'non [c]ould be kinder to wife nor he was; never had he disobeyed her, or given her a froward vord.' "bot John," say the preist, "ye ar vanting in an other thing of greater consequence;" and tells *that* mariadge was ordained for procreatione of children, for satisfieing nature, & avoiding of fornicatione, *with* a great manie more arguments: bot, by all, he culd not come to understand what

he ought. So the preist says: "poor girle, I pittie thy caise! for this man is verie dull; bot I think it best yow & I go to bed, & I will shew him how and what to doe." who replyed she was willing *with* all her heart; & to bed thé went. & the preist got on the top of her, and spok in Irish tongue (as all the rest of the forg[o]ing storie was) MUSSHO VETICH, that is to say, doe this vay. So when the preist had don what he was able to do, the poor girl was so weel pleased *with* the game, *that* she says, "Oh: *Sir*, our John is verie forgetfull! pray doe it over again!" VALE.

[On the back is written,]

scottch stor . . .
Mr Baire . . .

[Lansdowne, 197, (a MS of Wynton's Chronicle) leaf 260.]

Ane prettie Jeist of ane eremeit in Italye.

Ane eremit in Italye, professing a mervellous straight lyf, and eschewing the citie, dwelt in desert, quhare he maid him self ane cave wroucht by his handis *with* spaid and schoill[1], & covering the sam *with* bouchis[2] & erethe, lay than in his couche[3] or cabine, living in co*n*templat[i]oun as on *th*at vtterlie had forsakin the varld; quhare[4]-vpone he com in great cradeit *with* the pepill, and especiallie *with* the vomen of that toun; as by natour vomen ar more apt to beleif, & redier gevin to swperstitioun, nor men ar. Aftervoirdis it apperit þat this eremeitis holines vas altogether cunterfit, & he fand a verie lewid man; for it vas knaain and veill previt *th*at he had the cumpanie of dyvers gentilvomen of *th*at citie; and thairfoir being examenit opinlie, & grevislie rebukit, he confessit *th*at he had the vse of dyvers ladyis thair. quhair-vpone a register *th*at twik the not of all thair namis, being mwche grevit *with* his flechlie behauiour, especiallie bekaus he had vsit so manye, said thus: "ah thow vyle man! is thair vther *with* quhome thow hes beine acquentit? say on, beist! and schame *th*e deveill!" The puir eremit, being vonderfullie rebwkit of everie bodye, & mervellius sorie for his folies previllie co*m*mitit and opinlie knowin, said to the register in this vayis; "SIR, seing I am chargit to say *th*e truthe, and the holye mother chwrche villithe me to leiff nothing vnrehersit, *th*at the rather vpone

[1] shovel. [2] ? MS. bouchis = boughs.
[3] ? MS. It cannot be *bouthe* = booth, bothy. [4] ? MS quhan.

my plane confessioun I may *the* sooner have obsolacioun[1]: in gud fathe, master register," [said he][2], "I do not remember anye vther saving ȝour vyf onlye, quho vas the first & last *that* ever I have touchit senk[3] I maid my grave; & thairfoir, if it pleas ȝow to, put hir in ȝour bwik, alse ȝow may baldlie do it, for seurlye sche vas verie loving vnto me." with *that*, *the* register in a greit heit staid[4] vp, & casting his pen out of his hand, vald have beine at *the* eremit rather *than* his lyf. the pepill lawchid hartlie to sie *the* register, *that* vas so haistie befoir to charg the simpill eremit vith his vontit follies, to be in swuche sort towchit vith his vyfis defalt.

[1] absolution.
[2] The brackets are those of the MS.
[3] since.
[4] ? MS. stooid.

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[1] Mr. J. P. Collier's print differs from the original in some spellings, and in leaving out a few words.

The Wyll of the Deuyl was reprinted by Richard Jones—whose date is 1581–1611 in Mr. W. Chappell's Ballad-Catalogue—with the addition of what Mr. Collier is pleased to call "some miserable and blasphemous doggrel." This is the Ten Commandments of the Devil that are in the Shepherds Kalendar, and that I extracted in my Forewords to *Captain Cox* or *Laneham's Letter*, p. lxxx–i, note 2. The title of this reprint is

"¶ The wyll of the Deuill, With his .x. detestable Commaundementes: directed to his obedient and accursed Children, and the Rewarde promised to all suche as obediently wyl endeuer themselues to fulfill them. Verye necessarie to be read and well considered of all Christians. ¶ Imprinted at London. by Richarde Johnes and are to be solde at the Southwest Dore of Paules Churche."

From a copy of Johnes's edition in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, 'Forty Copies' were reprinted by Mr. Maidment in 1828. A vellum copy is in the Grenville Library, and a paper one in the general library, in the British Museum. Mr. Collier says "the humourous reference to the tailor's many-coloured banner, composed of pieces stolen from the cloth or silk of his customers [p. 22], was most likely derived from the Jests of Piovano Arlotto, originally printed in 1520, and often afterwards; but it [the Wyll's] is the earliest notice of it in English, and from Powell's tract it may have found its way into Sir John Harington's Epigrams, published in 1615, and from thence into later jest-books."

Early English Text Society.

Fifth Report of the Committee, January, 1869.

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§ 1. The tide of the Society's success still flows, though not with the force needed to carry the good ship "Early English" home to its haven—its work done—during the life of the present generation. A stronger breeze of enthusiasm, an increased power of steady purpose, must be brought to bear on the vessel, ere it can make sufficient way; and these we appeal to our Members to supply.

Looking back on the course the Society has passed over, looking forward over that which it has yet to sail,—how short is the one, how long the other! True that our log shows progress made, progress such as the records of no other Society of like kind show; but when the ocean of work before us is contemplated, every member must feel that increased exertion on his part is called for to ensure the Society's onward way.

Though in illustration of our Dialects, and the History of our Language, we can point to the Society's editions of the *Early English Alliteratives, Sir Gawayne, Genesis and Exodus, Dan Michel's Ayenbite,* the *Early English Homilies,* part of *Lyndesay, Hume, Levins;* though in Arthur and other Romances we can show our *Arthur, Morte Arthure, Lancelot, Merlin, King Horn, Floris,* and *Partenay;* though, as touching the life of Early England, we have produced *Hali Meidenhad, Hampole,* and other pieces from the Thornton MS., the *Vision of Piers Ploughman, Pierce the Ploughman's Crede, Myrc,* the *Knight of the Tower,* and the *Babees Book;* though of Religious Poems we have given many, of Political few, of good stories one (the Wright's Chaste Wife),—yet what are they to the hundreds of Manuscripts lying unprinted before us?

§ 2. It is from want of funds alone, during the past year, that the Committee have been obliged to refrain from employing a fourth printer, and to keep back from press the *Cursor Mundi,* the *Catholicon, Withals, Cato,* the *Lay-Folk's Mass-Book,* the *Rule of St. Benet,* &c., &c.; while from the same cause, want of funds, they have been unable to issue the following works that were printed and ready,—*Merlin,* Part III, *Lyndesay,* Part IV, the *Alliterative Troy-Book,* Part I; and only by a special subscription was the issue of Part II of the important *Early English Homilies* secured. If Members will think of these facts, if they will cast their eyes over the lists of the Society's intended works, noting that as yet Anglo-Saxon has not been touched by the Society, that the Semi-Saxon and the Vernon MSS have only been slightly touched, that the early Psalms and Lives of Saints, the Alexander and Charlemagne Romances, the rhimed Troy-Books, Hampole (nearly), Trevisa, Nassington, Davie, Idle, Ashby, Lydgate, Occleve, Campeden, are yet untouched, they will see what call is on them for fresh efforts to increase the number of the Society's subscribers, so that its work may no longer be stayed for want of funds.

As every Member may feel assured that no day passes without some or one of the Society's Editors working for him, so those Editors would like to feel that no year passed without each Member doing some work for them, bringing in a fresh Member to share in the task that the Society has undertaken. That task is a worthy one, one worth doing at the cost of some, nay much, sacrifice. We are banded together to trace out the springs, and note the course, of the language that shall one day be the ruling tongue of the world, which is now the speech of most of its free men. We are engaged together in

publishing the records of the thoughts, the aspirations, the greatness and the littleness, of those to whom we owe our nation and ourselves; we seek to illustrate the progress of those changes in the nation's life which have led from the declaration of Edward the First's judge to the owner of a serf, "Take him by the neck: he and his issue are yours for ever,"[1] through Henry the Eighth's manumission—

A.D. 1514. "Whereas God created all men free, but afterwards the laws and customs of nations subjected some under the yoke of servitude, we think it pious and meritorious with God, to manumit Henry Knight, a tailor, and John Herle, a husbandman, our natives." *Barrington on Statutes*, 275 [1]—

to the wide suffrage of our own day, that so the old life of England may be bound to the new, and men may learn from our Texts wherein their ancestors failed in care for the weak, in thought for the poor, and be helped in their own efforts that neither shall be wanting now.

The Society's work is one in which everybody who takes pride in being an Englishman may fairly be called on to take part, and the Committee appeal to every Member to bring the Society's claims for support under the notice of all men within his reach. The examples of our energetic Local Secretaries and other friends in Manchester and Glasgow are evidence of what may be done in this way. Our Manchester subscribers number 57, our Glasgow ones 30 (including 5 outsiders), while the Edinburgh ones are only 16.[2] This is mainly because the Society has no energetic member in Edinburgh, and has always had one at least in Manchester and Glasgow.

§ 3. Of the awakened interest in the study of Early English there can be no doubt, nor of the share which the Society has had in calling it up. To say nothing of the Society's direct work, its indirect has included the publication of the Percy Folio, the establishment of the Chaucer Society—which will help to fix the poet's text on a sure basis, and which has probably settled, for the first time these 450 years, the true order of his Tales, and his resting-places on his Canterbury Pilgrimage,—the foundation of the Ballad Society,—with its pictures of the Commons' grievances in Henry VIII's and Edward VI's times,—of the Spenser Society—with its sumptuous editions of Heywood and Taylor,—of the Roxburghe Library,

[1] Communicated by Mr. Vernon Lushington, Q.C.

[2] During last year the *Birmingham Journal* boasted that our Society was nowhere so well supported as in Birmingham. Our subscribers in that town are 11. Will enough would raise them to nearly the Glasgow standard. But this is hardly shown by printing complaints of the Committee because the brown paper of some members' parcels was torn in its journey from London.

with its Paris and Vienne, Browne, and Elizabethan tracts. Dr. Stratmann's excellent edition of *The Owl and Nightingale* is also due to the Society's influence. The Philological Society's Transactions attest the growing attention paid to Early English studies. And the facts that the large editions of Mr. R. Morris's *Specimens of Early English* and *Chaucer Selections* are nearly exhausted, and that the Clarendon Press has commissioned Mr. Skeat to prepare an edition of *The Vision of Piers Ploughman* (contemporaneously with his Text B. for the Society) show that the cause is making way;[1] while the great success of Mr. Arber's admirable *English Reprints* of the Middle Period, to which the Committee rejoice to know that our Members have contributed, is an earnest that from the ground prepared by Mr. Arber his readers will step up to the Society's earlier platform. The Committee are also glad to see that the *English Reprints* will relieve the Society's Extra Series from much of its work, and they have received with pleasure Mr. Arber's offer to help the Society, as his pioneer, by the circulation of its Prospectuses in his excellent Texts. The Committee have been likewise gratified during the past year by the Public Record Office joining the Society, expressly on the ground of the value of its Texts in illustrating the social life of England in early days; and also by the following testimony from the pen of the first Early English scholar in America, which, while our Members will feel that it more than compensates for occasional sneers and snarls from men with less knowledge here, yet pledges us each and all to try and make good our generous reviewer's words :—

"There is no literary publication association which does its work with so little of unnecessary expenditure, or which gives its subscribers so full a money's worth, as the Early English Text Society; and *its unexampled success is simply the measure of its merits.* We only wish that its list of American

[1] The Committee have also heard with pleasure that the first instalments of Wyclif's English and Latin Works are to be published very soon by the Oxford Delegates. Long before the Early English Text Society was thought of, the late Canon Shirley had projected a new Wyclif Society to print our great Reformer's works. He afterwards induced the Oxford Delegates to undertake to publish a selection from those Works, and in 1865 issued his *Catalogue* of them. His lamented death has not stopt the execution of part of his plan, and the Committee trust that the Oxford Delegates will at least print the whole of Wyclif's English Works. The knowledge that Mr Shirley and the Oxford Press were thus engaged, has been the reason why Wyclif's name has not been mentioned in any of the Society's Lists before; but if the Oxford Delegates should not complete his English Works, the Society will try to do so. Mr. Shirley claimed as Wyclif's, *Dan John Gaytryge's Sermon*, which has been edited for the Society. But two MSS assign it to Gaytryge, and none yet known, to Wyclif.

associates could be increased tenfold, and we can assure every student of the past that no matter what his special line may be, he will find in its varied list of issues something every year will richly repay him." [1]—*The Nation*, Oct. 29, 1868, p. 35, col. 8.

§ 4. Turning now to the finances and publications of the Society during 1868, we find that, nominally, the income asked for by the Committee last year, £1000, has been furnished to the Society; its receipts have been £1229; but as £91 19*s.* of this belongs to the Reprinting Fund, and £324 8*s.* to the Extra Series, the actual income available for the Texts of the Original Series for 1868 has been only £761. The new Members for 1868 have numbered 110, while our losses by deaths and withdrawals have amounted only to a dozen. The increase of the Society in numbers, income, and printed pages issued, is shown in the following table:—

	1864	1865	1866	1867	1868
Original Series.					
Members	145	260	409	580	660
Income	£152	£384	£681	£717†	£761
Pages issued	481	950	2034*	1207	1363
Extra Series.					
Members				150	250
Income				£161	£300
(Publications not complete.)					

Since the close of our first year, then, and disregarding the Extra Series, the Society has in four years nearly quadrupled its Members, its income, and the extent of its publications. Starting from a very low level, the Society has steadily fought its way up to the head of its competitors; and to see and keep it there, pushing it always further in advance, should be the pride and aim of all its Members. The Committee cannot rest content till a thousand Members have been enrolled on the Society's list.

§ 5. Of the publications announced for 1867, in their last Report, the Committee greatly regret the non-appearance of one, and still more the cause of that non-appearance. But the health of Mr Toulmin Smith rendered the postpone-

[1] This statement involves the answer already given privately to those who have complained of the Committee for not 'proceeding systematically,' not exhausting all the 13th or 14th century MSS, or all the Arthur ones, before touching other departments of work. The Committee want to print the whole of our unprinted MS Literature. The way to do that is to get as many subscribers as possible. And the way to get them is, by great variety of subject, to interest and attract as many different sections of students as can be reached.

* The cost of part of these pages—which included the *Ayenbite*,—and also of the copying charges, was paid by 1867.

† Including the Philological and Camden Societies' payments for Levins, £93.

ment of the *English Gilds* imperative; for many months in 1868 he was not able to correct a proof, and both book and printers were reduced to a standstill. Under these circumstances the Committee decided on filling up the vacancy in the issue of 1867, by the first part of Mr Morris's *Old English Homilies*, and on not delaying the issue of the remaining Text of 1868 on the chance of the *Gilds* being ready that year. Events have shown the prudence of the decision.

§ 6. The Texts of 1868 have in two of our classes exceeded in importance those of any prior year. α The *Old English Homilies* edited by Mr Morris must certainly be reckoned the most important contribution that the Society has yet made to the history of the framing of our grammatical forms, and the Semi-Saxon or transition stage of our language from Anglo-Saxon to Early English. Earlier than the *Ormulum*, earlier than *Lazamon*, the *Homilies* have disclosed an unsuspected stage of bewilderment among our noun-inflexions, which resulted in the comparatively settled ascendancy of the final *e* in Lazamon's time. For the history of our language, the documents of this Semi-Saxon period are unquestionably the most important. The duty of printing speedily the whole of them—and it is comparatively small—has been urgently pressed on the Committee by Dr Stratmann and other scholars of his mark; but until funds become more plentiful, the Committee are obliged, in justice to other departments of work, to devote far less than they could wish to the specially linguistic class.

β In our miscellaneous class, or rather in one section of it, 1868 has seen the Society's two most important books. This section is not indeed the most valuable of its class; Manners cannot rank before Morals; nor the Master of Deportment before the Reformer of Church and State. Neither the *Babees Book* nor the *Knight de la Tour Landry*[1] can for power or worth be set beside the noble zeal of the author of *the Vision of Piers Ploughman*, or the bitter irony, the simple pathos of the *Crede*.

[1] The Committee very much regret to say that a subsequent collation of the first six sheets of this work, by Mr. E. Brock, has discovered above 250 small mistakes in these sheets. Corrections of these are, according to the Society's usual practice, issued at the end of the year, and they will be followed by such other corrections as are found necessary when the collation of the rest of the sheets has been finished. The Committee will in future take care that the work of all Editors new to them is checked in time; though a clerk was paid extra to read the revises as well as the proofs of all sheets of the *Knight* after the first six. He read the proofs only of the first six sheets, the Editor having undertaken to read the whole of the Revises with the MS. The *Knight* was wrongly reckoned among our dated texts in The Society's Report for Jan. 1866, p. 2. The French book was written in 1372 A.D.; the English text is not dated, but the MS is probably about 1440 A.D.

But in their own lower fields of curious illustration of manners and elaborate detail of outward life, the two works named have not been matched by any books the Society has issued. Whether we follow the Angevine knight—Chaucer's contemporary—through the quaint tales of his own and other times which Caxton translated for the English damsels of the succeeding century; whether we "have respecte unto the Booke of Urbanitie," or see the country girl going to market to sell her cloth, or drink where good ale is aloft, track the truant boy to the flogging-block, watch the noble from bed to church or feast, stand by while the carver unlaces a heron, or the marshal exhibits his Soteltees, the pride of his soul, we catch at every turn glimpses of a world so strange, a life so different from our own, that our curiosity is roused, and our interest excited, in no common degree. For the history of women in France and England, the *Knight* is also of considerable importance; and to the archæologist, the historian of Education,[1] Food, and Social Economy, the *Babees Book* must be always of value. Of great interest too is the picture of later manners presented by *The Historie of Squyer Meldrum*. Though it is good that ladies are wooed and won in different fashion now, the Squyer's *Life and Testament* will well repay perusal.

γ In our third class, Religious Treatises, we may perhaps reckon, besides the *Homilies* already noticed, *Myrc's Instructions for Parish Priests*, though it is for its sketch of the life of priests and laymen that most readers will best appreciate it. The book is indeed a valuable contribution to the social history of England, and especially to that section of it which deals with the condition of the clergy, and their relation to their flocks. To the historian of ecclesiastical customs and ceremonies, the worth of the treatise must be greater still.

Of the language of the *Homilies*, mention has been made above. Their subjects cannot be passed over in silence, nor can their words be read without emotion. In the straightforward earnestness with which the preacher speaks to his "dear men;" in the impassioned terms which the "Lovesong of our Lord" uses to its "sweet soft Jesus," the "Wooing" to its "life's love," Christ; in the prayers to the maiden that bare "the blissful bairn;" in the touching confession of sins in the Moral Ode; in the strong assurance that the "Soul's Ward," God, will guard his treasure "from the thief of hell,"

[1] Mr. Anstey's two volumes on early Oxford Life and Studies, *Munimenta Academica*, in the Master of the Rolls' Series are the most important contributions to our knowledge of this subject, and deserve careful study.

we see the power and beauty of the Faith that once our fathers held, and are content to forget the errors that made their descendants in later days reject it.

δ In the first class of the Society's Texts,—that of the Arthur and other Romances,—no book has been issued for the Original Series in 1868, for the simple reason above stated, that there was no money left to pay for Part III of *Merlin*, though it has long been ready.

§ 7. ε But in the *Extra Series* the strange weird Romance of *William of Palerne*, with its werwolf protector of the hero and heroine, has been issued during the past year, for 1867, re-edited, with Mr Skeat's well-known care and skill, from the MS that Sir Frederick Madden first put into type with an accuracy and a wealth of illustration that at once secured its fame. Mr Skeat's thorough revision of the Text, Notes, and Glossary; his introduction, his addition from the French original of the last lines at the beginning of the English MS, and also the fragment of the Alliterative Romance of *Alexander*, now first edited from MS Greaves 60, have given a distinctive value to the Society's edition, which has been prepared also under the eye, and with the counsel, of the distinguished scholar who first edited the Romance.

ζ With regard to the second work down in the list of the Extra Series for 1867, the Committee must remark, that, when they announced that an Essay upon the Pronunciation of Shakspere and Chaucer, by Mr. Alex. J. Ellis, F.R.S., would form a part of the Introduction to Chaucer's Prose Works, they supposed that Mr. Ellis's paper on that subject, which had been read before the Philological Society on Jan. 18, and Feb. 1, 1867, and which was complete in MS, would be available at once for the Essay above-named, and that it could therefore be passed through the press in that year. But when Mr. Ellis came to revise his Paper in Oct. 1867, he found that, for the purposes of the Early-English-Text and Chaucer Societies, it would be necessary to re-write and considerably enlarge it, entering into many additional investigations, and arranging it as an independent work instead of a Prefatory Essay. To this labour Mr. Ellis has generously devoted himself exclusively[1] and unremittingly since Oct. 1, 1867, and great attention will be required to complete it during 1869. As about half the work is now printed off, and is complete in itself,—although greatly needing the continuation, illustrations, and indices, which will form the rest of the work,

[1] With the exception of his Paper on the Only English Proclamation of Henry III, in *The Philological Society's Transactions*, 1868-9, Part I.

—and as the part now ready contains not only Mr. Ellis's own investigations on the pronunciation of the xiv, xvi, xvii, and xviiith centuries, but a re-arrangement of Prof. F. J. Child's most valuable memoirs on the Language of Chaucer and Gower (which have hitherto been almost inaccessible to Early English students), it has been thought best to issue this portion as Part I, simultaneously with the first issue of the Chaucer-Society's publications. On account of the greater scope now given to the treatise, it appears as an independent work, under the more comprehensive title of "EARLY ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION, with especial reference to Shakspere and Chaucer, containing an Investigation of the Correspondence of Writing with Speech in England, from the Anglo-Saxon period to the present day." And in order to give a proper conception of the nature of Part II, which is already in MS (and will be issued, if possible, in 1869 to the Extra-Series subscribers of 1867), a Table of Contents of the whole work is prefixed to Part I. This statement will explain the premature announcement, and apparent delay, of the publication of Mr. Ellis's treatise, which, the Committee are convinced, will begin a new era in the criticism of Early and Middle English poetry and phonetics.

§ 8. *η* The only 1868 Text already issued for the Extra Series, is Caxton's *Book of Curtesye* in three versions: interesting, partly because it reprints a unique Caxton, partly because its version from the Oriel MS restores a stanza omitted by Caxton, and often corrects his text, partly because it continues the Treatises on Manners in *The Babees' Book*, but mainly for its genuine burst of admiration for our old poets,—Father Chaucer, whose language, fair and pertinent, seems "not only the worde, but verily the thynge'; Occleve, with 'goodly language and sentence passing wyse'; Lydgate, 'my maister . . . Passynge the Muses nine of Elycone'—those ancient fathers who reapt the fresh fields, gathered the fresh flowers, and bore off the wealth of silver speech for our delight.

θ The remaining Extra-Series Texts for 1868 will be issued with this report, or very soon after. The *Chevelere Assigne*, or *Knight of the Swan*, is ready; *Havelok the Dane* is all in type; the text of *Chaucer's Boethius* is all in type too, but the Preface is not.

The *Chevelere Assigne* is an interesting and short Alliterative Romance from a unique MS, a section only of a much larger French story. In the family of the Editor, Mr. Henry Hucks Gibbs, is a 14th-century ivory casket, carved with scenes from this Romance, and Mr. Gibbs has been so good as to make

arrangements with a photographer,[1] from whom any Member of the Society may have a set of the five photographs of the sides and top of the casket, for 1s. 9d., the mere cost of printing, mounting, and postage.

ι *Havelok the Dane* is to an old student of Early English a name to conjure withal. How often has he longed for it; how often wished for the spare six guineas that would secure it for him! How little did he expect to see a new edition in his own hands, and within the reach of any one, for a few shillings! Yet now he has the book, and can read leisurely in his own study, the spirited lines, the quaint terms, which tell how the great Grim saved the child lighted with the light of heaven, and marked with the Cross of God; and how the boy won his bride and the crown of England. The best, no doubt, of our early Romances, Havelok is; and as in it, again, Mr. Skeat has had the advantage of the co-operation of the original Editor, Sir Frederic Madden, our Members may rest assured that the Text has had all done for it that the widest knowledge of manuscripts, and great literary experience, as well as scrupulous care, can do. On this re-edition of Havelok, as well as the Text next to be noticed, the Committee look with special gratification.

κ No trustworthy text of *Chaucer's Boethius* has ever yet appeared, nor has a text of any kind been procurable apart from the poet's other works. And yet the book has a double interest. It is Chaucer's most important prose work, the translation of a book whose echoes are heard through all his other productions. Its original is the work of one who stands as the most touching figure in Middle-age literary history, 'one of the most important links between' the old world and the new. Gibbon's eloquent sketch of Boethius is well known.[2] The Philosophy that he studied at Athens, and in his palace of ivory and glass at Rome, did not desert him when disasters came. 'Oppressed with fetters, expecting each moment the sentence or the stroke of death, he composed in the tower of Pavia the *Consolation of Philosophy*; a golden volume not unworthy of the leisure of Plato or Tully, but which claims incomparable merit for the barbarism of the times and the situation of the author.' After his cruel death, 'his genius survived to diffuse a ray of knowledge over the darkest ages of the Latin world; and the writings of the philosopher were translated by the most glorious of English kings,' by the most brilliant of English poets, in the nation's early time. Looked on, as Boethius

[1] Mr. Blanchard, 12, Camden Cottages, N.W.

[2] Decline and Fall, iii. 474-7, ed. 1846.

was in the Middle Ages, 'as the head and type of all philosophy,' penetrated as all Middle-Age literature is by his spirit, no fitter man could Chaucer have translated, no fitter work can our Society produce, than this translation of the *De Consolatione*,—aiming, as we do, to reproduce the manifestation of all influences that formed the Early English mind. Mr Richard Morris's edition for the Society is edited from the oldest known MS, the Additional 10,340 in the British Museum, which was pointed out to the Committee by the Keeper of the MSS, and found to contain on a fly-leaf the only known complete copy of Chaucer's ballad, 'Flee from the Press.' This MS has been carefully collated with the more grammatically correct, and the more full, but later, Cambridge University MS,—for the knowledge of which the Committee have to thank the University Librarian, Mr. H. Bradshaw,—and full collations are given in foot-notes. If, after the completion of these texts, and Mr. Ellis's works, the Balance at the Bankers will allow of another Text being issued for the Extra Series for 1868, the Committee will take care that one is issued.

§ 9. *Reprints.*—In the last Report the Committee said there could be no doubt that the Reprints of the Texts of 1864 would be completed in 1868. They conceived themselves justified in making that statement, as they had put these Texts into Mr. Austin's hands early in January, and he had assured them that the 480 pages would be easily produced within the year. But the very ease of doing the work led to its neglect till the pressure of the election and other engagements made its completion in time impossible. The Committee have therefore lately entrusted the *Gawaine*, *Lauder*, and *Arthur*, to Messrs. Childs, and they will take care that the Reprints are now pressed forward: indeed, the whole of the *Gawaine* is already in type. The *Arthur* will be kept back for a month, as the Marquis of Bath has kindly promised to bring his *Liber Ruber* to London in February, in order to allow the Society's *Arthur* to be re-read with it.

§ 10. *Original-Series Texts for* 1869. *a.* The *Merlin* postponed from last year calls first for notice. The completion of the text is issued as Part III, with this Report. Mr. Wheatley's Preface, Index, and Glossary, will form Part IV, and will be issued during 1869. Prefixed to Part III is an Essay by Mr. J. S. Stuart Glennie on *Arthurian Localities, their Origin and Relation*, a recast of his Paper on *Arthurian Scotland*, incorporating the results on this point of Mr. Skene's late able work, *The Four Masters*, and with a Map (of which Mr. Glennie generously bears half the cost) showing the 94 places in Scot-

land to which Arthurian traditions are linked, and thus confirming the hypothesis of Mr. W. D. Nash in his Essay in Part I of Merlin, p. iv, that—

"The original locality of the traditions which have furnished the groundwork of these world-renowned Romances is probably the Cumbrian region, taken in its widest extent, from the Friths of Forth and Clyde, southward and westward, along the borders of the Northumbrian kingdom, in which the famous exploits of the British Cymric struggle with the Northumbrian Angles became the theme of a native minstrelsy, transplanted into Brittany by the refugees from the Saxon conquest, and moulded into the romances with which we have been made acquainted by the Norman trouvères."

The Committee are glad to see this interesting question so well opened, and hope it will be followed up by Welsh, English, and Breton writers, and that a careful examination of the nationalities of the names of Knights and Ladies mentioned in the Arthur Romances will be also made. The Romance of *Merlin* itself deserves attention, not only on account of its own merit as a story, which is considerable, but as the most complete version in English of Robert de Borron's original. The early Auchinleck text, the later Lonelich one (still in MS only), and the still later ones in the Percy Folio, &c., contain only a small portion of the story. The *Merlin* is the first in date, though the second in order, of the French recasts, by English writers in Henry II's and Richard I's time, of the old Arthur Romances. It wanders pleasantly on through adventures, battles, fights, till its hero is 'beclosed and shut in prison because he was such a fool that he loved another better than himself,' and told her the secret that brought on his fate; whereat King Arthur grieved. We long in vain for a like full early version of the *Lancelot*, *Morte Artus*, *Queste*, and *Tristan*, if only to settle what share each had in Maleore's story—that 'injudicious jumble,' as Tyrwhitt calls it,—that delight of our boyhood, the pleasure of many in later life. Our Society may well feel gratified at the completion of the English *Merlin*, and thank Mr. Wheatley for his labour on it, for it was unknown to Arthur writers until the Society brought the unique MS forward.

b. c. The Fourth Part of Sir David Lyndesay's Works, issued with this Report, contains his *Satyre of the Three Estaitis*,—Lords (including the King), Commons, and Clergy,—and is a most curious sketch of the time, A.D. 1535-9; of especial interest to Englishmen, who will compare its bitter satire against the Clergy and Religious Orders with the similar invectives in the early Reformation tracts in England, and particularly in *The Image of Ipocrisy* of 1533 A.D.,[1] whose plain

[1] Dyce's *Skelton*, ii. 413, and the Ballad Society's *Ballads from Manuscripts*, vol. i. p. 167.

speaking the *Satyre* almost exceeds. That the latter was an instrument in effecting the Reformation in Scotland, correcting 'the naughtiness in religion, the presumption of Bishops, the collusion of the Consistory Courts, and the misusing of priests,' is testified by Sir William Eure's Letter to the Lord Privy Seal of England in 1540 (III *Ellis* iii. 279). Another Scotch Text, though a very short one, will be also produced during 1869 by Mr. Fitzedward Hall, the Editor of Lyndesay, —namely, the *Minor Poems of Lauder.* Mr. Christie Miller, —to whom the Society is indebted for the loan to Mr. Hall of Lyndesay's *Satire,*—has been kind enough also to lend him the few remaining poems of Lauder—one of which is against the vices of his time—and these will form a second part to the *Office and Dewtie of Kyngis* in the Society's issue for 1864, at p. ix. of the Preface to which these short poems are noticed.

d. Of the *English Gilds* the Committee can only say that the whole text of the work—exclusive of Appendices, Introduction, &c.—has been in type since last July; and that the re-establishment of Mr. Toulmin Smith's health makes him believe that he shall be able to produce the book within the year,—by April he hopes. But if these anticipations should not be realized, and the book should not be ready by December, the Committee will substitute for it Part I. of the *Alliterative Romance of Troy,* or such other Text as may be most convenient. It should be noted, however, that though our Oxford printers and our Members lose by the enforced keeping-back of *The Gilds,* the book gains; for only two months ago, in the course of cataloguing the Rawlinson MSS in the Bodleian, Mr. G. Parker found the Statutes of a Norwich Gild, which prove to be one of the most interesting sets in Mr. Smith's volume; for not only are they a later and enlarged copy of an older set in the Record Office, which Mr. Smith had already printed, but at their end is a list of Members of the Gild, which shows, by the wide difference in the positions of its members, how the Gilds worked to bind together all classes of society, and included women as well as men within their bonds. This list, being of moderate extent—some 360 names—will be printed at length,—a step Mr. Smith felt he could not take with the far longer list of names (over 2000) to the Latin Statutes of the Corpus Christi Gild at York, which are in the British Museum, and which he has left for the Surtees Society to take in hand, as that Society, with the great local antiquarian knowledge that it has at command, can alone treat this subject properly. Notwithstanding the

destruction of (no doubt) the greater part of the records, those remaining range from Berwick-upon-Tweed to Exeter, from Lynn and Lincoln to Bristol and Birmingham. *The English Gilds* will contain the Statutes of the following number of Gilds,—those in English in full; those in Latin translated and abstracted,—namely, in

London 3	Wygnale 5	Lancaster 1	Worcester 3	Bristol 3
Norwich 12	East Wynch 1	Chesterfield 2	Stratford-on-Avon 1	Reading 1
Lynn 12	Oxeburgh 2	Lincoln 6	Coventry 3	Exeter 3
Bishop's Lynn 9	York 3	Kyllyngholm 1	Birmingham 3	Berwick-upon-Tweed 1
West Lynn 2	Beverley 4	Stamford 1	Cambridge 5	
North Lynn 3	Kingston, Hull 3	Ludlow 1		

besides others mentioned in the Introduction; and original documents illustrating the Relations of Gilds to Municipal Bodies, &c. &c. will be given.

e. 1. A short Anglo-Saxon poem on the *Finding of the Cross;* 2. a short Early English verse *Address* to it, and the several materials and instruments used in its construction; 3. a History of it—three curious records of old superstitions,—will be edited by Mr. Richard Morris. The third Poem is a metrical history of the Cross—its growth from a 'pippin' to a tree—containing an account of 'how the Cross was found' by Elene in May, and of the celebration of Holy Rood Day, in September; and how Eraclius obtained a piece of the true cross from *Cosdre*, a bitter persecutor of Christians, who had enthroned himself in a heaven of his own, calling himself God the Father, together with representations of the other persons of the Trinity. For the illustration of Old English *dialects*, two versions of this Text will be printed in parallel columns, from MSS of the 14th century.

f. Text B of *The Vision of Piers Plowman* by William is already in the press. As the basis of this text Mr. Skeat has chosen the Laud MS 581, which he judges to be clearly the best of its type; and with it he will collate all the other good MSS, as he did in the case of Text A. He has succeeded in fixing the date of this second cast of the poem to 1377 A.D., and will, by a simple system of marks, point out all the new passages introduced by the author into this version. The Committee have much at heart the bringing of this great work of our early Reformer into due notice and honour; and they confidently trust that this result will follow Mr. Skeat's generous labour on the texts of it. Since the issue of the Society's *Parallel Extracts from* 29 *MSS of Piers Plowman* in 1866, tidings have been received of thirteen more, thus showing that the popularity of the work was nearly as great as that of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, as unquestionably it ought to

have been, and ought now to be. The *Vision* is the necessary complement of the *Tales;* and though its author had not the infinite humour, the grace and play, of Chaucer's genius, yet he had other deeper qualities that entitle him to the reverence of Englishmen of all time. What Dean Milman wrote[1] of William is no more than the truth :—

'It is in his intense absorbing moral feeling that he is beyond his age: with him outward observances are but hollow shows, mockeries, hypocrisies, without the inner power of religion. It is not so much in his keen cutting satire on all matters of the Church as in his solemn installation of Reason and Conscience as the guides of the self-directed soul, that he is breaking the yoke of sacerdotal domination: in his constant appeal to the plainest, simplest Scriptural truths, as in themselves the whole of religion, he is a stern reformer.'

These, then, are the Texts that the Committee hope to issue during the present year for the Original Series. It remains with our Members to say whether the *Gawaine Poems,* the *Hampole's Office,* spoken of last year, shall be added to them. Money is the one thing wanted; and that, Members alone can supply. During the year the Committee hope to get finished the *Alliterative Romance of Troy,* and *Palladius,* Part I, and to get sent to press for 1870, *Piers Plowman,* Text C (Mr. Skeat); *Lyndesay,* Part V (Mr. Hall); *The Lay Folk's Mass-Book* (Mr. Simmons); *Jon the Gardener,* &c. (Mr. Cockayne); the Five-Text *Rule of St. Benet,* or Series 2 of the *Old English Homilies* (Mr. R. Morris); the *Catholicon Anglicum* (Mr. Wheatley); but a considerable increase in the subscription list will be needed to produce all these works in one year. The Committee now turn to

§ 11. *The Extra-Series Texts for* 1869. *a.* First of these will come,—with its pretty title, newly recovered in the searches for MSS for the Society—Chaucer's *Bred and Mylk for Children,* or his 'Treatise on the Astrolabie,' by which he purposed to teach little Lowis, his sonne, a certaine number of conclusions pertayning to that same instrument. The Committee cannot hope that this tract will be found so entertaining as the *Canterbury Tales,* but they are sure that a study of it will throw much light on certain points in those Tales; as indeed has been already proved by Mr. Skeat's removing from Chaucer,—through the knowledge gained from the *Bred and Mylk*—the reproach of having blundered the Ram for the Bull in l. 8 of his Prologue; and also by the fixing of many of the days of the events in the Knight's Tale. The Treatise will be illustrated by such woodcuts as are necessary, and will

[1] History of Latin Christianity, 4th edit. 1864, vol. ix. pp. 234-5. See also pp. 236-7.

be, *for the first time,* really edited, and restored to its original understandableness.[1] *The Testament of Love* would have followed the *Bred and Mylk,* had not the Committee been advised by Mr. Bradshaw, Mr. R. Morris, and Mr. Furnivall—following Mr. Payne Collier and prior critics—that the work is not Chaucer's : that there is no evidence for its being so, and much against. This being the case, and no MS of the treatise being known, the Committee have resolved, for the present, at least, not to reprint the old, and evidently incorrect, black-letter text.

Another prose work has of late years been assigned hypothetically to Chaucer, by Mr. Bradshaw, namely, a prose translation of De Guileville's *Pilgrim,*[2] a work which Lydgate also translated in verse. The MS is in the Cambridge University Library ; and as it incorporates into its text—treats as part of it—*Chaucer's A B C,* which we know is translated from this *Pilgrim* of De Guileville, and does not, as Lydgate's translation does, stop, to say 'what follows is my master's, Chaucer's,' Mr. Bradshaw thought that the whole prose treatise in which the A B C is thus found, might be Chaucer's too. Until this slight presumption is supported by phraseological and grammatical evidence drawn from the prose text itself, the matter must remain in suspense. Mr. Bradshaw had undertaken to edit the book for the Roxburghe Club, but has lately resigned the task to Mr. W. Aldis Wright, and the text of the *Pilgrim* is all in type. If, after its appearance in type, the Committee are advised that there is fair ground for supposing this *Pilgrim* to be Chaucer's translation,—though of this there is little chance—the MS will be re-edited for the Society.

β. Barbour's Brus, Part I. By determining to issue this, the third Scotch Text in this year, the Committee desire to record, on the one hand, their sense of the warm support given to the Society by Glasgow—in special contrast to the lukewarmness of Edinburgh,—and on the other, their anxiety that the great Scotch contemporary of Chaucer shall become better known to readers south of the Tweed. The greater genius of the English poet need not blind his readers to the merit of the Scotch ; and—representing Scottish Chivalry, as Barbour does ; writing in the Northern dialect ; and in 1375, within fifty years of the death of the Hero-King he celebrates,—his verse

[1] The necessity for Mr. Skeat's seeing theJtwo Rawlinson MSS that have lately been catalogued for the first time, will delay the issue of the *Bred and Mylk* till late in 1869.

[2] Lydgate's translation of this first of De Guileville's three Pilgrimages has been for some time on the Society's List for publication.

must have a treble interest to the English student of antiquity ; while to the Scotchman, it is his national epic.

The *Brus* will be edited by Mr. Skeat from the MS copied by J[ohn] R[amsay] in 1487 A.D., in the Library of St. John's College, Cambridge, and will be collated with the MS in the Advocates' Library, copied by the same John Ramsay in 1489. Unfortunately, no other MS than these two is known. Half the work is now ready for press.

γ. A Courtesy or Household Tract of some kind, probably a *Book of Precedence*, with some Varying Versions of certain of the short poems in the *Babees Book*, will be edited by Mr. Furnivall, for the purpose of producing a full and interesting account, by Mr. William Michael Rossetti, of the early Italian books on Courtesy, and a sketch, by Mr. Eugene Oswald, of *Der Wälsche Gast*, the earliest German book on Courtesy, written in the 13th century in German, by an Italian, *Thomasin von Zirclaria*, whose first independent Italian treatise on the subject is lost, though it, or the substance of it, exists as a chapter of his more general work on morals, or steadiness, *Der Wälsche Gast*. These Prefatory Essays will complete the circle begun by the English, French, and Latin poems in the Babees Book, and will form a curious chapter in the history of Mediæval Manners.

δ. About the other books of the Extra Series there is some doubt. The Committee are anxious to begin the reprint of Maleore's *Morte D'Arthur*, and, through the kind offices of the Master of Balliol, the Earl of Jersey has been good enough to promise that he will endeavour to arrange with his Trustees that Mr Furnivall shall have access to the Jersey Caxton, in order to collate those parts which are supplied in facsimile from another edition (as Sir E. Strachey found) in the Spencer Caxton,—the volume that Lord Spencer was so kind as to allow Sir E. Strachey and the Society's editor and collater to have access to, at the Museum, two years ago. Pending this arrangement, and pending a further supply of subscribers (which the Extra Series much needs), the Committee cannot yet decide whether Part I of the *Maleore* will be produced this year, or Part I of the Series on the *Condition of Tudor-England*, which they have resolved to undertake, at Mr. Furnivall's request,[1] and in order to work with the Ballad Society's volume of Ballads on this subject, and with Professor Brewer's admirable Calendar of Henry VIII's reign, and the later Calen-

[1] Roberd of Brunne's *Handlyng Synne* is necessarily postponed till the Midland MS of it, with the initial *qu*, believed to be in the possession of Jn. Bowes, Esq., of Streatham Castle, Durham, can be collated.

dars of the same series, though these are not, unluckily, on the same comprehensive scale as the Henry VIII Calendar. In this Series will be included, besides Roy's *Rede me and be not wroth*, the celebrated Satire against Wolsey (? A. D. 1527), the following Tracts, some of great rarity:—

A Supplicacyon for the Beggers, 1524 (?)

A proper Dyaloge betwene a Gentillman and a Husbandman, eche complaynynge to other their miserable Calamité through the Ambicion of Clergye, 1530.

Certayne Causes gathered together, wherein is shewed the decaye of England, onely by the great multytude of Shepe, to the vtter decay of housholde kepyng, mayntenaunce of men, dearth of corne, and other notable dyscommodityes, approued by syxe olde Prouerbs.

The complaynt of Roderyck Mors, somtyme a gray Fryre, vnto the Parliament Howse of Inggland, his naturall Country, for the Redresse of certen wicked lawes, euel customs, and cruel decreys. Imprinted at Savoy, per Franciscum de Turona. [1536.]

"An informacion and Peticion agaynst the oppressours of the pore Commons of this Realme, compiled and Imprinted for this onely purpose, that amongest them that haue to doe in the Parliamente, som godlye mynded men, may hereat take occacion to speake more in the matter then the Authoure was able to write."—By Robert Crowley (the first Printer of *Piers Plowman*).

A Supplycacion to our moste soueraigne lorde Kynge Henry the eyght, Kynge of England, of Fraunce, and of Irelande, & moste ernest defender of Christes gospell, supreme heade vnder God here in erthe, next & immediatly of his churches of Englande and Irelande, A. D. 1544.

A Supplication of the poore Commons, A. D. 1546.

The Lamentacyon of a Christen against the Citee of London, made by Roderigo Mors, Anno Domini M. D. XLII. Prynted at Jericho in the Land of Promis. By Thome Trouth [Henry Brinklow] from the editions of 1545 and 1548.

Some of Bishop Bale's Comedies.

The Tract headed—

I playne Piers, which can not flatter,
A plowe man men we call:
My speche is fowlle, yet marke the matter,
Howe thynges may hap to fall.

The Wyll of the Deuyll, and last Testament. (Humfrey Powell. ? 1548-9.)

The way to wealth, wherein is plainly taught a most present remedy for Sedicion. Wrytten and imprinted by Robert Crowley the .viii. of Februarye in the yere of our Lorde A thousand fiue hundred & fiftie.

A Myrrour for man where in he shall see the myserable State of thys worlde. By Thomas Churschard, ab. 1552.

A trewe mirrour or glasse wherin we maye beholde the wofull state of thys our Realme of England, set forth in a Dialogue or Communicacion between Euscbius and Theophilus. Imprinted 1556.

A Compendious or briefe Examination of Certayne Ordinary Complaints, of diuers of our country men in these our dayes: which although they are in some part vniust & friuolous, yet are they all by way of dialogues throughly debated & discussed. By W. S[tafford] Gentleman. Imprinted at London in Fleetstreate, neere vnto Saincte Dunstones Church, by Thomas Marshe. 1581. *Cum Priuilegio.*

The Fal of the Romish Church, with all the abhominnations.

The Anatomie of Abuses: Containing A Discouerie or briefe Summarie of such Notable Vices and Corruptions, as nowe raigne in many Christian Countreyes of the Worlde: but (especially) in the Countrey of Ailgna [anglia]: Together with most fearefull Examples of Gods Iudgementes, executed vpon the wicked for the same, aswell in Ailgna of late, as in other places elsewhere. Very godly to be read of all true Christians, euery where: but most chiefly, to be regarded in England. Made Dialogue-wise by Philip Stvbs, A. D. 1583, 1585, &c.

The Complaint of England, by William Lightfoote, A. D. 1587.

A Looking-Glasse for Englande. Wherein those enormities and foule abuses may most euidentlie be seene, which are the destruction and ouerthrow of euery Christian Commonwealth, &c., A. D. 1590.

The Mirror and Manners of Men. Written by Thomas Churchyard, Gent. 1594.

To the Kings most excellent Maiestie. The Hvmble Petition of two Sisters: the Chvrch and Common-wealth: For the restoring of their ancient Commons and liberties, which late Inclosure with depopulution, vncharitably hath taken away: Containing seuen reasons as euidences for the same. [By Francis Trigge.] Londini, Impensis Georgii Bishop. 1604.

A volume of Sermons, 1530-92, selected mainly from those quoted from by the Rev. J. O. W. Haweis in his *Sketches of the Reformation and Elizabethan Age from the Contemporary Pulpit*. 1844. &c. &c. &c.

The chief work for the Elizabethan period will be Harrison's Description of England in 1577-87, a work perhaps unique in literature at that early date; a formal description of the whole country, its men and their institutions, houses, manners, diet, and dress; its animals; and the productions of its soil. The writer was a country clergyman, and though he tells us he was never more than forty miles away from his home, and though he complains bitterly of the failure of many of his correspondents to furnish him with the information respecting their neighbourhoods that they had promised, he has yet left us the best and most complete account of Elizabeth's and Shakspere's England that we possess; and it is astonishing that the book has never been reprinted except in the reprints of Holinshed's Chronicle, where it first appeared, and which, from their cost, can have reached comparatively few readers' hands. The very long topographical first book—more than half the whole work—has perhaps deterred publishers from reprinting the treatise. This chapter the Committee propose to omit, and to confine the Society's edition to the interesting second and third books, marking the many additions in the enlarged and revised 1587-edition by square brackets, and noting the other differences of the 1577-edition from the later one,—a task neglected by the last editor, Sir Henry Ellis. Mr. Edward Viles, a member of the Society, author of a forthcoming Concordance to the Poems and Sonnets of Shakspere, has kindly undertaken to edit Harrison, and illustrate him from contemporary writers. One or more of the *Condition of Tudor-*

England Series may be included in the Extra Series for 1869.

Another Text which may also be so included, is, the three fourteenth-century Romances in the Vernon MS — *Ypotis, King Robert of Cecily,* and *the King of Tars and the Sowdon of Damas*—which Mr. J. W. Hales has promised to edit for the Society. Of these *Ypotis* is rather a religious legend than a Romance; but as Chaucer called it a Romance, we will not alter his title:

> Men speken of romauns of pris,
> Of Horn child and of *Ypotis*,
> Of Bevys and sir Gy ....
> *Tale of Sir Thopas; Cant. Tales*, l. 15306, ed. Wright.

Ypotis has never yet been printed; but *King Robert* has been edited by Mr. Halliwell, from a late Cambridge MS, and *The King of Tars and Sowdon of Damas* was edited by Ritson, from the Vernon MS. There is obvious fitness in editing the three Romances together; and they will doubtless go to press this year. During this year, also, the Committee hope to get sent to press for 1870, the Second Part of *Barbour's Brus,* and *the Complaynt of Scotland,* about 1548 A. D., a work no less valuable to the student of History than the student of Popular Literature, one that will form an interesting parallel to some of the Tudor-England tracts, on the one hand, and on the other, to works like *Laneham's Letter,* and certain of the tracts of Greene, Dekker, and Rowlands. Its only drawback is its strong taint of Classicism; but that it owed to its time.

§ 12. *The Society's Prizes.* These continue to work to the Committee's complete satisfaction, yearly bringing in a number of young workers at Early English, some of whom are sure to continue at the task they have set their hands to. Most of the Examination-Papers show that the Professors and Teachers who kindly take on themselves the burden of furthering the Society's plans—for which the Committee again thank them warmly—require a sound knowledge of our early language from their pupils, and this must be a gain for all their after-life. The winners of the Prizes in 1868, were

Winners.	*Examiners.*
John Pickford, Scholar of Brazenose A. H. Sayce, of Queen's College	Rev. Prof. Bosworth, Oxford.
James Colville, of Crieff	Prof. Masson, Edinburgh
Adam Semple	Prof. Nichol, Glasgow.
John A. Honey Henry G. Shepherd	Prof. Baynes, St. Andrew's.
Charles Sheldon	Prof. Ward, Owen's Coll., Manchester.

Winners.	*Examiners.*
A. H. Scott White, Bridgwater	Prof. Morley, Univ. Coll., London.
Bewicke Magill	Prof. Yonge, Queen's Coll., Belfast.
Maurice C. Daly, B.A.	Prof. Rushton, Queen's Coll., Cork.
John Moran	Prof. Moffatt, Queen's Coll., Galway.
J. Cox, H. H. Asquith	Rev. E. A. Abbott, City of London School.

Prof. Nichol of Glasgow gave a second Prize to Peter Melville, M.A. The Examination at King's College, London, was postponed till Easter next. At Trinity College, Dublin, there was no candidate for the Society's prize, in consequence of the competition being confined to the candidates for Moderatorships (B.A. honours); but Prof. Dowden will take steps to have it thrown open, next Session, to all students in the Sophister classes.

Two Schools have been added to the list of Prize-receivers during the year. The Grammar School, Manchester,—Head-master, the Rev. Frederick W. Walker,—and University College School, London, — Head-master, Professor T. Hewitt Key.—The latter school ought to have been on the list from the first, as the Committee are informed by the Vice-Master, E. R. Horton, Esq., that for many years Chaucer has been read as a text-book by the highest class. A yearly prize has also been promised to the English evening classes at Owen's College, Manchester, conducted by Dr. Ernest Adams, who first started Early English at University College School, London.

§ 13. *Miscellaneous.* This Report has been purposely made of greater length than usual, because the Committee and those Members of the Society who try to interest others in it, have often felt the need of some fuller account of the past and current years' work to put into their correspondents' hands. The Society, having no Yearly Meeting,—and if they had, not a twentieth of our Members could attend it,—needs greater detail as to the Committee's plans than can be given in a mere formal curt Report, wants something more like a Chairman's or Secretary's speech. The more that every Member can know of the Society's work, the better; and the present extent of this prevents the subject being hurried over in a couple of pages. The List of some of the MSS and books to be printed or reprinted in future years, is again repeated, although the Committee have been warned that it has frightened some persons intending to join the Society, and that some Members get sick of seeing the same names repeated year after year. But the convenience of the List for hunters after MSS and old

books, to compare with, and add to, is great; and it is well to keep before every Member, present and future, the extent of the work that lies before him. Though the Committee are sorry to terrify or disgust any one, they must say that the men they want are "the resolute members" referred to in the last Report; men who do not think the right way to get through their work is to be afraid of it or let their stomachs turn at it; but men who know they have a work to do, and mean to do it; men who can look 270 MSS and books in the face, and say quietly, 'Well, at 9 a-year, we shall clear you off in 30 years;' who can look at £60,000 worth of work, and say, 'At £1000 a-year, you're to be cut down in 60 years; and if I can manage 30 of them, my boy can settle the other 30.' The Society has a long job in hand, and a heavy one; but not one that can beat men with a *will*. The Roxburghe Club has lasted from 1812 to 1869, and has lately taken a new lease of its life. May not a Society of that Middle Class which has in great measure superseded the Upper as the mainstay of General Literature and Art, expect to do the same in the case of Antiquarian Literature? A like term of existence to the Roxburghe's, for our Society, in its present condition as to numbers, would leave few MSS within its range unprinted. Till all are in type, the Society's work will not be done. The Committee again repeat, that what Germany has done, England can do, and is bound to do,—put all its old Literature into print. France may then follow the joint example, and give us the much-needed originals, now inaccessible or unknown to us, of many of our early works.

A few points remain to be mentioned: 1. The necessity for prompt payment of subscriptions. The Committee urge on all Members who have a banker that they should sign the order on him, printed for the purpose, which will be sent to them on application, and that all other Members should pay their subscriptions as early in the year as they possibly can. The Committee feel sure that if those Members who have given the Honorary Secretary the trouble of applying to them a second time for their subscriptions, will consider that, in addition to the enormous burden of the correspondence of the Society, Mr. Wheatley also bears part of the weight of editing its Texts, they will not again add, by forgetfulness or neglect, to the load he so generously supports for the Society's benefit. The whole Society is under deep obligation to its Honorary Secretary for his generous efforts on its behalf.

2. The Committee have had to consider, during the past year, whether they would insist on the Side-Notes to the

Society's Texts in all cases where they were possible. Considering the great convenience of the side-notes, the help they are to men with little time for reading a Text, or wanting to find a passage quickly, and to other men less conversant than some old students with the early stages of our language, the Committee decided that the putting of side-notes should be the rule for the Society's texts, though with exceptions in the case of double-columned books, &c., &c. That side-notes increase the chances of error, the Committee are painfully aware; but the balance of advantage is largely on their side.

3. The ribbed paper of the large-paper copies of the Extra Series turned out to be more transparent than the Committee had expected. To lessen this the present and future Texts will be printed on it dry, by hand-press; and the next lot manufactured will be made opaque.

4. A few complaints have been received of delay in the receipt of the Society's texts: all have not reached Members in the same neighbourhood on the same day, &c. Mr. Trübner has promised to do what he can to remedy this: but the sending out of a batch of the Society's Texts is no slight matter now; different Members choose different channels of transmission; and economy has to be studied. The profit that the Society can allow its publisher is very little, and the trouble of its issues is considerable when they take place; but what he can do to prevent occasional disappointments to some Members, the Publisher assures the Committee that he will do. Mr. Trübner's services to the Society have been great, and the Committee gladly acknowledge them.

In conclusion, the Committee again call on every Member to do his best to increase the subscription-lists of both the Original and Extra Series.

Further subscriptions are also required for the *Reprinting Fund*. The Texts for 1865 cannot go to press until at least one hundred new names have been received.

The Subscription to the Society is £1 1*s*. a year [and £1 1*s*. (Large Paper £2 2*s*.) additional for the EXTRA SERIES], due in advance on the 1st of JANUARY, and should be paid either to the Society's Account at the Union Bank of London, 14, Argyll Place, Regent Street, W., or by post-office order (made payable to the Chief Office, London) to the Hon. Secretary, HENRY B. WHEATLEY, Esq., 53, Berners Street, London, W.

List of Texts for Publication in future years :

I. ARTHUR AND OTHER ROMANCES.

The Alliterative Romance of the Destruction of Troy, translated from Guido de Colonna. To be edited from the unique MS. in the Hunterian Museum, Glasgow, by the Rev. G. A. Panton, and D. Donaldson, Esq. [*In* 1869 *or* 1870.

The Romance of Arthour and Merlin. Re-edited* from the Auchinleck MS. (ab. 1320-30 A.D.), and the Lincoln's Inn and Douce MSS.

The History of the Saint Graal or Sank Ryal. By Henry Lonelich Skynner (ab. 1440 A.D.). To be re-edited from the unique MS. in the Library of Corpus Christi Coll., Cambridge, by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A.

Le Morte Arthur, re-edited from the Harl. MS. 2252, by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A.

The Arthur Ballads.

The Romance of Sir Tristrem. To be re-edited from the Auchinleck MS.

The Romance of Sir Generides in Ballad Metre, from the unique MS. in Trin. Coll. Library, Cambridge. To be edited by W. Aldis Wright, Esq., M.A.

The English Charlemagne Romances, re-edited from the Auchinleck MS., Lansd. 381, etc.

Sir Ferumbras, a Charlemagne Romance in Southern verse (ab. 1377 A.D.): from MS. Ashmole 33. [*Part copied.*

The English Alexander Romances.

The Early English Version of the Gesta Romanorum. To be re-edited from the MSS. in the British Museum and other Libraries.

II. DIALECTAL WORKS AND DICTIONARIES.

The Gospel of Nicodemus in the Northumbrian dialect. To be edited for the first time from Harl. MS. 4196, Cotton-Galba, E. ix. etc., by R. Morris, Esq. [*Part copied.*

Lives of Saints, in the Southern dialect. To be edited from the Harleian MS. 2277 (ab. 1305 A.D.), the Vernon MS., etc., by R. Morris, Esq.

Barbour's Lives of Saints (in the Northern dialect). From the MS. in the Cambridge University Library.

Audelay's Works in the Shropshire Dialect. To be edited from the Douce MS. 302, by Richard Morris, Esq. [*Part copied.*

A Series of Early-English Dictionaries.

Catholicon Anglicum. An English-Latin Dictionary (A.D. 1480). To be edited from Lord Monson's MS. by H. B. Wheatley, Esq. [*Copied.*

A little Dictionary for Children (W. de Worde), or a shorte Dictionarie for yonge beginners (1554), by J. Withals. (The earliest edition, to be collated with the succeeding editions.) To be edited by Joseph Payne, Esq.

Abcedarium Anglico-latinum, pro Tyrunculis, Richardo Hulœto exscriptore. Londini, 1552. To be edited by Danby P. Fry, Esq.

An Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionarie in Englishe, Latin, Greeke, and French, by John Baret. (The edition of 1580 collated with that of 1573.)

Also, Latin-English,—Horman's Vulgaria, 1519, 1530.

III. MISCELLANEOUS.

The third Version of Langland's Vision of Piers Plowman, Text C, with a volume of Notes, Glossary, etc. To be edited from the MSS. by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A. [*Preparing.*

Chaucer. The Household Accounts of Elizabeth, wife of Prince Lionel, in which Chaucer is mentioned ; with the other Documents relating to the Poet. To be edited by E. A. Bond, Esq., Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum.

An early verse Translation of Boccaccio's *De Claris Mulieribus*, to be edited from the Additional MS. 10,304, by W. Michael Rossetti, Esq., and Mr. Edmund Brock.

Mayster Jon Gardener, and other early pieces on Herbs, etc. To be edited from the MSS. by Oswald Cockayne, Esq., M.A. [*Copied.*

* The re-editions may, and probably will, be transferred to the *Extra Series*, as the getting out of the different works must depend on the power and convenience of the Editors who devote their time and energies to the Society's service, and on the relative amounts subscribed to the Original and Extra Series. The income of each Series should be raised to a thousand a year. The present lists contain probably £20,000 worth of work. Another £40,000 to that would perhaps finish the Society's task; and with a will the work may be done by the present generation. We have now fair hold of it, and should resolve not to loosen our hold till all the work is down.—*Report, January*, 1868.

Early English Treatises on Music—Descant, the Gamme, etc.—from MSS. in London and Oxford. [*Part copied.*

Carols and Songs, Religious and Secular, chiefly from inedited MSS. To be edited by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A. [*Copied.*

Early English Poems from the Vernon MS. To be edited by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A. [*Part copied.*

Palladius on Husbondrie; the earliest English Poem on Husbandry. To be edited from the unique MS. in Colchester Castle (ab. 1425 A.D.) by the Rev. Barton Lodge, A.M. Part I. [*In the Press.*

Sir David Lyndesay's Works, Part V. To be edited by F. Hall, Esq., D.C.L.

The Rewle of the Moon, and other Poems illustrating Superstitions. To be edited from MSS. by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A. [*Part copied.*

Vegecius of Knyghthod and Chyualrie, from MSS. in the Bodleian and British Museum. To be edited by Danby P. Fry, Esq. [*Copied.*

The Siege of Rouen. From Harl. MS. 2256, Egerton MS. 1995, Harl. 753, Bodl. 3562 (E. Musæo 124), etc.

Lydgate's Tragedies of Bochas, or Falles of Princes. From the fine Harleian MS. 1766.

Lydgate and Burgh's Secreta Secretorum. From the Sloane MS. 2464.

The Story of Two Merchants, from the Cambridge Univ. MS. Hh. iv. 12 (ab. 1450, A.D.), with a tale from the Porkington MS., No. 10.

Lydgate's Translation of Boethius, A.D. 1410; Siege of Thebes, 1448-50, and other Poems.

Hugh Campden's Sidracke. From MS. Laud, G. 57; Harl. 4294, etc.

Occleve's Unprinted Works.

Occleve's De Regimine Principum, re-edited from Harl. 4866, Arundel MS. 38, &c.

Le Venery de Twety and of Mayster John Giffarde, and the Mayster of Game. From MSS. Cot. Vesp. B xii., Harl. 5806, etc. To be edited by Alfred Sadler, Esq.

An Old English Bestiary of ab. 1250 A.D. To be edited from an Arundel MS. by R. Morris, Esq. [*Copied.*

Cato, Great and Little, with Proverbs, etc., from the Vernon and other MSS. To be edited by Mr. Edmund Brock. [*Copied.*

Gawain Douglas's Æneis and other Works.

Barbour's Troy-Book. The Fragments in the MSS. of the Cambridge University Library, and the Douce Collection.

The Siege of Jerusalem, two Texts: 1. from a Cambridge Univ. MS., Cot. Calig. A. ii., etc.; 2. from an Oxford Univ. MS., and Calig. A. ii. To be edited by the Rev. J. R. Lumby, M.A.

The Nightingale, and other Poems, from MS. Cot. Calig. A ii. Addit. MS. 10,036, etc.

Early Lawes and Ordinances of Warre. To be edited by the Rev. T. F. Simmons.

George Ashby's Active Policy of a Prince, from MS. Mm. iv. 42, in Camb. Univ. Library.

Peter Idle's Poems, from the MS. Ee. iv. 37, in Camb. Univ. Library.

Adam Davie's Poems, from MS. Laud. I. 74, and Hale's MS. 150. To be edited by Rev. J. R. Lumby, M.A.

A Collection of Early Tracts on Grammar. To be edited (chiefly from MSS. for the first time) by H. B. Wheatley, Esq. [*Part copied.*

Municipal Records of England. To be edited from MSS. by Toulmin Smith, Esq.

Some of Francis Thynne's Works. To be edited from the MSS. by G. H. Kingsley, Esq., M.D.

Skelton's Translation of Diodorus Siculus, oute of freshe Latin, that is, of Poggius Florentinus, containing six books. To be edited for the first time from the unique MS. in the Library of Corpus Christi Coll., Cambridge.

IV. BIBLICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

The Life of St. Juliana, in Early English: two Versions from MSS. To be edited by the Rev. J. Oswald Cockayne, M.A. [*In the Press.*

The Rewle of Saint Benet, in Anglo-Saxon, Semi-Saxon, and Early English, also in Northern verse of the 15th century, and prose of the 15th and 16th. Five texts. To be edited from early MSS. and Cotton MS. Vesp. A. xxv. by R. Morris, Esq. [*In the Press.*

Dan Jeremy's Lay-Folk's Mass-Book, and other Poems on the Mass. To be edited from the 17 B xvii. Royal MS., by the Rev. T. F. Simmons. [*Copied.*

Life of St. Katherine, and other early pieces before 1250 A.D. To be edited from the MSS. (with a translation) by the Rev. Oswald Cockayne, M.A. [*Copied.*

Early English Homilies ab. 1220-30 A.D. To be edited from the unique MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, by Richard Morris, Esq. [*Copied.*

Cursor Mundi, or Cursur o Worlde, in the Northern Dialect. To be edited from the MSS. in the British Museum and Trinity College, Cambridge, by Richard Morris, Esq. [*Copied.*

The Psalms called Schorham's. To be edited from the unique MS. (ab. 1340 A.D.) in the British Museum, by R. Morris, Esq. [*Copied.*

Roberd of Brunne's Handlyng Synne; a treatise on the sins, and sketches of the manners of English men and women in A.D. 1303. To be re-edited from the MSS. in the British Museum and Bodleian Libraries, etc., by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A.

The Harrowing of Hell. To be edited from MSS. in the Bodleian Library, etc., by R. F. Weymouth, Esq., M.A. [*Copied.*

Hampole's Translation of, and Commentary on, the Psalms, from the Northern MS. No. 10 in Eton College Library, etc. To be edited by R. Morris, Esq. [*Part copied.*

Hampole's remaining Works. Myrc's Liber Festivalis.

Þe Clowde of Unknowyng, from MS. Harl. 2373, Bibl. Reg. 17 C xxvi., Harl. 959, etc.

A Lanterne of Li3t, from Harl. MS. 2324.

Early English Directions for the Confessional, from Sloane and other MSS.

The Old and New Testament in Verse. To be edited from the Vernon MS. by R. Morris, Esq. [*Copied.*

The Stories of Lazarus, Susanna and the Elders, etc. From the Vernon MS. To be edited by J. W. Hales, Esq., M.A. [*Copied.*

The History of Adam and Eve. From the Vernon MS., Harl. 1704, etc. Edited by S. W. Kershaw, Esq. [*Copied.*

Amon and Mardocheus, or Haman and Mordecai. From the Vernon MS.

Trevisa's Translation of Fitzralf's Sermon. From MS. Harl. 1900.

Medytacions of the Soper of our Lorde Ihesu, etc., perhaps by Robert of Brunne. To be edited from the Harl. MS. 1701 (ab. 1360 A.D.), etc., by F. J. Furnivall, Esq.

Guillaume de Deguilleville's Pilgrimage of the Sowle, translated. From MS. Cott. Vitel. C xiii.

Lydgate's Life of St. Edmund. From the presentation MS. to Henry VI. Harl. 2278.

William of Nassyngton's Treatise on Sins, etc.

John de Taysteke's Poem on the Decalogue, 1357 A.D. From MS. Harl. 1022.

EXTRA SERIES (OF RE-EDITIONS).

Syr Thomas Maleore's Kynge Arthur, from Caxton's edition of 1485.

Harrison's Description of England. Parts II. and III. From Holinshed's Chronicle. To be edited by Edward Viles, Esq.

Harman's Caueat or Warening for Commen Cursitors, vvlgarely called Vagabones. To be edited by Edward Viles, Esq.

Henry Fielding's Fyftene Ioyes of Mariage. W. de Worde, 1509.

Blind Harry's Wallace, from the MS.

The Voiage and Travaile of Sir John Maundeville, Knight, written A.D. 1356; from the Cotton MS. Titus C xvi., etc. To be edited by Richard Morris, Esq.

Trevisa's Translation of Bartholomew Glanville de Proprietatibus Rerum. To be edited by E. B. Peacock, Esq., from Addit. MS. 27,944, etc.

Froissart's Chronicles, translated out of Frenche into our maternal Englyshe Tonge, by Johan Bourchier, Knight, Lord Berners. To be edited by Henry B. Wheatley, Esq. (if not reprinted in *English Reprints*).

Lord Berners's Translation of Thystory of Arthur of Lytle Brytayne.

Ancient Mysteries, from the Digby MS.

The Wyse Chylde of Thre Yere Olde (W. de Worde); with the Civilitie of Childehode, translated by T. Paynell, 1560, Jn. Holt's Lac Puerorum, and other early Treatises on Education. To be edited by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., M.A.

John Hart's Orthographie, 1569, and Methode to read English, 1570.

Bullokar's Booke at large for the Amendment of Orthography, 1580, 1586.

Mulcaster's Positions, 1561, and Elementarie, 1582.

W. Bullokar's Orthographie, 1580, and Bref Grammar, 1586.

Brinsley's Ludus Literarius, or the Grammar Schoole, 1627.

Sir Thomas Elyot's Governor, and other works.

Juliana Berners' Bokys of Hawkyng and Huntyng, and also of Cootarmuris, 1486, with the Treatyse of Fysshynge with an Angle, 1496.

Caxton's Curial made by Mayster Alain Charretier (1484-5).

———— Book of Good Maners, 1487.

Caxton's Fayt of Armes and of Chyualrye, from Christine of Pisa (1489).
The Forme of Cury. Coryat's Crambe, 1611. Coryat's Cruditics, 1611.
Andrew Boorde's Compendyous Regyment, or a Dyetary of Helth (ab. 1542).
Andrew Borde's Introduction of Knowledge.
Bulleyn's Bulwarke of Defence or the Booke of Simples.
The English Works of Sir Thomas More. Scotish Poems before 1600 A.D.
A Myrrovre for Magistrates. A Volume of Moralities. A Volume of Interludes.
The Northumberland Household Book. Fitzherbert's Husbandry.

*** *All Complaints as to the Non-delivery of Texts should be made to the Publisher.*

Original Series.

The Publications for 1864 *are :—*

1. Early English Alliterative Poems, ab. 1320-30 A.D., ed. R. Morris.
2. Arthur, ab. 1440, ed. F. J. Furnivall.
3. Lauder on the Dewtie of Kyngis, etc., 1556, ed. F. Hall.
4. Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight, ab. 1360, ed. R. Morris.

The Publications for 1865 *are :—*

5. Hume's Orthographie and Congruitie of the Britan Tongue, ab. 1617, ed. H. B. Wheatley.
6. Lancelot of the Laik, ab. 1500, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
7. Genesis and Exodus, ab. 1250, ed. R. Morris.
8. Morte Arthure, ab. 1440, ed. Rev. G. G. Perry.
9. Thynne on Chaucer's Works, ab. 1598, ed. Dr. Kingsley.
10. Merlin, ab. 1450, Part I., ed. H. B. Wheatley.
11. Lyndesay's Monarche, etc., 1552, Part I., ed. F. Hall.
12. The Wright's Chaste Wife, ab. 1462, ed. F. J. Furnivall.

The Publications for 1866 *are :—*

13. Seinte Marherete, 1200-1330, ed. Rev. O. Cockayne.
14. King Horn, Floris and Blancheflour, etc., ed. Rev. J. R. Lumby.
15. Political, Religious, and Love Poems, ed. F. J. Furnivall.
16. The Book of Quinte Essence, ab. 1460-70, ed. F. J. Furnivall.
17. Parallel Extracts from 29 MSS. of Piers Plowman, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
18. Hali Meidenhad, ab. 1200, ed. Rev. O. Cockayne.
19. Lyndesay's Monarche, etc., Part II. ed. F. Hall.
20. Hampole's English Prose Treatises, ed. Rev. G. G. Perry.
21. Merlin, Part II. ed. H. B. Wheatley.
22. Partenay or Lusignen, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat.
23. Dan Michel's Ayenbite of Inwyt, 1340, ed. R. Morris.

The Publications for 1867 *are :—*

24. Hymns to the Virgin and Christ: the Parliament of Devils, etc., ab. 1430, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 3*s*.
25. The Stacions of Rome, the Pilgrim's Sea-Voyage, etc., ed. F. J. Furnivall. 2*s*.
26. Religious Pieces in Prose and Verse, ab. 1440 A.D., ed. Rev. G. G. Perry. 2*s*.
27. Levins's Manipulus Vocabulorum, 1570, ed. H. B. Wheatley. 12*s*.
28. Langland's Vision of Piers Plowman, 1362 A.D. The earliest or Vernon Text, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 7*s*.
29. Early English Homilies, bef. 1200 A.D., Part I. ed. R. Morris. 7*s*.
30. Pierce the Ploughman's Crede, ed. Rev. W. W. Skeat. 2*s*.

The Publications for 1868 *are :—*

31. Myrc's Duties of a Parish Priest, in Verse, ab. 1420 A.D., ed. E. Peacock. 4*s*.
32. The Babees Book, *Urbanitatis*, the Bokes of Nurture of Jn. Russell and Hugh Rhodes, the Bokes of Keruyng, Curtasye, etc., with some like French and Latin Poems, ed. F. J. Furnivall. 15*s*.
33. The Knight de la Tour Landry (in French, 1372 A.D.), ab. 1440 A.D., a Father's book for his Daughters, ed. T. Wright. 8*s*.
34. Early English Homilies, bef. 1300 A.D., Part II. ed. R. Morris.
35. Sir D. Lyndesay's Works, Part III. Hist. and Testament of Squyer Meldrum, ed. F. Hall. 2*s*.

The Publications for 1869 *will probably be :—*

36. Merlin, Part III. ed. H. B. Wheatley: with Mr. Glennie's Essay on Arthurian Localities.
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			£	s.	d.
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1868. Five Hundred and thirty-one at £1 1*s.*			557	11	0
1869. Twenty-six at £1 1*s.*			27	6	0
Subscriptions in advance:					
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R. Johnson, Esq. 1869—1873	5	5	0		
J. Leigh, Esq. ... 1868—1872 ...	5	5	0		
			49	7	0
One Hundred and twenty-one back subscriptions			127	1	0
Sale of Texts			21	0	11
Cash paid into Bank (not identified)			4	4	0
Balance from last Account			26	4	4
REPRINTING FUND:					
Balance from last Account	62	16	0		
Twenty-eight Subscriptions	29	3	0		
			91	19	0
EXTRA SERIES:					
Balance from last Account	33	15	0		
Subscriptions :—					
1867. One Hundred and three	114	5	0		
1868. One Hundred and twenty-six	139	13	0		
1869. Six	7	7	0		
Subscriptions in advance :—					
R. Johnson, Esq. 1867—1873 Large Paper	14	14	0		
F. W. Walker, Esq. 1867—1873 Large Paper	14	14	0		
			324	8	0
			£1229	1	3

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				£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Commission of Agents				...		...	11	15	0
PRINTING ACCOUNT (Austin) :—									
No. 31. Myrc's Parish Priest				48	15	0			
3000 copies of Report, Prospectuses, &c. ...				28	7	0			
							77	2	0
Ditto (Childs)									
No. 32. Babees Book				324	8	5			
35. Lyndesay's Meldrum				27	8	2			
							351	16	7
Ditto (Clarendon Press)									
No. 33. Knight de la Tour Landry				119	19	6			
29, 34. Early English Homilies £175	3	0							
Less paid on account of *Gilds* 50	0	0		125	3	0			
							245	2	6
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Copying, purchase of books, &c.							82	4	3
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Printing Account (Childs)									
I. William of Palerne ... £134	6	6							
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				64	6	6			
III. Caxton's Boke of Curtesy				28	1	10			
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Copying, Purchase of Books, &c.				45	12	7			
Petty Expenses, Postages, &c.				1	0	0			
							259	0	11
Balance at Bankers .. .. £	3	14	8						
,, Extra Series	65	7	1						
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Ballads from Manuscripts.

Vol. II.—Part II.

BALLADS RELATING CHIEFLY TO THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

EDITED BY

W. R. MORFILL, M.A.

HERTFORD:
Printed for the Ballad Society,
BY STEPHEN AUSTIN AND SONS.

1873.

Of Edward, duke of Bokyngam.

In these verses we have the threnody of the unfortunate Duke of Buckingham, put to death at the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII. The charges upon which he suffered appear to have been absolutely devoid of proof. Among others, he was accused of aspiring to the crown in 1511, and with consulting a certain Nicholas Hopkins (a Carthusian monk, who pretended to be a necromancer) on the subject of the King's death. He was executed May 17, 1521.

The account of his trial as given by Holinshed is very fresh and graphic, and was evidently familiar to Shakspere when he wrote the scene so well known to the readers of Henry VIII.

"Thus was this prince duke of Buckingham found giltie of high treason, by a duke, a marques, seven earles, and twelve barons. The duke was brought to the barre sore chafing, and swet marvellouslie; and after he had made his reverence he paused a while. The duke of Norffolke, as judge, said: 'Sir Edward, you have heard how you be indicted of high treason; you pleaded thereto not giltie, putting your selfe to the peeres of the realme, which have found you giltie.' Then the duke of Norffolke wept and said: 'You shall be led to the king's prison, and there laid on a hardle, and so drawne to the place of execution, and there be hanged, cut downe alive, your members cut off and cast into the fire, your bowels burnt before you, your head smitten off, and your bodie quartered and divided at the king's will, and God have mercie on your soule. Amen.'

"The duke of Buckingham said: 'My lord of Norffolke, you have said as a traitor should be said unto, but I was never anie: but, my lords, I nothing maligne for that you have doone to me, but the eternall God forgive you my death, and I doo: I shall never sue to the king for life, howbeit he is a gratious prince, and more grace may come from him than I desire. I desire you, my lords, and all my fellows, to pray for me.' Then was the edge of the axe turned towards him, and he led into a barge. Sir Thomas Lovell desired him to sit on the cushins and carpet ordeined for him. He said: 'Nay; for when I went to Westminster I was duke of Buckingham, now I am but Edward Bohune, the most caitife of the world.' Thus they landed at the Temple, where received him Sir Nicholas Vawse and Sir William Sands, baronets,[1] and led him through the citie, who desired ever

[1] *sic* in the original. *Query* "bannerets."

the people to pray for him, of whome some wept and lamented, and said: 'This is the end of evill life, God forgive him; he was a proud prince, it is pitie that he behaved him so against his king and liege lord, whome God preserve.' Thus about foure of the clocke he was brought as a cast man to the Tower."

Such was the end of this unfortunate man, the head of whose family had been sent for generations to the shambles. See Shakspere's Henry VIII., Act II. Scene 1.

Of the twenty-two stanzas of the ballad, nineteen ryme the second and fourth lines in *-ess*.

[Harl. MS. 2252, leaf 2, back.]

I.

Alas! to whom shuld I complayne,[1]
or shewe my wofull heyvynes,
Sythe fortune hathe me in dysdayne,
& am exiled, Remedyles?

II.

o flatering fortune! I May the Call;
thy Chaungebyll chance I can expres;
moste lykeste A wreche vnnaturall,
þou haste exiled, Remediles.

III.

Alas! Alas! remediles!
put am I to mortall dystres!
exilyd for evyr, Remedyles,
by Cawtellment, & remediles!

IV.

Art thow A god? or by whose lawus
doste take on þe suche enterprise,
to take on the with-owte A Cawse,
whyche yet dyd never preiudyse?

V.

Leve of þi woe to wreke on me,
To leve A lady all Comfortles;
hyt ys no poynte of chevalry,
nor yet no Towche of Ientylnes.

[1] In the MS., several of the final letters, as s, m, n, f, d, have a curl or tag, but they appear to belong to the flourish of the hand.

VI.

I say Adew! but not farweⁿ!
False, flatery*ng*, fortune, w*ith* dobylnes
Thow haste exilyd, whych dyd exseⁿ,
The Chefe refuge of my dystres.

VII.

o god, þ*at* aⁿ þ*is* world hathe wrowghte!
whom shuld I tryste? whych be p*er*force,
That I Browght vppe & made of nowghte
haþ^e me Acusyd, Remedyles.

VIII.

ensampyⁿ by me All lord*es* may Take,
to whom þ*er* mynd*es* they do exprese;
on, of my Counceⁿ þ*at* I dyd make,
haþ^e me Acusyd, remedyles.

IX.

defawte in my prynce can I none fynde,
hys lawys to vse w*ith* Ryghtwysenes;
In them þ*at* *contr*ary he doþ^e fynde,
To correcte them, remedyles.

X.

for, no dowte, dethe haue I des*er*uyd;
good lord, to þ^e I me *con*fesse;
thy grace in me was not Regardyd,
Therfor I dye now remedyles.

XI.

Sumtyme my name was fam*us*lye sprede,
A duke Ryaⁿ, in þ*is* land pereles;
& nowe, Alas! lost ys my hede,
exilyd for evyr, Remedyles!

XII.

Nov take I my dethe here paciently;
hyt bothyth[1] me not to make no stryffe.
Was I nev*er* false to the kyng nor þ^e Crowne,
but only to myn owne lady & wyffe.

---

[1] booteth, advantages.

XIII.

for-gyve me, lady, as þou wold forgevy*n* be!
my payn*us* here they be full thycke.
pray ye for me! and I wyll pray for yow Agayne,
& yf þ^e^ dede may pray for þ^e^ quyke[ke].

XIV.

And nowe, farwell myne owne lady swete!
my payn*us* styll they do Increse;
I truste ons Agayne yow & I shall mete,
& nev*er* to be exilyd, Remedyles.

XV.

Adew, my lady & wyfe!
And Com*f*orte yo*ur* selfe in hevynes;
for to beweyle the losse of my lyfe,
To me hyt ys remedyles.

XVI.

o ye nobyll lord*es* & ladys fayre!
pray to ow*er* kyng, In my dystresse
To be graci*us* to my wyfe, chyld*er*, & myne Ayre,
þ*at* he exile the*m* not Remedyles.

XVII.

for, of my fawte no thynge they knowe;
ow*er* lord god take I to wytnesse!
vnto þ*er* kyng bothe faythfull & Trew:
Exile them not Remedyles.

XVIII.

Therfor, Adew, my lord*es* all!
The darte of deþ^e^ me [dothe] oppresse,
for to com*p*layne of my mortall fall,
To me hyt ys remedyles.

XIX.

Farwell, my good frend*es*, & s*er*u*antes* trewe!
I pray yow all of Ientylnes.
To pray to ow*er* lord Cryste Ie*s*u,
to haue m*er*cy of my wrechydnes.

XX.

Now where ys he Thys dede do shall ?—
geve me leve to speke whyle I haue brethe ;—
here, before *þis* lord*es* all,
hertely here I forgeve þ^e^ my dethe.

XXI.

In Man*us* tuas, I com*m*end me to the, I*esu* !
my body ys here in *þis* dystresse.
now, good lord, as *þou* arte A Iust*es* trewe,
exile not my pore sowle, remedyles !

XXII.

I*esu* ! Reward them bothe bodely & goostlye,
fro*m* alle adu*er*syte & grete dystresse,
þat wyll pray for the sowle of the dwke of bokyngam,
þat late was exiled remedyles.

POEMS RELATING TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

In the following poems, although perhaps few of them can boast of any considerable literary merit, we have a lively picture presented to us of the Maiden Queen, and the estimation in which she was held by her contemporaries. Despite many personal foibles, and a Tudor-like tendency to rule with the strong hand, there can be no doubt that Elizabeth was popular among her subjects: her natural good sense taught her when to stop in her efforts to enforce any of her arbitrary measures: she calculated the pulse of the nation, and kept its beatings regular. If we were to trust the panegyrics written during her reign, she was a paragon of every excellence—intellectual and moral: and mercenary poets were not unwilling to see all conceivable beauties in a woman of seventy, whose cheeks were resplendent with paint, and whose head was bedecked with a red wig.

Such was the Britomart and Gloriana of Spenser: the heroine of whom Raleigh and Essex were knight-errants. The anonymous versifiers, some of whose productions are here for the first time printed, spoke of her as a Venus and Minerva: in her youth she may have had some remote claims to the former appellation; throughout her whole life she might have assumed the latter title with no great inconsistency. With considerable penetration, a ready wit, and a wonderful power of selecting able and suitable agents for her purposes,—witness the brilliant men who composed her court,—she was also a woman of considerable reading, and the mistress of many languages. Elizabeth affected a taste for philological pursuits. Jerome Horsey, the celebrated ambassador to Russia, tells us that when he came back to England, and showed Her Majesty the letter received from the terrible Ivan Vasilievitch, —the annals of whose reign in the bloody fasti of Muscovy seem more than usually besmirched,—the Queen looked with great curiosity at the words in the Slavonic tongue, adding, "I could quicklie lern it." He also tells us that she asked "if such and such letters and asseveracions had not this signification," etc. The poets who praised her linguistic acquirements had probably some good ground for their representations. We know that female education in those days was a solid affair, and had little in common with the mincing elegancies held sufficient by modern society. Camden tells us that "before she was seventeen years of age, she understood well the Latin, French, and Italian tongues, and had an indifferent knowledge of the Greek."

Roger Ascham has recorded her proficiency in the latter language ("Epistolarum Libri Quatuor Oxoniæ," MDCCIII., p. 52, Letter to Joannes Sturmius)—

"Si aves scire, quidnam rerum ago in Aula, intelligas nunquam mihi magis optatum otium concessum fuisse in Academia; quam nunc est in Regia D. Elizabetha et ego una legimus Græce orationes Æschinis et Demosthenis περὶ Στεφάνου. Illa prælegit mihi et primo aspectu tam scienter intelligit, non solum proprietatem linguæ, et oratoris sensum: sed totam caussæ contentionem, populi scita, consuetudinem, et mores illius urbis, ut summopere admirareis."

This is a large measure of praise, unless, as is perhaps too often the case, the schoolmaster is wholly lost in the courtier. The story of the arrival of the Polish ambassador, Paul Dzialinski, who was sent by Sigismund II. in 1597, is well known. He was a man of stately presence, and appeared in an elaborate suit of black velvet; on being introduced before the Queen, he made a long oration in Latin, complaining of the wars between the English and Spaniards, whereby he asserted that the commerce of Poland was seriously injured. In reply, Elizabeth broke out into a vehement tirade in excellent Latin, in which, as Speed says, "lionlike, rising, she danted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestical deporture, than with the tartness of her princely checks."

Of her poetical talents Master George Puttenham speaks with no little praise, although perhaps his critical powers are somewhat blunted by a courtier's adulation: "I finde none example that euer I could see, so well maintayning this figure in English meetre as that ditty of her Maiesties owne making, passing sweete and harmonicall, which figure begins as his very originall name purporteth the most bewtifull and gorgious of all others, it asketh in reason to be reserued for a last complement, and desciphred by the arte of a ladies penne, her selfe beyng the most gorgious and bewtifull, or rather bewtie of Queenes."

Some of the poems have reference to the suit of Anjou, the brother of Henry III. of France, whose visit to England in 1581 had almost resulted in the loss of the Queen's heart. She was then in her forty-seventh year, and before the whole assembled court was seen to take a ring from her finger and place it upon his, as that of her affianced lover. On the following morning, however, her suitor found her anxious and weeping, and she then told him that on advising with her council, she had again made up her mind never to marry. On returning to his apartments the Duke, mortified and stung to the quick, is said to have uttered many sententious speeches on the wayward wills of women, and to have flung the ring of betrothal to the winds. He returned to France, and soon afterwards died.

Elizabeth, who, as we have before mentioned, occasionally ventured upon composition, did not allow Anjou to depart without a poetic lamentation. In the following verses, preserved in the Ashmolean Collection, her feelings found vent :—

[Ash. MS. 781, p. 142.]

"I greive, and dare not shewe my discontent;
I love, and yet am forst to seeme to hate;
I do, yet dare not say I ever meant;
I seem starke mute, but inwardly do prate;
I am, and not; I freese, and yet am burn'd,
Since from myself, my other self I turn'd.

"My care is like my shaddowe in the sunne,
Followes me fliinge, flies when I pursue it;
Standes and lies by me, doth what I have don;
His too familiar care doth make me rue it:
No meanes I finde to rid him from my brest,
Till by the end of thinges it be supprest.

"Some gentler passions slide into my minde,
For I am softe, and made of melting snowe;
Or be more cruell, Love, and soe be kynd,
Let me or flote, or sinke, be high or lowe:
Or let me live with some more sweete content;
Or dye, and soe forget what love ere meant.

"Eliza Regina, upon Mounzeur's departure."

It was well for the country in every way that the marriage never took place. The Duke, an unamiable and selfish man, the degraded scion of the most infamous line of kings which has ever occupied the French throne, was only known to be hated, and the English viewed the proposed alliance with great dislike. Such a union must also have involved us in many political complications, as that of Mary with Philip of Spain had done. A vehement diatribe against the marriage, entitled "The Gaping Gulfe," was written by one John Stubbs, who afterwards suffered severely for his freedom. The following curious account of his punishment is taken from Camden's "History of Elizabeth," book iii. p. 270 :—

"Hereupon Stubbs & Page had their Right hands cut off with a cleaver, driven through the Wrist by the force of a Mallet, upon a Scaffold in the Market-place at Westminster. The Printer (Singleton) was pardoned. I remember (being there present) that when Stubbs, after his Right hand was cut off, put off his Hat with his Left, and said with a loud voice, 'God save the Queen!' the Multitude standing about was deeply silent: either out of an Horrour at this new and unwonted kind of Punishment; or else out of Commiseration towards the man, as being of an honest and unblamable Repute; or else out of Hatred of the Marriage which most men presaged would be the Overthrow of Religion."[1]

[1] Camden describes Stubbs as "John Stubbs, of Lincoln's-Inne, a fervent hot-headed Professor of Religion," and states that the crown lawyers questioned the legality of the Act of Philip & Mary "against the Authours and Publishers of Seditious Writings."

It will be observed that these poets have a somewhat uniform note—the virtues, beauty, and intellect of their mistress. To them she was

"The fair vestal thronèd in the west,"—

the lady with

"———awe commanding face
Attempered sweet to virgin grace,"

as Gray has it. Those who spoke more plainly, either as foreigners, or trusting their private opinions to the secrecy of a diary, could give a portrait of our heroine from a somewhat different point of view. Let us hear the account of Paul Hentzner, a German, who visited the country in 1598. The original is in Latin, but has been translated by Horace Walpole: "Next came the Queen, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, we are told, *very majestic;* her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked, her lips narrow, and her teeth black (a defect the English seem subject to, from their too great use of sugar); she had in her ears two pearls, with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown, ... and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels; her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately, her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a marchioness; instead of a chain she had an oblong collar of gold and jewels. As she went along in all this state and magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another, whether foreign ministers, or those who attended for different reasons, in English, French, and Italian; for besides being well skilled in Greek, Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch (*sic*), and Dutch; whoever speaks to her, it is kneeling; now and then she raises some with her hand. While we were there, W. Slawata, a Bohemian baron, had letters to present to her; and she, after pulling off her glove, gave him her right hand to kiss, sparkling with rings and jewels—a mark of particular favour; wherever she turned her face, as she was going along, everybody fell down on their knees. The ladies of the court followed next to her, very handsome and well-shaped, and for the most part dressed in white. She was guarded on each side by the gentlemen-pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle-axes. In the ante-chapel next the hall where we were, petitions were presented to her, and she received them most graciously, which occasioned

the exclamation of 'Long live Queen Elizabeth!' She answered it with, 'I thank you, my good people.'"

No one can deny that the foreigner has left us a very vigorous picture of the "Great Eliza."

The following curious memoranda, compiled by Dr. Simon Forman, are to be found among the Ashmolean MSS. preserved in the Bodleian. In them the Queen appears in a very homely light.[1]

[Ash. MS. 226, fol. 44.]

"Anno 1597, the 23 Januaria, about 3 A.M., I dreampte that I was with the Queene, and that she was a lyttle elderly woman in a Corse whit peticote all vnredy, & she & I walked vp and downe thorowe Lanes & closes talkinge & reasoning of many matters; at Last we came over a thicket close wher were many people, and ther were too men at hard words, and on of them was a weauer, a talle man with a raddish berd distracte of his wits, and she talked to him, and he spak very merily vnto her, & at Laste did take her and kyst her. Soe I tok her by the Arme & puld her away, & told her the fellowe was franticke, and soe we went from him, & I led her by the Arme still, and then we wente thorowe a durty lane. And she had a long whit smok, very clene and faire, and yt drailled in the durte & her cote behind, and I toke her cote & did carry yt vp a good waie, and then yt hunge to lowe before. And I towld her in talk she should do me a fauour to let me waight on her, & she said I should. . . . . And soe we talked meryly, & then she began to lean vpon me when we were paste the durte, & to be veri familiar with me, and me thoughte she began to Loue me. And when we were Alone out of sighte me thought she wold haue kissed me. And with that I waked. That morninge soe sone As I was vp, came

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[1] "Lilly tells us in his autobiography that Dr. Simon Forman 'travelled into Holland for a month in 1580, purposely to be instructed in astrology, and other more occult sciences, as also in physic, taking his degree of doctor beyond seas,' and afterwards lived in Lambeth, with a very good report of the neighbourhood, especially of the poor, unto whom he was very charitable. Lilly says further, 'he was a person that in horary questions (especially thefts) was very judicious and fortunate; as also in sickness, which indeed was his master-piece.' If this means that he was a master in the art of secretly destroying health and life, a subtle practitioner in poisons, the infamous story of Lord and Lady Essex, and the tragedy of Sir Thomas Overbury, will sufficiently bear out the statement. 'In resolving questions about marriage,' Lilley adds, 'he had good success; in other questions very moderate.' As for a remarkable memorandum which the doctor left behind him—'This I made the Devil write with his own hand in Lambeth Fields, 1596, in June or July, as I now remember'—we must be excused from believing the affirmation till some unexceptionable witness is brought forward who will swear to his infernal majesty's handwriting."—Knight's "London," vol. iii. p. 251.—In the paper from which this passage is extracted, we have a very interesting sketch of the life of Forman and other mountebanks of the period, notably Dee, Kelly, and Lilly—the adventures of the first of the three being of a highly romantic character. There are many MSS. in the Ashmolean Collection entirely written by Forman, one of them giving an account of his early life.

Mr. Sefton vnto me, to entrete me to forgive him, and soe end his matter; but he wold not pay my charge, nor mak me Any recompense, nor haue Any man to heare the matter, & after moch talk I told him no, & soe with moch a doe we departed: ther was nothing ells fell out that Dai, but at afternone Jone mi sister cam to me, and I went to ΔλΧ (Dulwich?) to the (cypher), and helth (cypher), quia Dominus egrotabit diu ex. mightily."

[Fol. 45.] "Then the 22 of Feb. I dreamt of the quene that she came to me all in black & a french hode; that dai I had Anger by Doryty and Mrs. Pennington, that came to me About words my man spake."[1]

Ben Jonson twice mentions this celebrated quack:

"*Dauphiné.*—I would say thou hadst the best philter in the world, and couldst do more than madam Medea or doctor Foreman."—*Silent Woman*, act iv.

"Ay, they do now name Bretnor, as before they talked of Gresham, and of Doctor Foreman."—*The Devil is an Ass*, act i. scene 2.

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[1] Ash. MS. 226 is a volume consisting of several quires of paper bound together, thus entitled by Ashmole, "Figures set upon Horary questions, by Mr. Simon Forman, 1597, vol. 2, being his medical and astrological Practice from 20th January, 1597, to 20 February, 1598. Forman born 1552, died 1611."—Ash. MS. 219 is a volume by Forman of the same description as the foregoing. He has recorded (fol. 53), "The words that Peter Sefton of the ston house, Clarke, uttered againste Simon Forman the 9th of May, 1599, with the names of the witnesses, and a note that he was arrested for the same;" and in Ash. MS. 236, another MS. of Forman's, Sefton's "matter" is brought to a close by a "copy of a certificate of oath made by Thomas Grene, serjeant, of the delivery of a bond by S. Forman, for settling the dispute between him and Peter Sefton (23 May, 1599)." Occasionally he applies his astrological knowledge to very practical questions, as when he seeks to find out "whe[the]r Danson will pay me my money the next court day" (24 Jan. 1610).

The Partheniades of George Puttenham.

Of George Puttenham, the author of the "Arte of English Poesie," 1589, our records are very meagre. He was born about 1532, and probably died somewhere near the close of the same century. The poem is here printed from a Cottonian MS. If we had any doubts about the writer, they would certainly be removed by the following allusion in the above-cited work:

"This considered, I will let one figure enioy his best beknowen name, and call him stil, in all ordinarie cases, the figure of comparison, ... as when we sang of our Soueraigne Lady thus, in the twentieth Partheniade—

As faulcon fares to bussardes flight," etc.

The authorship of Puttenham was known to his contemporaries. Sir John Harington, in the preface to his translation of "Orlando Furioso" (London, 1591), alludes sarcastically to his slender poetical merits: "Neither do I suppose it to be greatly behoofull for this purpose, to trouble you with the curious definitions of a Poet and Poesie, and with the subtill distinctions of their sundry kinds; nor to dispute how high and supernatural the name of a maker is, so christened in English by that vnknowne godfather, that this last year save one, viz. 1589, set forth a booke called the Arte of English Poetrie. . . . . For though the poore gentleman laboreth greatly to proue, or rather to make Poetrie an art, and reciteth as you may see in the plural number, some pluralities of patterns, and parcels of his owne Poetrie, with divers pieces of Partheniads and hymnes in praise of the most praiseworthy: yet whatsoeuer he would proue by all these, sure in my poore opinion he doth proue nothing more plainly, than that which M. Sidney and all the learneder sort that have written of it do pronounce, namely, that it is a gift, and not an art. I say he proueth it, because making himselfe and so manie others so cunning in the art, yet he sheweth himself so slender a gift in it."

In a list of works written by Puttenham, copied by Ritson from a memorandum made by George Steevens out of a paper in the handwriting of Ben Jonson, the name Partheniades also occurs (see Carew Hazlitt's "Handbook of Elizabethan Literature," p. 488). Besides these mentions, I may notice that a part of the poem was printed in Nichols' "Progresses of Queen

Elizabeth," 1823, and again in "Ancient Critical Essays," edited by Joseph Haslewood, 1811. It will be observed that the copy of the piece is not complete: at least three of the divisions being omitted. It was probably presented to the Queen on New Year's Day, 1579. In his reprint, Haslewood has not attempted to explain any of the difficulties which the poem contains.

[MS. Cott. Vesp. E. viii. leaf 169.]

The principall addresse in nature of a New yeares gifte, seeminge therebye the Author intended not to have his name knowne.

Parthe: 1. Thaleia. Gracious Princesse, Where princes are in place
To geue you gold, and plate, and perles of price,
It seemeth this day, saue your royall advice,
Paper præsentes should haue but little grace.
But sithe the tyme so aptly serues the case,
And, as some thinke, youre highnes takes delighte
Oft to pervse the styles of other men,
And oft youre self, with Ladye Sapphoes pen,
In sweet measures, of poesye t'endite
The rare affectes of your hevenly sprighte,
Well hopes my Muse to skape all manner blame,
Vttringe your honours, to hyde her owners name.

The author choosinge by his verse to honour the Queenes Maiestie of England Ladye Elizabeth, bodily preferreth his choise *and* the excellencye of the subiect before all others of anye Poet, auncient or moderne.

Parthe. 2: Clio: 2. Greeke Achilles and his peeres did enioye
Greate Homers troompe, for theyr high valiaunce,
And Maro woulde in stately stile advaunce
Æneas, and that noble reste of Troye.
In martial moodes Lucane did singe the chaunce,
Ende and pursute of that lamented warre
Of proude allyes, whose envy spredd so farre,
As exilde Roome all egall governaunce.

Horace honourd August, the highest of names,
And yet his harte from Mecene neuer swerude.

Ovide helde trayne in Venus courte, and serude
Cheife secretarye to all those noble Dames,
Martyres of loue, who so broylde in his flames
As both theyr trauth *and* penance well deserude
All in fine gold to haue theyr image kerude,
For cleere recorde of theyr most woorthy fames.

By the brighte beames of Cynthia, the sheene, [lf. 169. bk.]
Cupide kendled the fyres of properse,[1]
Tibullus teares bayned[2] Neæras herse,
And ladye Laura, her graces that grow greene,
By Dan Petrarche, of Tuskan poets prince.
Anacreon sange all in his wanton spleene;
But proude Pindare, he spilde the praises cleene
Of all Liricques that were before or since.

I singe noe bloodd, nor battayles in my verse,
Amorous odes, or elegies in teene,[3]
Churlishe satire, as Juvenall and Perse;[4]
But in chast style am borne, as I weene,
To blazon foorthe the briton mayden Queene,[5]
Whose woorthes surmount them all that they reherse.

That her Maiestie (twoo thinges except) hath all the partes that iustly make to be sayd a most happy creature in this world.

Parthe: 3. Erato. Youthfull bewtye, in body well disposed;
Louelye fauoure, that age cannot deface;
A noble harte, where nature hath inclosed
The fruitfull seedes of all vertue and grace;
Regall estate, coucht in the treble crowne,
Ancestrell all, by linage and by right;
Store of treasures, honour and iust renowne;
In quiet raigne, a sure redouted mig[h]t;
Fast frindes, foes few or faint, or overthrowen;
The stranger toonges, and the harts of her owne:

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[1] Propertius.
[2] Bathed, Fr. *baigner*.
[3] Grief, spite.
[4] Persius.
[5] A favourite epithet of Elizabeth among the poets of the period.

Breife; both nature and nourriture haue doone,
With fortunes helpe, what in their cunning is
To yelde the erth, a Princelye paragon.
But had shee, oh! the two ioys shee doth misse—
A Cesar to her husband, a Kinge to her soone—
What lackt her highnes then to all erthly blisse?

[lf. 170] That her Maiestie surmounteth all the Princesses of our tyme in wisedome, bewtye, and magnanimitye, and ys a thinge verye admirable in nature.

Parthe: 4: Thalia. Whome Princes serve, and Realmes obay,
And greatest of Bryton kinges begott,
Shee came abroade even yesterday,
When such as saw her knew her not;
For one woold ween that stoode a farre
She were as other weemen arre.

In trauthe it fares much otherwise:
For whilest they thinke they see a Queene,
It comes to passe ye can devise
No stranger sight for to bee seene;
Suche erroure falls in feble eye
That cannot view her stedfastlye.

How so? alas! forsooth it is,
Nature, that seldome woorkes amis,
In woman's brest by passinge arte
Hath harbourd safe the Lyons harte,
And featlye fixt, with all good grace,
The serpentes hedd and angells face.

That wisedome in a princesse is to be preferred before bewtye, riches, honour, or puissaunce; but where all the partes concure in one person, as they doe moste evidently in her Maiestie, the same is not to be reputed an humane, but rather a diuine perfection.

Parthe: 5 Melpomene. The Phrigian youth, full ill advised,
To iudge betweene goddesses thre,

All worldly wealth and witt despised,
And gaue the price to cleere beawtee:
His meede therfore was to win grace [lf. 170 bk.]
Of Venus, and her louinge race.
The wandring prime and Knightes of Troye,
Who first broughte bale to Tyrian towne,
Coulde never finde comforte or ioye
While Juno did vppon them frowne:
Hir wrathe appeased, they purchaste reste,
An Lavine lande theire owne beheste.
I am not rapte in Junoes spheare,
Nor with dame Venus louelye hewe;
But here one earthe I serue and feare,
O mayde Minerue, thine ydoll true,
W[h]ose power preuayles in warr and peace,
So as thy raigne can no tyme cease.

The addresse.

Princesse, yee haue the doome[1] that I can giue,
But seldome sitts the iudge that may not erre;
Whence, to be sure, I haue vowed while I liue,
T' addore all three godheads in your own starre.

That vertue ys alwayes subiect to envy and many times to perill; and yf her Ma*iesties* most notable prosperities haue ever beene maligned, the same hath beene for her only vertues sake.

Parthe: 6 Melpomene. Fayre Britton maye,[2]
Wary and wise in all thy wayes,
Never seekinge nor finding peere,
When ere thy happe shalbe to heere
My mouth be muet in thy prayse
But one whole daye,

Sweare by thine head, [lf. 171.]
And thy three crownes, it must needes bee
Whilest I admire thy rare bewtye
I am forspoke, in spite of thee,
By some disdaynefull curst feyrye,
Or sicke, or dead.

[1] Judgment. [2] Maid.

But while thy mighte
Can keepe my harte queavinge[1] or quicke,
Trust me my lippes shall neuer lenne[2]
To power thye prayses to my penne,
Till all thy foes be sorrowe sicke
Or dead out right.

They saye not soothe
Of grace and goodnes that mainetayne
Them to be thinges so safe, so louelye;
I see nothinge vnder the skie
Abide suche daunger and disdaine
As vertue doothe.

Then, if theyr bee
Any so canckred harte to grutche[3]
At your gloryes, my Queene, in vayne,
Repininge at your fatall raigne,
It is for that they feele to muche
Of your bountee.

Parthe: 7 Euterpe.

A ryddle of the Princesse Paragon.[4]

I saw marche in a meadowe greene
A fayrer wight then feirye Queene;
And as I woulde approche her neere,
Her head ys shone like Christall cleere;
Of silver was her forehead hye,
Her browes two bowes of Henevye;[5]
Her tresses troust were to beholde,
Frizeld and fine as frenge of gold;
Her eyes, god wott what stuffe they arre,
I durst be sworne eche ys a starre,
As cleere and brighte as to guide
The pilot in his winter tide;
Twoo lippes wroughte out of rubye rocke,
Like leaues to shutt and to vnlocke,

[1] Quaving, shaking. Cf. quaver.
[2] Lend, A.S. *lene.*
[3] Grieve, envy, grumble.
[4] "Specially of faire women whose excellencie is discouered by paragonizing, or setting one to another, which moued the zealous Poet, speaking of the mayden Queene, to call her the paragon of Queenes."—Puttenham's *Art of Eng. Poesie.* Of Ornament, Lit. III.
[5] Ebony.

As portall doore in princes chamber;
A golden toonge in mouth of amber,
That oft ys hard, but none yt seethe;
Without a garde of yvorye teethe,
Even arrayed, and richelye, all
In skarlett, or in fine corrall;
Her cheeke, her chinne, her neck, her nose,
This was a lillye, that was a rose;
Her hande so white as whales bone,
Her finger tipt with Cassidone;[1]
Her bosome, sleeke as Paris plaster,
Held vpp twoo bowles of Alabaster;
Ech byas was a little cherrye,
Or as I thinke a strawberrye;
A slender greve,[2] swifter then Roe,
A pretye foote to trippe and goe,
But of a solemne pace perdye,
And marchinge with a maiestye;
Her body shapte as strayghte as shafte,
Disclosed eche limbe with-outen craft,
Saue shadowed all, as I could gesse,
Vnder a vayle of silke Cypresse,
From toppe to toe yee mighte her see
Timberd and tall as Cedar tree,
Whose statelye turfe exceedeth farre
All that in frithe[3] and forrest arre.
This markt I well, but loe anone, [lf. 172.]
Me thought all like a lumpe of stone—
The stone that doth the steele enchaunte
The dreadfull rocke of Adamante,
And woorkes the shippe, as authors speake,
In salt sea manye a wofull wreake—
Her hart was hidd, none might yt see,
Marble or flinte folke weene yt bee;
Not flint I trowe, I am a lyer,
But Syderite[4] that feeles noe fier.
Now reed aright, and do not mis,
What iolly[5] dame this ladye is.

[1] Cassidony, a kind of precious stone.
[2] Old French grève, the shin.
[3] A wood: the word occurs in Chaucer.
[4] The loadstone.
[5] The old Spenserian use of the word—

"Full iolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt."
—Faerie Queene, book i. canto 1.

The assoile.[1]

This fleshe and bloode, this head, members and harte,
These lively lookes, graces, and bewty sheene,
Make but one masse, by nature and by arte
Rare to the earth, rathe to the worlde seene:
Would yee faine knowe her name and see your parte?
Hye, and beholde a while the mayden Queene!

The assoile at large, moralized in three Dizaynes.

Parthe: 8. Thalia. A hed harbroughe[2] of all counsayle *and* witt,
Where science dwells makinge a liuely sprighte,
And dame discourse, as in her castell sitt,
Scanninge causes by minde and by forsighte;
A cheere Where Looue and maiestye doe raigne
Both mild and sterne, having some secret mighte;
Twixte hope and dreede, in woe, and with delighte,
Mans harte in holde, and eye for to detayne;
Feedinge the one with sighte in sweete desyre,
Dauntinge thother, by daunger to aspire.

Affable grace, speeche eloquent and wise,
Stately præsence, suche as becometh one
Whoe seemes to rule realmes by her lookes alone, [172 bk.]
And hathe what ells dame Nature coolde devise
To frame a face and corsage paragon,
Suche as these blessed sprightes of paradise
Are woonte to assume, or suche as lovers weene
They see sometimes in sleepe and dainty dreame,
In femall forme a goddesse, and noe Queene,
Fitter to rule a worlde then a realme.

A constante mynde, a courage chaste and colde,
Where loue logget[3] not, nor loue hathe any powres;
Not Venus brandes, nor Cupide can take holde,
Nor speeche prevayle, teares, plainte purple or golde,
Honoure, nemȝire, nor youthe in all his flowers,
This wott ye all full well yf I do lye:

[1] "The assoile," absolution, *i.e.* as we now say of a riddle, the solution; a favourite word with Puttenham.

[2] A head; the harbour or lodging.

[3] Lodgeth.

Kinges and kinges peeres, who haue soughte farre
and nye,
But all in vayne, to bee her paramoures,
Since twoo Capetts,[1] three Cezaimes[2] assayde,
And bidd[3] repulse of the great Britton Mayde.

A verye strange and rufull vision presented to the authoure, the interpretation wherof was left to her Ma*ie*stie till by the purpose discovered.

(Parthe: 9.) In fruitfull soyle beholde a flower sproonge,
Distayninge golde, rubyes, and yvorye;
Three buddes yt bare, three stalkes, tender and younge,
One moare middle earthe, one toppe that touche the
skye,
Under the leaues, one branches brade and hye,
Millions of birds sange shrowded in the shade;
I came anone, and sawe with weepinge eye
Twoo blossoms falne, the thirde began to fade,
So as, within the compas of an houre,
Sore withered was this noble deintye flowre,
That noe soyle bredd, nor lande shall loose the like,
Ne no seazon or soone or sokinge showre [lf. 173.]
Can reare agayne for prayer ne for meede.
"Woe and alas!" the people crye and shrike,[4]
"Why fades this flower, and leaues noe fruit nor seede?"

Parthe: 10. Calliope. Another vision happned to the same authoure as Comfortable *and* recreatyve as the former was dolorous.

A royall shippe I sawe by tyde and by winde,
Single and sayle in sea as sweet as milke;

---

[1] "Since twoo Capetts." Lingard, vol. vi. p. 31, has given us a list of the suitors for the hand of Elizabeth. The two Capets were the Duke of Anjou and his younger brother, the Duke of Alençon.

[2] Probably a slip of the pen for Cezarins. Perhaps the allusion is to Philip I. of Spain, who had previously married her sister Mary. His son, the mad Don Carlos, who seems to have been proposed as her husband; John Emmanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, who was a scion of the Imperial House; or perhaps the Archduke Charles, the third and youngest son of the Emperor Ferdinand I.; may be meant. Of the last Coxe says (History of the House of Austria, ed. 1810, vol. ii.): "He was also a candidate for the hand of Elizabeth of England, and like other princes was disappointed by her maiden coyness, or independent spirit." He certainly did not make his appearance in England, like Anjou, only to undergo the indignity of a public rejection.

[3] Invited.

[4] Shriek.

Her Cedar keele, her mast of gold refined,
Her takle and sayles as silver and silke,
Her fraughte more woorthe then all the wares of Inde;
Cleere was the coaste, the waues were smooth and still,
The skyes al calme, Phœbus so brighte he shined;
Æolus in poope gaue her wether at will;
Dan Neptune stered, while Proteus playde his sporte,
And Neræus deinty dauters sange full shrill,
To slise her sayles, that they mighte swell theyr fill;
Jove from aboue his pleasant showers powrde;
Her flagge, it beares the flowers of mans comforte:
None but a kinge or more maye her abourde;
O gallant peece, well will the Lillye afoorde
Thow strike mizzen and anker in his porte!

That her Ma*ies*ties most woorthye renowne can not perishe while the worlde shall laste, with certayne philosophicall opinions touchinge the beginninge and durabilitye of the worlde.

Parthe: ll. Vrania. O mightye Muse!
The *mignionst*[1] mayde of mounte Parnasse,
Ever verdurde with flowre and grasse
Of sundrye hews,
Saye, and not misse,
How longe agone and whence yt was
The fayre rounde worlde first came to passe
As yt now ys?

There be that saye [173 bk.]
How yt was never otherwise
Then as wee see it with our eyes
This very daye;
There bee agayne
A secte of men, somewhat precise,
Beleeue a godd did yt devise,
And not in vayne,

Nor longe agone,
Onely to serue Adam's linage
Some little while as for a stage
To playe vpon;

[1] Fr. mignon.

And by despighte
One daye agayne will in his rage
Crushe it all as a kicson cage[1]
And spill it quite.

Some weene it must[2]
Come by recourse of praty moates,
Farr finer then the smallest groates
Of sand or dust
That swarme in sonne,
Clinginge as faste as little clotes[3]
Or burres vppon younge children's cotes
That slise and runne.

Other suppose
A *νοῦς* approcht, and by reason
Brought it to shape and to season
From a Chaos;
But some tech vs,
By playne proofes, whye yt were begone;
Nor never more shalbe vndone,
But byde even thus,

Whoorlinge his whott[4] [lf. 174.]
And endlesse roundell[5] with a throwe,
Swifter then shaft out of a bowe,
Or cannon shott.
O bootlesse carke
Of mortall men searchinge to knowe,
Or this or that, since he must rowe
The dolefull barke

[1] *Query* kecky, hollow. See Halliwell's Dictionary.

[2] Puttenham is here displaying to some advantage his attainments in philosophy. It was Anaxagoras who considered *νοῦς* to be the primary cause of all things, and in order to explain the creation of all existing things, Democritus maintained that there were in infinite space an infinite number of atoms or elementary particles, homogeneous in quality, but heterogeneous in form. He further taught that these atoms combine with one another, and that all things arise from the infinite variety of the form, order and position of the atoms in forming combinations. The cause of these combinations he called chance (*τυχη*), in opposition to the *νοῦς* of Anaxagoras.—Dr. Smith's "Classical Dictionary."

[3] A.S. *clate*, a bur sticking to man's clothes, the cloth bur (Somner in Bosworth). "*Clote*, herbe. Lappa bardana, C. F. *lappa rotunda* (glis, P.)."—Promptorium. See Dr. Prior's "Popular Names of British Plants:" "*Clot-bur*, the bur-dock."

[4] Whirling his?

[5] "*Rundle* or *roundel* (in heraldry), the figure of a round ball or bullet."—Phillipps.

Which Charon guydes,
Fraught ful of shadows colde and starke,
That ferrye to the coontryes darke,
Tendinge theyr tydes!
Since stoute nor stronge
Metall, nor moulde of worldlye warke,
Nor writt of any cunninge clarke,
Can last soe longe

To outlast the skye.
Honour, empire, nor erthly name,
Save my princesse most woorthye fame,
Which cannot dye!

Purpose. Howe twoo principall exployetes of her Ma*ies*tie since shee came to the crowne—to weete, establishment of religion and peace—doe assuredly promise her in this life a most prosperous raigne and after her death a woorthye and longe lastinge name.

What causes mooved so many forreinge Princes to bee sutours to her Ma*ies*tie for mariage, and what by coniecture hath hitherto mooved her to refuse them all.

Parthe: 12. Vrania. Not youre bewty, most gratious soveraigne, [17a bk.]
Nor maydenly lookes, mayntaynde with Maiestye,
Your stately porte, which dothe not matche but stayne;
For your Pallas, your presence, and your trayne,
All Princes courtes, myne eye coulde ever see.
Not your quicke witts, your sober governance,
Your cleer forsighte, your fayt[h]full memorye,
So sweete features in soe stayed countenance;
Nor languages with plenteous vtterance,
So able to discourse and entertayne.

Not noble race, farre beyonde Cesars raigne
Runne in right line, and bloode of noynted Kinges;
Not large empire, armyes, treasures, domayne,
Lustye liuries, of fortunes deerst derlinges;
Not all the skills fitt for a princelye dame,
Your lerned Muse with youth and studye bringes;

Not true honoure, ne that *im*mortall fame
Of mayden raigne, your onelye owne renowne,
And noe Queenes ells, yet suche as yeeldes youre name
Greater glorye then dooth your treble crowne.

Not any one of all these honourde partes,
Youre princely happs and habites that doe move,
Or, as it were, enforced all the hartes
Of Christen Kinges to quarrell for your love;
But to possesse at once and all the goode
Arte and engyn,[1] and every starre above
Fortune or kinde coolde farce[2] in fleshe and bloode,
Was force ynoughe to make so many strive
For your person, Who in our worlde stoode
By all consents the mignonst mayde to wiue.

But now (saye they) what crueltye coold dryue [f. 175.]
By such repulse your harte harder then stone
So many hopes of princes to depriue?
Forsoothe, what guyftes God from his regall throne
Was woont to deale by righte distributyue;
Share meale to eche, not all to anye one;
O peerles yow! or ells no one alive,
Your pride serves you to seize them all alone;
Not pride, Madame, but prayse of your lyon
To conquer all, an[d] be conquerd by none.

Purpose.

Conteininge a resolution politique touchinge the feminyne gover[n]ment in Monarchye with a defensive of her Ma*ie*sties honoure and constancye for not enclininge her courage (after the example of other ordinarye weemen), nor yet to the appetite of most greate princes, eyther in the affayre of her Mariage or of her manner of regyment.

What thinges in nature, co*m*mon reason, and cyvill pollicye goe so faste linked together as they maye not easilye bee soonedred without pr*e*iudice to the politike bodye, whatsoever evill or absurditye seeme in them.

[1] Skill, cunning. [2] Stuff.

Parthe. 13, Thalia. Princesse, my Muse thought not amys
To enforme your noble mynde of this;
Sythens yee see all wordlye men,
How they runn ryott now and then,
By mistakinge and want of sence
In thinges of little consequence,
Truly discerned as they maye bee
By one of royall Maiestie,
And deepe discourse and earnest zeale,
As yours is for all our weale,
Or ells it maye full oft befall,
For thinges of no moment at all,
Discorde maye grow by braule and iarre,
Thence faction, thence cyvile warre,
Which, when the popular brayne ys woodd,[1] [lf. 175 bk.]
Coold not be stauncht with-outen bloodd;
And now betymes ye may prevente,
By this humble advertismente,
Shewinge the soomme and points in cheefe,
That wholly make and marre this greefe;
Remove misterye from religion,
From godly feare all superstition,
Idolatrye from deepe devotion,
Vulgare woorshippe from worldes promotion,
Take me from hallows ceremonye,
From sects errours, from Sayntes hyppocrisye,
Orders and habites from graduates and clerkes,
Penaunce from sinne, and merite from goode werkes;
Pull people and theyr prince asoonder,
From games to gaze at and miracle to woonder;
Forbidde pesauntes theyr countrye sporte,
Preache all trothe to the raskall sorte,[2]
Pull prophane powles out of all yoke;[3]

[1] Mad.

[2] Rascals, low people, the refuse.

[3] St. Paul's was the great preaching place of London, and yet was made the resort of gallants and vicious characters. See in Dekker's *Gull's Hornbook* the chapter "How a gallant should behave himself in Paul's Walks," and *The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie; or, The Walkes in Powles*, 1604 (Percy Society, 1841), etc., etc. The "out of all yoke" doubtless refers to Elizabeth's only allowing "Established" ministers to preach. Dekker says: "He that would strive to fashion his legs to his silk stockings, and his proud gait to his broad garters, let him whiff down these observations; for if he once get to walk by the book, and I see no reason but he may, as well as fight by the book, Pauls may be proud of him."

Let popular preachers beare a stroke;
Remoue rigour from humane laws,
Credulitye from prophetts saws;
Let reason range beyonde his creede,
Mans faythe languishe nor conscien[c]e bleede;
Make from olde reliques reverence,
From publique shews magnificence;
Take solemne vows from Princes leagues,
From sanctuary privileage;
Take me from publique testimonye,
Book oathe by trouthe or periurye;
Take pompe from prelates, and maiestie from Kinges,
Solemne circumstance from all these wordly thinges,
We walke awrye and wander without lighte,
Confoundinge all to make a Chaos quite.

Purpose. Conteinynge an invective agaynste the puritanes, with singular commendacion of her Maiesties consyderate iudgment *and* manner of proceedinge in the cause of religion. The daunger of innovations in a common welth, the poison of sectaryes, and perillous yt ys to shake religion at y^e^ roote by licentious disputes and doctrines.

[lf. 176.] That amonge men many thinges be allowed of necessitye, many for ornament, which cannot be misliked, nor well spared without blemishe to the cyvile life.

Parthe: 14 Calliope. Deny honoure to dignitye,
And triumphe to iust victorye;
Pull puisance from soverayntee,
And creditt from authoritee;
Set magistrate fro countenance,
Part veritye and false semblance,
Wronge and force from invasion,
Fayned speeches from persuasion;
Take hartye love from ielosye,
And fraude from cyvile pollicye;
Moorninge and doles from buryalls,
And obsequies from funeralls;
From holy dayes, and fro weddinges,

Minstrells and feasts and robes and ringes;
Take fro Kinges Courtes intertaynmentes,
From Ladyes riche habillimentes,
From cour[t]ly girles gorgious geare,
From banquetts mirthe and wanton cheare;
Pull out of clothe and comelye weede
The nakt carcas of Adames seede;
From worldlye thinges take vanitee,
Sleit, semblant, course, order and degree:
Princesse, yt ys as if one take awaye
Greene wooddes from forrests, and sunne-shine fro the daye.

Purpose.

Agaynste the same Puritantes a desive[1] of Courtiers and all auncyent Courtly vsages, devised as well for the publique intertaynements as for other private solaces and disportes not scandalously evill or vicious.

That her Ma*ies*tie is the onlye paragon of princes in this oure age.

Builde me of bowghes a little bower,
And sett it by a statelye tower;
Set me a new robe by an olde,
And course coppar by duckate golde;
An ape vnto an elephante,
Bruckle bryall to diamante;[2]
Set Naples courser to an asse,[3] [176 bk.]
Fine emerawde vnto greene glasse;
Set rich rubye to redd emayle,
The ravans plume to peacockes tayle;
Laye me the larkes to the lysardes eye,
The duskye clowde to azure skye;
Sett shallow brookes to surginge seas,
An orient pearle to a white pease;
Matche Camells hayre to satten silke,
And alloes with almounde milke;

---

1 *sic.* *Query* an error for *device.*
2 Brittle beryl to diamond.
3 The Neapolitan horses must have been choice ones.

Compare perrye to Nectar wyne,
Juniper bush to lofty pine:
There shall no less an oddes be seene
In myne from everye other Queene.

Purpose. By the generall commendacion of her Maiestie in the hihest degree of prayse, The author sheweth the vertue and envyous nature of a paragon, and how excellencye cannot appeere but by comparison.

A comparison shewinge her Maiesties super-excellencye in all regall vertues.

Parthe: 16 Euterpe. As faulcon fares to bussardes flighte,
As egles eyes to owlatts sighte,
As fierc saker[1] to kowarde kighte,
As britest noone to darkest nighte,
As amerike is farre from easte,
As lyons lookes fears everye beaste,
As soommer soonne exceedeth farre
The moone and everye other starre:
So farre my princes prayse doth passe
The famoust Queene that ever was.

Purpose. Att prayse by resemblance ys voyde of offence; that by comparison odious be in the superlative (be it never soe true), it savoureth a certayne grosse adulation which being to her Maiesties naturall modestye nothinge agreeable, the authoure seeketh to salve the sore of her opinion and his suspected sentence by tempringe the excesse with a pretye difference made betweene a bare resemblance and a [*lf. 177.] comparison *drawne out of the principles of iustice, as yf one should saye the prayse that ys iustlye given ys well given, and ought not to be misliked, thoughe yt surmounte the common credite and opinion.

An hymne or divine prayse, vnder the title of the goddesse Pallas, settinge foorthe hir maiesties commendacion for hir wisedome *and* glorious governement in the single lief.

[1] The peregrine falcon.

O *Pallas*, Goddesse soverayne,
Bredd out of great *Jupiters* brayne,
That thoughe thou be no man mervells,
All honoure and witt and nothinge ells;
Thow that ner was widowe ne wife,
But a true virgin all thy life,
Be it for some rare *p*residente
Of all feminyne gover[n]mente,
Or that thow trowe no godd above
Was ever woorthye of thye love;
Thou that rangest battayles in fielde,
And bearest harnesse, speare, and shielde,
And in thine vniversitye,
The peacefull branche of Olyve tree,
Lendinge out of thyne endlesse store
All mortall men both law and lore:
Goddesse, as we poore pilgrimes weene,
Of spinsters, *and* of Poets Queene,
And therfore hast in solempne wise
Thy temples and thy sacrifise,
Thine himnes, thy vowes, thy noones, thy clerk*es*,
And all that longes to holye werk*es*,
The whole wide worlde for them to dwell,
And Athens for thye chief chappell;
But O now twentye yeare agon,
Forsakinge Greece for Albion,[1]
Where thow alone doost rule and raygne,
Empresse and Queene of great brittrayne,
Leavinge thye lande, thye Bellsire[2] wan,
Too the barbarous Ottoman,
And for grief chaunged thy holy hawnte [177 bk.]
Of mount Parnasse to Troynovaunte;[3]
All Atticke showres for tems to sydes,[4]
Tems easy for hys easye tydes,
Built all alonge with mannours riche,
Quinborow[5] salt sea, brackish Greenewich;

[1] This, probably, marks the date of the poem, viz. 1578, as Elizabeth came to the throne in 1558.

[2] Beau sire, probably Jupiter.

[3] The old mythical name of London. See Geoffrey of Monmouth.

[4] Thames's two sides or shores.

[5] Quinborough = Queenborough, an ancient but poor town of Kent, in the Isle of Sheppey, situated at the mouth of the river Medway. . . . . It is fifteen

Then that where Britton raygne begone,
The Tower of louely Londone,
Westminster old and new Pallace,
Richemounte not great but gorgias;
Huge Hampton court, y^t^ hath no peere
For stately roomes and turretts cleere,
Save Windsor sett on Barock*es* border,[1]
That temple of thye noble order,
The garter of a lovely dame,
W*hi*ch gave yt first device and name:—
O ladye, hence to hethennesse,
Only vmpire of warre and peace,
When cityes, states, countryes, and kinges
Creepe to y^e^ covert of thye winges;
Thow y^t^ canst dawnt thye forren foes,
To ridde thye realme of warre and woes,
Purchasing peace w*i*thout battayle,
So firme an one as cannot fayle;
Thy tyme not yet in tyme to bee,
By any signe that man may see;—
Thow that besydes forreyne affayres
Canst tend to make yerely repayres,
By so*m*mer progresse[2] *and* by sporte
To shire, and towne, Citye, and porte,
To view and compasse all thye lande,
And take the bills w*i*th thine owne hande
Of clowne and carle, of knight and swayne,
Who list to thee for right complayne,
And therin dost such iustice yeelde,
As in thye sexe folke see but seelde,
And thus to doe arte lesse afrayde
W*i*th houshould trayne, a syllye mayde,
Then thyne auncetours one of tenne
Durst do w*ith* troopes of armed men;—
Thow that canst tende to reade and write, [ff. 178.]
Dispute, declame, Argewe, endyte
In schoole and vniversitye,

miles N.W. of Canterbury and forty-three E. of London.—*Gazetteer*, 1801. Here a castle was originally built by Edward III. in honour of his wife Philippa.

[1] Barockes border, *i.e.* Berkshire.

[2] See Nichols's "Progresses and Public Processions of Queen Elizabeth," 1st ed. 1788–1807, or 2nd ed. 1823, 3 vols., 4to.; and Laneham's Letter, 1575, edited by F. J. Furnivall, Esq., for the Ballad Society.

In prose, and eke in poesye,
In greek, latine, *and* fine tuskan,
In frenche, and in Castillian,
So kindlye and quicke as old and younge[1]
May doubte w*hich* ys the mother tounge:—
O thow, the lovely mayde above,
Who hast conquerd the god of love,
And skapte his mother suttle gynne,
Triumphed one him and all his kinne;—
Yf thou be all ys sayde afore,
Or yf thou be a great deale more
Then I can vtter any wayes,
Not schiphringe[2] thee of thye iust prayse;
How longe ys yt ere we forgett
Thyne erthly name *ELIZABET*,
And dresse the as thou dost deserve,
The titles of *Britton Minerve?*
In skye why stall we not thye starre
Fast by the syde of great *Cesar?*
Or ells apoynt thy plannett where
Shines *Berenices* golden heare?
For we suppose thou hast forswore
To matche w*ith* man for evermore.
Whye build we not thye temples hye,
Steples and towers to touch the skye,
Bestrewe thine altars w*ith* flowers thicke,
Sence them w*ith* odours arrabicque,
Perfuminge all the revestryes[3]
W*ith* muske, Cyvett, and Ambergries,
In thy feast dayes to singe and dawnce
W*ith* lively leps and countenance,
And twise stoope downe at everye leape
To kisse the shadow of thy foot-stepe,
Thy lyvinge Ymage to adore,
Yealding the all earthly honour:
Not earthlye, no, but all divyne,
Takinge for me thys hymne of myne!

[1] See Paul Hentzner's account of the Queen's linguistic studies, which (all flattery deducted) appear to have been considerable.

[2] *Query* A.S. *scyp*, a shred; or the Promptorium "Schyvere (slice) of brede or oþer lyke. *Lesca, scinda*, Schyveryn or ryvyn a-sundyr. *Crepo*."

[3] The place in a church where the priest revested himself, or put on the sacred garments. It has been contracted into vestry.

Elizabeth Lord Saue.

[Rawl. MS. 185, fol. 13.]

A proper new ballade, wherein is plaine to be seene how god blesseth england for loue of or Queene.

SOUNG TO YE TUNE OF *tarletons caroll.*[1]

London, london, singe and praise thy lord!
let englands Ioy be seene;
Trew subiects, quickly shew, wth one accorde,
yor loue vnto yor queene
Elizabeth so braue,

---

[1] Richard Tarleton, the well-known jester and mountebank of the times of Elizabeth. The reputation of Tarleton is shown by the following lines in the Moral Play of the Marriage of Wit and Science: "One of the allegorical characters, Will, afterwards takes a 'picture' out of the Clown's basket, and asks whom it represents. Simplicity replies that it is Tarlton, which is followed by the question, 'What, was that Tarlton?' Simplicity then informs him that Tarlton was originally a water-bearer, adding—

'O, it was a fine fellow as ere was borne!
There never will come his like while the earth can corne.
O, passing fine Tarlton! I would thou hadst lived yet . . .
But it was the merriest fellow, that had such jestes in store,
That if thou hadst seene him thou wouldst have laughed thy hart sore.'

His death occurred on the 3rd of September, 1588." (See Collier's "History of the Stage," ii. 351. London, 1851.)

The reader will find a woodcut of Tarlton (the orthography of the name seems uncertain) playing upon his pipe and drum in the "Book of Roxburghe Ballads" edited by Mr. Collier (1847). The entry of his burial may be found in the register of St. Leonard's, Shoreditch. It is conjectured that he died of the plague. His "Jests" appear to have been frequently reprinted, and entitle him to the reputation of the Joe Miller of his time. Thus we have "Tarlton's Iests, drawne into these three parts—

1. His Court-witty Iests.
2. His Sound-city Iests.
3. His Countrey-pretty Iests.

Full of Delight, Wit, and Honest Mirth. London, printed by I. H., 1611." This book has been reprinted for the Shakspere Society (see Carew Hazlitt's "Handbook"). Also "A newe booke in English verse, entitled Tarlton's Toyes. Licensed to Richard Jones, Dec. 10, 1576." And lastly, to close the scene, "A Sorrowful newe Sonnette, Intituled Tarlton's Recantation uppon this theame gyven him by a Gent. at the Belsavage without Ludgate (nowe or ells never) beinge the last theame he songe. Licensed to Henrie Kyrkham, ij die Auguste, 1589," and "A pleasant Dyttye Dialogue wise betweene Tarlton's Ghost and Robyn Good Fellowe. Licensed to Heny. Carre, xx° die Auguste, 1590."

Whose vertues rare beseeme her well,
from all ye world she beares ye bell;
her dew deserts no toung can tell,
Her selfe she doth behaue,
That all ye world doth marvell much
How nature should frame anie such,
of vice none lyving can her tuch.[1]

For Iustice Iust, for grace and pittie both,
no Realme hath had her like;
She pardons them full oft yt would be loth
to hold if they durst strike,—
Elizabeth lord saue.
She is ye Iuell makes vs glade,
a greater good cannot be had;
whilst we haue her, who can be sad?
Elizabeth so braue.
Doth never tread from vertues trace,
her hart and mind are full of grace,
from pittie she tournes not her face.

Gods word with sword, & eke her crowne,[2]
from foes she doth defend;
yet pagon pope, yt filthy sort of Rome,
ye devill doth legat send
To spoile or Juell braue.
But god will haue nosing[3] ill don;
he teacheth england how to shonne,
and traitors to ye gallows runne—
Elizabeth lord saue,
and still defend her with thy hand,
her happie daies to passe ye sand,
so shall this be a blessed land.

The spanish spite,[4] which made ye papiste boast,
hath done them little good;
god dealt with them as wth king Pharoes host,
who were drowned in ye flood,
Elizabeth to saue.

---

[1] Besmear.

[2] Two wordes are added here, but worn away so as to be illegible; it seems to be "wt frowne," but query.

[3] *sic.*

[4] This seems to fix the date of the poem, as having been written after the episode of the Spanish Armada, 1588.

The lord him selfe w^th^ streached arme
did quell ther rage y^t^ sought o^r^ harme;
ther threatning brathes y^e^ lord did charme—
Elizabeth so braue.
The lord did quite from tirant swaye,
and traitors lost ther hopèd daye:
grant all her foes, lord, like decaye!

The subtill engines y^t^ her foes prepared
to worke o^r^ fatall fall,
are tourned to snares wherew^t^ them selves are snard,
and brought to shame w^th^all.
Elizabeth so braue
Did not in strength of navie trust,
nor yet in steell y^t^ is but rust,
but in her lord, who is most Iust,
w^ch^ lord and god doth saue
o^r^ land & vs from wo and teene
so wondrously as never was seene,
even for y^e^ vertues of o^r^ Queene.

Thou England, thou maist say thou happie art,
aboue a thousand soyles;
thou feelst no parte of other countrees smarte;
god giues thy foes y^e^ foyles,—
Elizabeth most braue;
for how it is god doth vs spare,
one her he hath a fervent care,
to giue him thankes England prepare,
o^r^ Juell he doth saue,
and all we haue els be it knowne,
his mercies great w^ch^ he hath showne,
all for her sake, not for o^r^ owne.

God for her cause doth cloath y^e^ ground w^t^ store
of plenty and encrease;
O^r^ barnes are full, o^r^ barkes can bere no more,[1]
and blest we are w^t^ peace,—
Elizabeth most brave;

[1] Shakspere, with courtly flattery, has also dwelt upon the prosperity of the reign of Elizabeth:

"She shall be lov'd and fear'd: her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,

for thee doth england feell all this,
we nothing want y^t^ needfull is,
this Iuell england cannot misse,—
Elizabeth lord save,
that england may be happie still;
confound all those y^t^ would her ill:
so lawd thy name y^e^ faithfull will.

Though god do this, yet, london, learne to feare;
all england do y^e^ like;
away w^t^ prid, shun hores, and shame to swere,
or els y^e^ lord will strike,—
then no good can we haue;
but all o^r^ good we shall forgoe,
and feele his plagues, both hye and lowe;
o^r^ vices vile doth greeve him so,—
and still our queene to saue,
the lord his Iustice still forberes,
as he hath done these manie yeares;
then let vs morne o^r^ sines with teres.

Do this, and live in Ioye & happie case,
In favour of y^e^ lord;
from vices past y^e^ lord will tourne his face:
then let vs all accord
to praie y^t^ england braue
may florish everie howre and day
fresh and greene, like greenest baye,
and y^t^ her foes come to decaye,—
Elizabeth lord saue,
That england may, as it hath beene,
be fruitfull, and peace in it be seene;
loung live and Raigne o^r^ gratious Queene.

finis.

And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her:
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours."
—*Henry VIII.* act v. scene 5.

[Ash. MS. 36, fol. 149.]

A Poem in Praise of Queen Elizabeth.

The first five pages are a translation of the famous satire against women attributed to Simonides, commencing—

Χωρὶς γυναικὸς θεὸς ἐποίησεν νόον.

The whole piece is dull, and possesses but little merit. The author is unknown.

Thus farre the foule-mouth'd Greeke Simonides;
I wonder not his Nation cross'd the Seas,
And in a Ten yeares warre themselves engag'd
With their Allyes like men more-then-enrag'd,
Onely back to their Contry to restore
One woman faire, althoughe She was a whore.
  Had they not wanted beautyes, or not thought
A stranger Soyle had on her manners wrought,
And made her chaster then their worser Clyme,
Troye might perhapps haue stood vntill this tyme;
And this Satirique Poet found a waye,
In steed of nettles, to be crownd with Baye.
  Had he been blest but once to looke vpon
The heavenly beautyes of our Albion,
What raptures had his Soule possest! how hye
Had his Muse flowne in praise of Brittany!
His flagging Verse, lowe groueling on the Earth,
As those from whome he form'd his woemens birth,
Had danc'd on topps of Trees, and on the flowres,
Sweet as the Graces, nimble as the howres.
His fancy then had ledd him to the woods,
Or pritty Shrubbs, or to the silver floods,
Where he had mett the Snow-beclowded Swan,
The loving Turtle and the Pellican,
The harmlesse Robin, charming some sweet vale
With the sweet accent of a Nightingale,
The Ladye-decking Silkeworme, or vpon
The Phœnix in her bedd of Cynamon;

He woulde haue wrought on all the Spring discloses,
The [1] children Lillyes, Roses:
To his imagination Earth had all
Discover'd, in her choice of minerall,
Azure, vermilion; and the Ocean girle
Had shewd to him her Corrall & her Pearle,
And from the virtues to them all assign'd
He had describd a woman and her minde,
Not from a Catt or Ape, as he[2] Muse ran,
Nor from himselfe, althoughe he was a Man.
But had he seen the quintessence of all,
(To whose sweet Maiesty my numbers fall),
The Queen of Hearts, and masterer of Death,
Honor'd, admir'd, belov'd *Elizabeth:*
Had he been made of marble and noe more,
Like to that famous Statue heertofore,
W^ch^ yeelded forth a harmony each daye
When yt was shone on by the Sun's bright raye:
By the more powerfull beames of her faire Eyes,
What Musick had we heard! what rapsodyes
Had he been lost in! and at last all fir'd,
Like Phaeton, in suche a heate expir'd,
And never wrought his Muse so farre to tell
Where we might finde for Her a paralell.
The taske had been too hye for him, for we,
That in divine things more inlightned be,
Stand all astonish'd at soe bright a raye,
And (having nothing else) can only saye,
From all that was in Eden good & faire
She had her birth; of yt She hath the ayre,
The flowres' sweets, colours, breath of every spice;
And if she be noe second Paradise,
Tis for the want of this one thing alone,
That Eden had a Serpent, *She hath none.*

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[1] Blank in MS.

[2] *sic.* Query, as the muse can.

[Ash. MS. 36, 37, fol. 296*r*.]

Vpon the Death of Queen Elizabeth.

This ballad is not without a certain amount of vigour, which is gratifying after the learned platitudes we have for some time been perusing. Its author I have not been able to trace.

I tell ye all, both great and small,
& I tell yee all truly,
That we haue now a very good cause
for to lament and cry.
O fye, O fye, O fye, O fye,
O fy thou cruell death!
For thou hast taken away from us
Our good Queen Elizabeth.

He might haue taken other folkes,
That better might haue been mist,
And let us alone with our good Queene,
That lov'd not a Popish Priest.
She ruld this Nation by her selfe,
& was beholden to no man;
O shee bore the Sway, & of all affaires,
& yet shee was but a woman.

A woman (quoth I), and that is more
Then anie man can tell:
How faire shee was, & how chast shee was,
There's no man knew it well.
The Mounsieur[1] came himselfe from France,
On purpose for to wooe her;
And yet she liv'd and dyed a maid,
Doe what he could do to her.

She never did anie wicked act,
To make her Conscience pricke her;
Nor ever would submitt to him
That calld himselfe Christs Vicar;

[1] "The Mounsieur," the Duke of Anjou, see *antè* pp. 67, 68. This sentimental episode in the reign of Elizabeth is well known to all readers of history.

But rather chose couragiously
To fight vnder his Banner,
'Gainst Turke and Pope & King of Spaine,
And all that durst withstan her.

In Eighty Eight how shee did fight
Is knowne to all and some,
When the Spaniard came, her courage to tame,
But had better haue stayd at home:
They came with Ships, filld full of Whipps,
To haue lasht her Princely Hide;
But she had a Drake made them all cry Quake,[1]
& bang'd them back and side.

A wiser Queene never was to be seen
For a woman, or yet a stouter;[2]
For if anie thing vext her, With that w^ch^ came next her,
O How shee would lay about her!
And her Scholarship[3] I may not let slip,
Forthere she did so excell,
That amongst the Rout, without all doubt,
Queen Besse shee bore the bell.

And now, if I had Argus eyes,
They were all too few to weep
For our good Queene Elizabeth,
That here lies fast asleep;
A sleep shee lyes, & so shee must lye
Untill-a the day of Doome;
But then shee'l arise, & p—e out the Eyes
Of the proud Pope of Rome.

---

1 Here we have the beginning of the pleasantries on the name of Sir Francis, which have been so frequently varied in modern songs. No little honour was done the English hero when he was made the subject of an epic by one of Spain's most celebrated poets, in which every abuse that national hatred could suggest was freely lavished.

2 Bolder, the original meaning of the word, still preserved in Dutch.

3 Respecting her scholarship, *vide antè* pp. 66, 67.

[Ash. MS. 36, 37, fol. 296v.]

Vpon Sir Francis Drakes returne from his Voyage about ye world & the Queenes meeting him.

This is a somewhat spirited ballad. The events which it commemorates are well known. Sir Francis Drake sailed from Plymouth, on his voyage round the world, Dec. 13, 1577, and returned in 1580, was visited on board his ship by the Queen, and knighted. Out of the fragments of this celebrated vessel a chair was made, which is still preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and has formed the subject of a very pleasing poem by Cowley. The career of Drake has been so often described, that, instead of recapitulating its leading incidents, it would be better perhaps to refer the reader to the two following curious tracts in the British Museum, where he may find some of the original authorities of the modern biographies.

"Newes ovt of the Coast of Spaine. The true Report of the honourable seruice for England perfourmed by Sir Frauncis Drake in the moneths of Aprill and May last past, 1587. vpon Cales. etc. Imprinted at London by W. How for Henry Haslop . . 1587. 4to."

"A Summarie and Trve Discovrse of Sir Francis Drakes west Indian Voyage, etc. London, 1589. 4to. Dedicated by T(homas) C(ates) to Robert d'Evreux, Earle of Essex."

S^{r} Francis, S^{r} Francis, S^{r} Francis is come;
S^{r} Robert, & eke S^{r} William his Sonne,
And eke the good Earle of Huntington[1]
March'd gallantly on the Road.

Then came the L^{d} Chamberlain wth his white staffe,
And all the people began to laugh;
And then the Queen began to speake,
"Yo^{r} wellcome home, S^{r} Francis Drake."

[1] Henry Hastings, the twentieth earl of the line. He succeeded to the dignity in 1560; summoned to Parliament in the lifetime of his father as Lord Hastings; Knight of the Garter. Died in 1595, leaving no issue.

You Gallants all o' th Brittish blood,
Why don't you sayle o' th Ocean floud?
I protest you're not all worth a Philbert,
If once compared to S^r^ Humphry Gilbert.[1]

For he went out on a Rainy day,
And to the new found land found out his way,
With many a Gallant both fresh & green,
And he n'er came home agen. God blesse the Queene!

[Ash. MS. 38, fol. 167*r*.]

On Queene Elizabeth Queene of England.

These lines furnish another proof of the popularity of the Queen, with whom the greatness of the nation was identified. The author is unknown.

Kings, Queens, mens, Iudgments eyes,
See whear your Mirrore lies:
In whome hur frinds hath seen
A kings state In a Queene;
In whome hur foes suruayde
A mans hart In A Mayde:
whome, least men, for her pietye
should Iudge to haue bine a dietye,[2]
Heauen since by death did summon,
To shew she was a woman.

T. (?) B.

---

[1] Born in 1539, and lost at sea in 1584. His tragical fate has formed the subject of a poem by Longfellow:

"Southward, with fleet of ice,
Sailed the corsair death."

—Gilbert had accomplished two voyages to North America, and in 1583 had taken possession of Newfoundland in the name of the Queen. On his return from the latter, his ships were caught in a violent storm: the Admiral, one of those fine austere spirits so peculiarly abundant in that age of vigorous manhood, was last seen sitting in the stern of the ship, and was heard by the crew of one of the vessels, ere the tempest separated them for ever, to cry out with a calm voice that heaven was as near by sea as by land.

[2] Probably means a person who should live for ever, to guess from the etymology.

[Ash. MS. 38, fol. 172.]

On Queen Elizabeth.

Eliza, that great Maiden Queen, lies here,
Who gouernd England fower an forty yeare;
Our Coynes Refined,[1] Ireland Tamde,[2] Belgia protected,[3]
Frinded Fraunce,[4] foyld Spaign, and Pope reiected:
Princes found her powerfull, the world vertuous,
Hir subiects wise and fast, and God religious.
God hath hur soule, the world hir Admiration,
Subiects hur good deeds, Princes hur Imitation.

finis Char: Best.[5]

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[1] In 1560, the base money which had been in circulation during the reign of Edward VI. was called in, and proper money issued in its place.

[2] Shane O'Neil rebelled against the English in the year 1565, but was murdered by his own countrymen at a banquet in 1567. Sir Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, in vain attempted to plant colonies in Ulster. This was followed by the rebellion of the Earl of Desmond, who was assisted by the Spaniards, and for some time resisted the English, but was ultimately driven out as a fugitive, and killed while hiding in a miserable hut (see Lingard). His head was struck off, and Elizabeth caused it to be placed on London Bridge. Thereupon followed the vigorous rule of Sir John Perrot, who was recalled, however, owing to Court intrigues, and died in the Tower (Dec. 1591). The last great rebellion was that of Hugh O'Neil, who completely defeated the English at the Battle of the Blackwater (1598). His subsequent interview with Essex and fate will be spoken of afterwards in the notes to the ballads on that unfortunate favourite. To understand the Ireland of Elizabeth's time the tract written by Spenser is invaluable: there is a very curious description also in Borde's "Introduction of Knowledge" (edited by Furnivall, 1870, p. 131). The account is additionally important from being one of the earliest.

[3] Elizabeth's assistance of the Dutch in their revolt against Philip the Second is well known, and has been told by Motley. The Netherlanders may be pardoned for not feeling any great gratitude on this score: they were compelled to endure the insolence of Leicester, and had to make a very solid return for the favours which they received.

[4] In 1562 Elizabeth sent forces, under the Earl of Warwick, to assist the Huguenots; they took Havre, but were ultimately compelled to capitulate. See also afterwards the notes on the career of Essex.

[5] Of this person I am unable to furnish any information.

NONCONFORMITY IN THE TIME OF ELIZABETH.

The development of Nonconformity—a very natural sequence of the principle of private judgment so loudly proclaimed by the Reformation, and the new subjective authority upon which all religion was to be based—is a very interesting feature in the reign of Elizabeth. The exiles, who had fled the Marian persecution, brought back the more advanced opinions which they had cherished and openly exhibited among their Calvinist brothers on the Continent. Great irregularity began to be exhibited in the celebration of the Service, especially with reference to the administration of the Sacrament and the Sign of the Cross. But it was from one point of view especially that Elizabeth was but little likely to tolerate these irregularities. She was extremely tenacious of her ecclesiastical supremacy, and the great principle upon which it is based, viz. that the Church is dependent upon the political constitution of the country. "The Queen," says Neal,[1] "inherited the spirit of her father, and affected a great deal of magnificence in her devotions, as well as in her Court. She was fond of many of the old rites and ceremonies in which she had been educated. She thought her brother had stripped religion too much of its ornaments; and made the doctrines of the Church too narrow in some points." About 1563 the era of Protestant Nonconformity in England may be said to begin, and two years later Humphreys, Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford and Principal of Magdalen, and Sampson, Dean of Christ Church, were deprived of their emoluments. Humphreys, however, ultimately conformed, and was made Dean of Winchester.

Those of the Puritans who remained in the Church became itinerant preachers or chaplains: many, however, openly deserted it, and began to form conventicles. The Queen caused information to be conveyed to them, that if they persisted in deserting their parish churches, they must look to a speedy and severe punishment. Matters had now come to a crisis, and the Nonconformists were resolved to try the legality of these proceedings by holding a meeting in London. They had hired a room at Plumber's-Hall, under pretence of celebrating a wedding, on the 19th of June, 1567, intending to have a sermon and a communion.[2] The London authorities, however, interfered; the recalcitrant religionists were handed over to the law, and some of

[1] "History of the Puritans." London, 1837. Vol. i. p. 86.
[2] Neal, i. 161.

them on the following day brought before the Bishop of London and other ecclesiastical and civil dignities. On this occasion, as on many subsequent, they presented a bold front, and freely discussed religious controversies with their aristocratic persecutors.

In the Eastern Counties, however, Puritanism found especially its stronghold, where it continued to flourish long after the Elizabethan period. It was from this part of England, as is well known, that the Roundheads drew their most valuable supporters, soldiers and statesmen of the type of John Winthrop, the founder of Boston, a man of whom Quincey Adams says, that if America had been a Roman Catholic country, he could not have failed to have attained canonization. Neal tells us that about 1574 Norwich had become a very celebrated centre of Nonconformity, and the Archbishop of Canterbury (Parker) was ordered to send a peremptory message to the Bishop of Norwich (Parkhurst), insisting that the conventicles and meetings of persons for "prophesying and expounding Scripture" should be put an end to. The Bishop was reluctantly compelled to assent, although he was notorious for very strong leanings in that direction.

In spite, however, of the regal thunders, the Puritans were no whit abashed, but openly set at defiance the ecclesiastical commissions. At a meeting held at Mr. Knewstub's, at Cockfield, in Suffolk, they framed a body of rules for their governance, with especial reference to the use of the Common Prayer Book, apparel, holidays, fastings, and other grievances.

It was in the diocese of Norwich, also, that the notorious Robert Browne, founder of the sect of the Brownists, first acquired his celebrity. Two of his disciples, Mr. Elias Thacker and Mr. John Copping, had the misfortune to be hanged in 1583, at Bury St. Edmund's, for disseminating his opinions. Their indictments were "for spreading certain books seditiously penned by Robert Brown against the Book of Common Prayer, established by the laws of this realm. The sedition charged upon Brown's book was, that it subverted the constitution of the Church, and acknowledged Her Majesty's supremacy civilly, but not otherwise." It was in 1583 that the Puritans of Suffolk sent the following petition.

The introduction of the piece may perhaps be allowed, as it gives a good idea of the state of religious feeling in the Eastern Counties in the reign of Elizabeth.

[Douce MS. 363, fol. 129*r*.]

THE COPIE OF THE PETITION, BY THE GENTLEMEN OF SUFFOLK, TO THE LORDS OF THE COUNSAILE. An° Dom̃. 1583, July.[1]

Wee see, by the longe & lamentable experienc̃ that the state of the Churche, especially in oure partes, growethe eueri daie more syck̃ then outher, and they whome it moste consernethe have beene so carelesse provideng the meanes, as the hope of reamedy wexith almoste desperat which inforceth us, as in all former tymes, so now especially, to resorte unto youre good Lordes, whose harttes god hath seasoned with a tender care of his glorie in the bweaty of his Sion, the painefull pastures & ministers of the worde, by what meanes wee know not, are now of laate at every assyze browghte to the barr marshalled with the worst malefactors, presentid, indited, arrained, & condemned for matters as wee perceive of very smalle moment, some for leaving owte holly-daies unbydden, some for syngeng the salme nunc dimittis in the mornenge, some turning the question in Baptisme conserneng faithe, from the infantes to the godfathers, which is but you for them, some for leaving oute the crosse in baptisme, sum̃ for leaving oute the ringe in marriage, wheretoo neither the Lawe, nor the lawe maker, had ever in oure judgmentes regarde, but ment indeede to bridle the enemy. Yet now a moste petifull thynge to see, the backe of the lawe is turned to the adversarie, and the eadge withe all the sharpnesse is layde uppon the firme and true hartted subiect. We grante order to bee the rule of the spirite of God, we desire one uniformity in all dewties of the churche, the same being agreable to their proportion of the faithe. But theise weak Seremonies, & there lyke, be so indifferent as there use or not use maye bee lefte to the discretion of the minister.

[1] This Petition is given by Strype in his Annals, vol. iii. pp. 183, 184. Strype has modernized it throughout, and made other alterations, e.g. the original copy has "*parting* of the Church & commonwelthe, or bothe," etc., clearly prophetic of the great divisions in religion and politics, then in their dawn. Strype takes all the force out of the argument by the substitution of *perilling* for *parting*. Neal, Hist. Puritans, vol. i. p. 254, gives a mutilated copy of this supplication, with every strong and intolerant expression carefully expunged.

We thinke it with oute duetye, and under the favorable condition wee speak it, very harde to goe under so harde handelynge to the uttar discredit of the whole ministery & profession of truthe, and that which is moare, we that bee maiestrates understande hir maiestie, are as wee think) equivalent of voyce, and know that lawe & iustice is one, & maye not bee devided, doo forebeare to speak what wee knowe, lest by our severance in opinion, Lawe shulde bee rent, & justice cut in twayne, and so the middest of the people which are so easely distracted bee caried hither & thythar to the moveng of further inconveniances. And so by our lycence, ministerie & maiestracie, is browght into open contempte, yf therfore it maye bee lawfull for us to speake but truth for oure selves. This is oure course, we serve her maiestie in the countery, not according unto oure fanticis as the wordle (*sic*) falsely beares us in hande, but accordeng to the lawes & statutes of the Realme of England. We doo reverence both the lawe & the lawe makers, lawe speeketh & wee kepe sylence, Lawe comãndeth & wee obaye, with out lawe no man can possess his owne in peace, by lawe we procede against all offendors, wee touch) none that lawe spareth, we spare none that lawe toucheth. Hinc· illa lachrima, we alowe not the papists their trecheris subtill practizes & herizis. We alowe not the family of love an egg of the same neste, we alowe not Anabaptistes nor there comunite. We alowe not of Browne the overthrower both of the churche & of the comon wealthe. We allowe (not) all those, but we humbely uppon oure knees, we praie your good lordshippes to geve us leave to advertise you, how the adversarie very cunningly hathe new christenid us with an odyous name of puritanisme; we defie & detest bothe the name & the herezy, it is composed of all her herezis aforesaide. The papistes bee pure & imaculate, he hath stoare of goodnesse for him self) & plenty for outhers. The family of love cannot sinne, they bee so pure that God is homified in them, & they deified in God: but wee, thanckes bee to God, doo crye out in the bytternesse of our soules, *peccavimus cum patribus nostris*, and groane under the burden of our sinnes, wee confesse that there is none worse before God. And yet before the wordle wee laboure [to] keepe oure selves and oure profession unblameable; this is oure puritanisme, it pleaseth them to use ministars, magestrates, &

outhar, especially suche as have eye to jũgelynges,[1] & the name being odyous, oftentymes with the ignorant it makes the person odious. A shrewde devise, & herewith seemith daingerous, for wee know that every simple man in these partes, thanckes bee to God and hir Maiestie, by hering the worde of God redd & preached doo condemne & contemne the grosse erroures & trumpery of Roome, but the subtiltes of rome are not soone aspied. *Jesuites & Seminaries* are not odious names with the papistes, & yf in tyme suche meght be lykened & lodged by the popes harbengars, & good subiectes cunnengly wounded with lewde titles & names falsely applied, God save the churche, the Queene, & the Realme. God send us peace in Christ. Amen. Wee very humbly desire, right honorable, not to become offensive unto you, eyther in the length or plaine delivery of this matter, for weare the cause but oures only, we coulde beare and forbeare, but when it retcheth even unto the parting of the Churche & cõmon wealthe or bothe, for they cannot but as twynnes lyve & dye together. Then unlesse wee wolde forget all dutye unto God & man, we cannot but unfolde before *your* honors judgments the *par*ticulars of theise so great discomfortes: if *your* good lord shippes shuld call us to triall & proofe of these matters, yt is the thinge wee moste desire; yf outherwise you shall thinck) to dispose any outher course as wee are moste bounde, so are wee moste readye to submitt all unto *your* greater wisdome. Oure lord, for his Christes saak, blesse all *your* studies & laboures imployed for the preservation of hir maiestie. The godly & peacable gover[n]ment of this lande, & the free passaige of the gospell, the roote of all the rest, that not we aloane, but the ages to come) may speak of *your* praises in all the streates & cornars of oure Cyties. And so cõmending oureselves & *our* beste services to youre continuall cõmandmentes, we doo tak oure leave.

Robart Germin,	Robart Ashefilde,
Robart Wingfield,	Robart fforth,
Nicholas Bakon,	William Thomson,
Phillip Barker,	Thomas Jeoley,
John Heigham,	Richard Wingfelde.

[1] Jugglings; the sentence is thus given by Neal: "This is our Puritanism; a name given to such magistrates and ministers and others that have a strict eye upon their juggling."

It was in 1589 that the celebrated Martin Mar-prelate tracts began to make their appearance, in which the opinions prevalent against the Church of England found a very violent and somewhat humorous expression. All attempts to discover the authors of these pamphlets—and there were probably several—failed, even though Burghley himself issued a proclamation. Whitgift and Bancroft were very active in the same direction, but with no better result. Here and there an unfortunate Puritan brought himself within the arm of the law, but the spirit of Nonconformity for all that was hearty and flourishing.

The close of the reign of Elizabeth saw the Puritans slowly increasing: the questions which divided the English Church were to be again debated with fresh violence in the reigns of her successors. The subjoined poem is probably the work of some Nonconformist sympathizer—certainly of one who rejoices in the changes brought about by the Reformation—

> "In each towne and cittie, her grace doth delight it,
> To have gods word preached at large."

So also

> "What Realme on earth
> May be compared to this,
> That hath y^e^ gospell plainly taught?
> It is a heavenly blisse!"

[ ][1]

A hartie thankes giuinge to god for our queenes most excellent maiestie, and is to be sounge to pe tune of pe medley.

I[2] prepare with speed,
crist commyng is at hand;
as by straing signes and tokens both
the learned sort haue stand.
gods workes plainly declares
each day vnto us all,
y^t^ soddenly an end shalbe
of things on earth mortall.
fyre fearce abroad shall flye,
from east vnto y^e^ west,
consumyng things y^t^ be earthly,
the greatest w^th^ y^e^ least.
no succor shalbe found
for favour, gould, nor fee;
but even as all y^e^ world was drownd,
so bournt shall all things bee.
Wherfore I say, make no delay,
vnfolde and hould
on Christ o^r^ only stay,
for it is hee y^t^ remedie
must be we see;
or els with open crye
we shall to hell fire, o^r^ deeds deserue no les,
meet meed for o^r^ hire, o^r^ liues do so expresse.

[1] The transcriber of this poem somewhat carelessly neglected to indicate the source from which it was taken, and subsequent search has not tracked it, but it is hoped that it may be added in the errata.

[2] Ay, so frequently written formerly. This has given rise to frequent puns. Cf. Shakspere's "Two Gentlemen of Verona," act i. scene 1.

Proteus: But what said she? [*Speed* nods.] Did she nod?

Speed: I.

Pro.: Nod, I; why that's noddy.

So also in the Sonnets we have the following curious quibble (Sonnet cxlviii.). "Love's eye is not so true as all men's 'No'"—where see Mr. Staunton's note.

then vnto o^{r} Christ inclyne quickly,
and fly from follies desire,
and aske of him mercie for remedie,
he will not be any denier:
while life doth last, linger not if you may haue it,
he askes but a penitent harte;
to late will it be when tyme is gon to craue it:
make speed therfor, ere you departe.
Imbrace gods holy worde
for fear of watchfull sword;
loue well y^{e} pouertie,
and then god will blesse thee.
What Realme on earth
may be compared to this,
that hath y^{e} gospell plainly taught?
it is a heauenly blisse!
allso a maiden meeke
amongst vs hee hath sent,
to shew his glorious wonderous workes
and power omnypotent.
she sitts in princly throwne,
and rules y^{e} Relme in quiet;
she hath allso y^{e} trew touchstone,
gods word her only dyet.
though foes do frett & fume,
yet god will blesse her still
with maiestie and eke with crowne,
as is his blessed will.
wherfore to pray let vs not stay,
but be redie
to aske of Christ alwaye,
that she from strife may lead her life
among vs longe.
let these prayers be reefe[1]
amonge all good christians, both day, night & howre,
y^{t} god will indue her with his mightie powre;
then neede we not feare any forren foes,
Christ wilbe her only defence.
o^{r} queene she hath plentie to plucke down all thoes
that setteth by subtill pretence.

[1] Rife.

In each towne and cittie her grace doth delight it,
to haue gods word preached at large;
all thinges done amisse to haue them saue righted:
the maiestrats all she doth charge,
let each poore haue his wright,
oppresse no man with might;
then god y^t^ sits aboue
will knitt vs all in loue.

God grant to us
y^t^ we may haue y^e^ grace
to loue o^r^ queene with faithfull harte,
and his word to imbrace,
y^t^ at y^e^ latter day,
with him we may assend
to heavenly ioyes for vs prepard
by him world w^t^hout end.
god saue England so smale,[1]
and nobles of y^e^ same;
god grant eachon y^t^ liue in thrale
may assend w^t^h christs name;
o^r^ commons so direct,
o lord, we thee desire,
that none of them may be infect
to taste thy wrathfull ire;
and then I know, both hye and lowe
will iudg smale grudg
in england for to growe,
y^t^ vnitie mongst men may be:
god graunt it haunt,
and vsen in each degree.
then shall we be glasst[2] to each towne & cittie;
wher loue doth last loung tyme spight hath but smale pittie,
as tyme is y^e^ tryall for truth to be tride,
so all things ther beinge shall haue,
till death doth come that will haue no denial;
bring kinde out of mind vnto graue.

[1] Here we see how different was the position of the England of those days from that which she occupies at the present time: our forefathers were proportionably meek. Waller, at a subsequent period, could only utter the mild boast—

"Beneath the tropics is our language spoke,
And part of Flanders hath received our yoke."

[2] *i.e.* mirrored.

then riches nor beauty nor nothing will saue vs,
if we do not help o^{r} pore brother;
and if we live well y^{e} lord god will haue vs:
we are his owne and for none other;
he bought vs wth his bloud
to taste y^{e} heauenly foode;
god grant vs ther for aye
both rich and pore to staye.

finis.

Queen Elizabeth's Rejoycing.

Concerning the authorship of this poem, which resembles a style of writing earlier than the Elizabethan period, I am not able to furnish any accurate information.[1]

[Rawl. MS. C. 86, f. 155*b*.]

Myne hert is set vppon*e* a lusty pynne;[2]
I praye to venus of good continuaunce,
For I reioyse þ^{e} case þ*at* I am in:
Delyu*er*d from sorow annexed to plesaunce,
Of all*e* comfort havynge habundaunce;
This ioy and I, I trust shal neu*er* twynne,
Myne hert is set vppon*e* a lusty pynne.

I pray to venus of good continuaunce,
Sith*e* she hath*e* set me in þ^{e} wey of ease,
Myne hertly s*er*uyse w*ith* myne attendaunce,
So to contynue, þ*at* eu*er* I may please;
Thus voydyng from all*e* pensful disease;
Now stand I hole fer from all grevaunce,
I praye to venus of good continuaunce.

[1] For the prolonged use of the thorn (þ) in MSS., see some good remarks by Earle ("Philology of the English Tongue," 1st edition, 1871). This is a very suggestive book, and the production of a scholar, who has thoroughly appreciated the genius of the English language.

[2] In a merry humour.—*Halliwell.*

For I reioyse þ^e^ case *þat* I am in,
My gladnesse is suche *þer* greuythe me no payne,
And so to serue neuyr shal I blynne,[1]
And thoghe I wolde, I may not me refrayne,
Myne herte & I so set is certayne;
We shal neuer slake, but euer new begyne,
For I reioyse þ^e^ case *þat* I am in.

Delyuerd from sorow annexed to plesaunce,
That alle my ioy I set as aughte of ryghte,
To please as after my symple suffisaunce,
To me þ^e^ goodlyest most beauteous insighte,
A verry lanterne to þe al oþer lyghte;
[f. 156.] Most to my comfort onn her remembraunce,
Delyuerd from sorow annexed to plesaunce.

Of alle comfort havynge habundaunce,
As whane *þat* I thynke þ^e^ goodlyhed,
Of þ^e^ most femyne and meke in countenaunce,
Verray myrrour and ster of womanhed,
Whos ryghte good fame so large a brod dothe spred:
Ful glad to me to haue congnossaunce,
Of alle comfort havyng habundaunce.

This ioy and I, I trust shalle neuer twyne,[2]
So *þat* I am so fer furthe in þ^e^ trace;
My ioyes bene dovbil wher oþer be but thyne,
For I am stabely set in suche a place,
Wher beaute cresithe, & euer wellythe grace,
Whiche is ful famous, & borne of nobil kyne;
This ioy and I, I trust shal neuer twyne.

Finis quod Quene Elyzabeth.

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[1] Cease. "Til he had torned him, could he not blin."—*Chaucer*, "The Chanones Yemannes Tale" (Tyrwhitt's ed.).
[2] Separate.

Latin verses on Elizabeth's proposed Marriage with Anjou.

For the circumstances under which these verses were written, see page 68: we here get a contemporary pasquin, the form of expression which public opinion takes, where free discussion is denied.

[Douce MS. 363, fol. 144*r*.]

Vera Copia.

This copie was from a libell that some had set on a post in London.

Sola precor vel iuncta uiro sit Virgo Britannio [1]
Et ferat ex proprio pignora grata solo:
Viue domi, ne non viuas Francisse, recusat
Nostra peregrinum regio ferre Iugum.
Virgo valet, spirat, Regnat quo longior absis
Tutior enge redde (*sic*) Gallia, larga satis.[2]
Pectora fide (*sic*) Deo, bona corpora, corda, corone [3]
Dantur, nil restat ni velis arma tibi.
Principes (*sic*) consilio viuat ut
opto anima suo, Oct^{r} A^{o} 1579.

A Method, not sharply Englished.

The kinge of ffrance shall not advañce his shippes in English sande,
Ne shall his brother ffrancis haue the Ruleng of the lande:
Wee subiects trwe untill oure queene, the forraine yoke defie,
Where too we plight oure faithefull hartts, o*ur* lyñes, o*ur* lyves & all,
thereby to have o*ur* honor rize, or tak o*ur* fatall fall.
Therefore, good ffrancis, Rule at home, resist not o*ur* desire;
for here is notheng else for thee, but onely sworde & fyer.

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[1] *sic*. ? Britanna.

[2] This line seems hopelessly corrupt. Perhaps
Tutior: en regi Gallia larga satis
might be suggested.

[3] For "fide" and "corone" read fida and coronæ. By these alterations some sense may be extracted from the original.

Teshe's Verses on the Order of the Garter.

This poem has already been printed by Sir Harris Nicolas in his "Orders of Knighthood," vol. ii., 1842. The MS. is on vellum. In the British Museum there is "A boke containing divers sortes of Hands, as well the English, as French Secretarie, with the Italian, Roman, Chancery and Court Hands. Also the true and just proportion of the capital Romans. Set forthe by William Teshe, of the Citye of Yorke, gentleman. 1580." It is dedicated to the Queen, and he begs that she will deign to accept it "among the noble presents of more higher estate." Teshe was probably the son of a certain Tristram Teshe of Yorke who lies buried in the Cathedral with the following inscription on his tomb: "Of your charity pray for the soul of Margaret Tesh, wife unto Mr. Tristram Tesh, of the cittye of Yorke, Notarie and principal Register of the Archbishopricke of Yorke, which Margarett departed unto the mercy of Allmighty God the viiij day of December, An. Dom. 1537." Teshe's verses are inscribed to the Earl of Bedford.

[Harl. MS. 3437.]

[ff. 1.]

Within a Place, or Pallace, richlye dight,
did sitt a Prince, and Princely Peer's attend,
Braue Lord's, faire Dames, and many a courtly wight:
the Knight*es* of th'order—eachone wore a Bend
aboute the Arme—all wayting, as it weare,
some heeauenly sighte, or happy tale to heare.

And in each Bend, enbrodred Bracelett wise,
weare certayne wordes, ymporting seuerall sence,
as best did please their Honors to devise,
the more to shewe theire loyall harts pretence;
ffor as the Garter shew's what th'order sayth,
So by the Bend was knowne y^e^ wearers fayth.

Myselfe, (alas!) the meanest of the Sorte
that stoode in place to see this princely sight,
and harde the wordes which here I shall reporte,
God know's howe muche vnto my hart*es* delight,
Behelde the Queene stande vp emoungst them all,
Herault's cryde scylence, husht was all the Hall.

[lf. 2.] [drawing.*]

"Shame to the mynde that meanes" (quod shee) "amisse,"
whereby was seene her mynde did meane no ill:
"Lo! thus, my Lordes, our verdict geuen vp is,
lett them do well that looke for our goodwill,
A quj mal pense a luy tout honj Soit:
and for myselfe, Mon Dieu *et* seul mon droit.

"Highe God" (q*uo*d shee) "be alwayes our right hand,
and thinck on me, semper eadem, still.
He is the staye on which our harte shall stand,
our stronge defence from those that thinck vs ill;
where wronge makes warre, we must with patience arme;
Tyme trieth truthe, good myndes can meane no harme."

And so, me thought, shee satt her downe againe,
with Princely grace attending for the rest.
Then euery one, from hartes which coulde not fayne,
shewed forth th' aboundance of ech faithfull brest.
The Earle of Lincolne there did foremost stand,
and gaue his bend thus to her highnes hand.

[lf. 3.] [drawing.]

"Renowned Queene, cheif Souereigne of our weale,
whose happie raigne hath made vs fortunate,
Trewe were the wordes which late you did reveale,
highe God is hee that hath vpheld your state;
What elce was said, wee all agree in this,
Shame be to hym that thincks or meanes amiss.

"A faithfull mynde doth sildome merritt blame,
which makes me saye, that Loialte n'ha hont:
Fidelitie can neuer purchase shame;
yt springes from faith and farre doth Fame surmount:
for what maintaynes your Princely roialtye
But love of God and Subiects Loialtye?

* The drawings are the Coats of Arms of each Noble as he is described, with the bends containing their mottoes.

"Longe maye you lyve, in peace and happie dayes,
to double twice the tracte of Nestors date,
that after worldes maye singe vnto your praise,
in golden verse, the Tryumphes of your fate!
Thus doo I ende, and wishe, as is my wont,
rather death then shame, Loialte n'ha hont." 54

[Edward Fynes-Clinton, 13th Lord Clinton and (in 1572 created) Earl of Lincoln, who had been elected a Knight by Edward VI. His motto was "*Loyaulté n'a Honte.*" He was Lord High Admiral, and died 1584, being ancestor of the present Dukes of Newcastle, Earls of Lincoln.]

[lf. 4.] [drawing.]

"It is a prouerbe vsed everie-where,
a perfect frend is good in tyme of need;
But well is them, that either farre or nere,
in all assayes can stande themselves in steed.
But who be they? Then Deus propter me,
for none I fynde but Virtus propter se. 60

"Virtue alone sitt*es* euer by herselfe,
full poore yclad, and all to totters torne;[1]
shee' stemeth skyll, shee forceth not of pelfe,
shee laughes the worlde and worldlings all to scorne:
Fortune and shee are allwayes at a Jarre,
and vice gainst virtue maketh open warre. 66

"Thus, sacred Prince, vouchsafe here to receaue
my little Poesie, Virtus propter se,
which, as you maie, with wisdome well conceaue,
So thinck I wishe, but Deum propter me,
Et sicut Virtus viuit sola spe,
Sic viuit Spes, et Virtus propter se." 72

[Thomas Ratcliffe, 3rd Earl of Sussex, Lord Fitzwalter, etc.; also elected a Knight by Edward VI. The motto of this family, "*Virtus propter se.*" He died 1583 sans issue, but the title did not become extinct till 1641.]

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[1] To tatters.

[lf. 5.] [drawing.]

"Sith Virtue is with Reason well sett owte,
Souereigne," q*uo*d hee, "Ie ne pense rien que bon',
in euerie cause of certaintie or doubte
auoir respect tousiours que veut Raison,
Car la Raison en chascun chose est bon';
Garde vous donc que vous suiuies Raison. 78

"Over each member Reason is the Kinge,
who in the Head doth keepe his highest Courte,
and by the eyes surueyeth euerye thinge,
and throughe the eares doth harcken each reporte;
But forth the mowth, as throughe a gate, he sendeth
suche rules of Reason as each faulte amendeth. 84

"For Reason shewes the secrett of effecte,
and what th'effects of each thinge will insue.
to Reason, then, lett all men haue respect,
least wante of care doe lack of Reason rewe:
The sage affirme, and you shall finde it bon'
that I haue saide, tousiours Suiuez Raison." 90

[Anthony Browne, Viscount Montagu (so created in 1554); elected a Knight by Queen Mary. His motto, "*Suivez raison.*" He died 1592. The title is supposed to have become extinct in 1797, though there are many claimants to it.]

[lf. 6.] [drawing.]

Then stepped forth an other Princely Peere,
and from his Arme he plucked of his Bende,
with stately looke, and with a plesaunt cheere—
"I not compare" (quoth hee) "nor yett contende,
But in fewe wordes my Poesie is, and shall,
whilst lyfe of myne doth last, *Droict et loiall.* 96

"Right is the course which Reason doth direct,
firme is the faith that stedfast doth abide,
Iust is the mynde which vice cannot detect,
True is the knott that Truthe herself hath tide:
Right, firme, Iust, true, what euer shall befall,
my worde import*es* my will, *Droict et loiall.* 102

"And so vouchsafe, sweet Souereigne, to thinck
what's saide is right, and what is right is true,
what's true is firme, whats firme can neu*er* shrinck,
the staff nott fall's that is vpheld by youe:
Wherfore in fine, I saye, and euer shall,
durant ma vie, *Droict et Loiall.*" 108

[Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester (so created 1563), who had been elected a Knight by Queen Elizabeth in 1559. The motto of this celebrated favourite of the Queen was "*Droit et loyal.*" He died without legitimate issue 1588, when his honours became extinct.]

[lf. 7.] [drawing.]

"The redie mynde respecteth neuer toyle,
But still is prest t' accomplish hartes intent:
A broad, at home, in euerie Coste or soyle,
the deed performes what inwardly is ment;
which makes me saye, in euerie virtuous deed,
I still am prest t'accomplish what's decreed. 114

"But byd to goe, I redie am to ronne;
But byd me ronne, I redie am to ryde:
To goe, ronne, ryde, or what elce to be done,
speek but the worde, and soone it shalbe tryde:
tout prest Je suis po*ur* accomplier La chose
per tout Labeur que vous peut faire repose. 120

"Prest to accomplish, what you will commaunde;
Prest to accomplish, what you shall desire;
Prest to accomplish, your desir's demaunde;
Prest to accomplish, Heaven for happie hire:
Thus doe I ende, and at your will I rest,
as you shall please in euerie Action prest." 126

[George Talbot, 6th Earl of Shrewsbury, Earl Marshal of England; elected a Knight 1561. The motto of this family, which is still in existence, is "*Prest d'accomplir.*" He died 1590.]

[lf. 8.] [drawing.]

The Earle of Warwick next approched there,
whose Sentence shew'd the Imprese of his harte—
"God sees our harts" (*quod* he) "and secrettes here,
and he rewards the Righteous by desarte:
To hym, and you, I doe protest that Foy,
that sayes, Vng Dieu, vng Roy, seruir Je doy. 132

"By Kinge I meane my service to the Crowne,
and so to you, whome God hath crowned so;
Which God I praie to plucke those traitors downe
that hate your state or seeke your overthrowe.
In God and you doth rest my onlye Ioy
that vowes vng Dieu, vng Roy, seruir Je doy. 138

"One God I haue by grace to searue and love;
One Queene by his commaund to loue and serve;
the one doth rest, to see in Heauen above
what wee on Earth of this one will deserue;
Whome who meanes yll God lend hym little Joy
and lett me still, Seruir vng Dieu vng Roy." 144

[Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick (so created 1567), eldest son of John, the celebrated Duke of Northumberland and brother to the Earl of Leicester above named; elected a Knight 1563. His motto, "*Ung Dieu, ung Roy, servir Je doy.*" He died sans issue 1589, when his honours became extinct.]

[lf. 9.] [drawing.]

"Many reporte as they of others here;
But, as for me, Je di coñe Je trouue;
even as I fynde, my meaning shall appeare,
en toutes choses coñe Je proue;
Even as I proue, and as by proofe I fynde,
So shall by proofe apparaunt be my mynde. 152

"In trust sometyme is secret falshoode founde;
but yett by triall is each treason spide:
Since triall, then, of truth descries the grounde,
tyme must bring Truth, that triall maie be tride
ere trust be geuen. Wherefore, quand Ie proue,
I then will saye but, Come Ie trouue. 158

"Where Truth I finde, there will I builde my truste;
Where trust I finde, I will not be vntrue:
Whence fauore com's due faithfull seruice must
approue true Mynde, that only honors you,
for virtues rare, Que veritè proue
and I, by proofe, saye, Coñe Je trouue."

[Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon, so created 1559 by the Queen, to whom he was first cousin; elected a Knight 1561. His motto was, "*Comme je trouve.*" He died 1596, but the title continued in his descendants till the death of the 8th Lord in 1765, when it became extinct. In 1832 Lucius Bentinck Cary, Viscount Falkland in Scotland, who descended from a common ancestor, was created Baron Hunsdon in the United Kingdom.]

[lf. 10.] [drawing.]

"Some sorte of men contynually forecast,
and doe dyvine of thinges which maye insue,
neuer respecting what is gone and past,
but what's to come, that deeme they wilbe true,
Though falce in fine; for why? by proofe we see,
che sara, sara, What shalbe, shalbe.

"No fatall feare, or dread of destenye,
can daunte a mynd which euer is resolv'd.
Mans thought is fraile, his forecast vanitye,
which when I ofte within my mynde revolu'd,
I tooke my pen and writt this worde for me,
Che sara, sara, what shalbe, shalbe.

"Per quant' a me non stimo dj Fortuna
ch'ognj cose è al voler d' Iddio,
non credo che Fortun' ha forz'alcuna:
mà che sara sara, ben dico Io,
proui che vuol e*t* egl'in fin dira
fa tutto Iddio, che sara sara."

[Francis Russell, 2nd Earl of Bedford; elected a Knight 1564. His fatalistic motto of "*Che sara sara*" was adopted by his father, who, having, by his knowledge of Italian and Spanish, been able to be of the greatest use to the Archduke Philip, when shipwrecked off Weymouth, owed his favourable introduction to the English Court and his subsequent advancement to that piece of fortune. He died 1585, being ancestor of the present Dukes of Bedford.]

[lf. 11.] [drawing.]

"Strange be th'events, Most Sacred Maiestye,
which hap to man whilst hee doth breathe on earthe.
Somemen are borne to care and miserye,
and othersome to lyue in Ioye and Merthe;
Somemen by trauaile passe both Land and Seas,
Whilst some at home doe lyue in rest and ease.

"Which when I thinck and meditate vpon,
I smile at some, and pittie others hap:
But lett that pass:—why shoulde I muse theron?
All men cannott haue place in Fortunes lap.
As for myselfe, I doe not meane to trie,
But Quo me fata vocant, there will I.

"You Fatall Sisters, websters[1] of my lyfe,
Spin slowe, wynde softe, and cutt not yet my twyne.
Sweet Atropos, vnsheathe not yet thy knyfe;
But lett mee lyue, to searue this Prince of myne,
Abroade, at home, or where your Highnes please,
Or, Quo me Fata Vocant, Land or Seas."

[Sir Henry Sydney; elected a Knight in 1564, being then Lord President of Wales. He was subsequently three times Lord Deputy of Ireland, and was brother-in-law to the Queen's favourite—the Earl of Leicester, whose sister he had married. By her he was father of the celebrated Sir Philip Sydney and of Sir Robert Sydney, created in 1618 Earl of Leicester, a title which became extinct in 1743. His motto of "*Quo Fata vocant*" is used by his present representative, the Lord De Lisle and Dudley. He died in 1586.]

[lf. 12.] [drawing.]

"To chaunge, or feare, proceed's of Dastard mynde:
to doe the one or other I despise.
Fonde be those men that tourne with euerie wynde,
and feares ech blast or storme that doth arise.
As for myself, I trust in God, and you,
neuer to chaunge, or feare what shall insue.

[1] Weavers. The feminine of weaver.

"Chaunge will I not the constant loue I beare,
Feare will I not the force of Fortun's spighte:
Thus doe I meane to neither chaunge or feare,
But in a staye to settle my delighte.
Lett fleeting mynd's of Fortune be afraide;
Where firmnes rest's, the harte is well apaide. 212

"In choise of Chaunge, Feare doth affirme the worss;
In Feare, the Harte can lye at little rest;
and restles Hart's can haue no greater curss;
and curssed Hart's are seeld[1] or neuer blest:
Itane? sic. cum hoc tam certum cerno
dicam, Mutare vel timere sperno." 218

[William Somerset, 3rd Earl of Worcester; elected a Knight 1570. His motto, "*Mutare vel timere sperno.*" He died 1589, being grandfather of Henry, the loyal Marquess of Worcester (so created 1642), and ancestor of the present Dukes of Beaufort, Marquesses and Earls of Worcester.]

[lf. 13.] [drawing.]

"Of God and Man, what more esteemd then Truth?
Of Prince and Peere, what more then truth in price?
Not glozing[2] Iests that euerie gallante doth.
The Truth is that is honored of the wise;
And though that Truth vnwares maie purchase blame,
Truth wilbe Truth, in spite of all defame. 224

"The purest golde lyes hidd in dross and mire,
And precious stones mongst ragged Rocks do growe;
But as the one is purified by fire,
So are the other pullished also.
And as they both by Art are made most bright,
So Tyme bringes Truth by triall vnto light. 230

"Thoughe burnisht Brass maie shyne as bright as golde,
Yet Truth the Touchstone fyndeth it but brass;
Thoughe foyled glass seeme precious to beholde,
yett truth will knowe it for a peece of glass:
So Truth in all thinges doth the virtue trie:—
In veritate victoria, therfore, saye I." 236

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[1] Seldom. [2] Deceitful, flattering.

[Henry Hastings, 3rd Earl of Huntingdon; elected a Knight 1570. Died sans issue 1595. The motto, "*In veritate victoria*," was doubtless used by him, but that on his Garter plate is "*La Victoire vient de Dieu.*" The title is still enjoyed by the descendants of his younger brother.]

[lf. 14.] [drawing.]

With that stept forth a graue sage Lorde indeed,
with countenaunce milde, and with as comely grace.
"Madame," quod hee, "not many wordes shall need
to shewe in summe where virtue keeps her place;
per quanto a me, questa è sententia mia,
proua che vuol. Cor vnum vna via.

"One Harte to Prince, state, selfe, and Cuntries heale,
one Loue, one losse, one Joy, one greife, one gall,
one mynde, one meane, one will, one wishe, one weale,
one good, one god, one but one all in all,
one happ, one Heauen, which vna sola via,
Cor vnum querit, quel mio, quella mia."

And therwithall, hee gaue her from his Arme
a brave riche Bende, wheron was rarely writ,
aboute a Harte, that neuer meaneth harme,
and but one waye seekes happie Heauen to hitt.
"Nel Cuore mio, questa è sententia mia,
Proua Troua, Cor vnum vna via."

[William Cecil, Lord Burleigh (so created 1571), the celebrated Lord High Treasurer; elected a Knight 1572. The motto, "*Cor unum, via una*," although doubtless used by him (as it is by his descendants), is not the one given in his Garter plate, which is "*Honneur loyer et loyaulte.*" He died 1598, and was succeeded by his son, created 1605 Earl of Exeter, and was the ancestor of the present Marquesses of Exeter, and of the Marquesses of Salisbury.]

[lf. 15.] [drawing.]

By order next a Baron then came forth,
and humbly there—"Renowned Queene," quod he,
"by due desarte esteeme eche vertues worth,
I saye no more, but fort' en loyalte:
my greatest force, I thinck, I best bestowe
in service suche as maye my duety showe.

"If Fortune frowne, why then in her despight;
and yf shee smyle, I trust her nere y^e^ more:
doe what shee can, I feare not of her might:
lett fortune goe, sett only God before
in all affaires, ho detto et diro,
che dio volendo, Io lo faro." 264

And therwithall he plucked from his Arme
theis wordes in golde enbrodred faire to see,
"Dogge be his death that meanes *Diana* harme,
Dominus videt, Fort' en loyalte."
Then stood he by, when as, with reuerence lowe,
an other Peere his seemely selfe did showe. 270

[Arthur Grey, 15th Lord Grey de Wilton; elected a Knight . The motto here assigned to him, "*Forte en loyalte*," is not the motto on his Garter plate, which is "*At Vincit pauperiem Virtus*," and which was also used at his funeral. He died 1593. By the attainder of his son in 1604, this title became forfeited. But in 1784 Sir Thomas Egerton, who descended from a sister of the attainted Lord, was created Baron Grey de Wilton (which became extinct on his death in 1814). In 1801, however, he had been created Viscount Grey de Wilton and Earl of Wilton, with a special remainder to the Grosvenor family, by whom those titles are still enjoyed.]

[lf. 16.] [drawing.]

"Weake is the faith that fleet's with everie wynde;
True is the harte that neuer meanes to starte;
A stedfast course maie shewe a stayed mynde,
and carefull zeale express a constant harte,
that in despight of Tout mortal daunger,
shall searue but you, et tousiours sans chaunger. 276

"Lyke to the Moone, that Moonthly chaungeth newe,
I maie compare a fleeting fickle mynde;
For when her full shee geues the worlde to vewe,
her wayne is nearest then by course of kynde:
So wavering witt's the farder that they raunge,
theire suddeyn wane presadgeth speedy chaunge. 282

"But constant Myndes are lyke vnto the Sonne,
whose certayne course doth neuer runne astraye;
For thoughe with Clowdes it ofte be overdonne,
yett shyneth it in darcknes wismen saye:
So thoughe with cares sweet virtue clowded be
yet Sans chaunger virtue will virtue be." 288

[Henry Stanley, 4th Earl of Derby, whose wife was first cousin (once removed) to the Queen, being grand-daughter of Mary Tudor; elected a Knight 1574. His motto, "*Sans changer*," is the same now used by the present Earl of Derby, his heir male. He died 1592.]

[lf. 17.] [drawing.]

A worthy Earle in place there did appeare,
who thus began, "Bien, vng Je seruiray.
One I will searue, which one in presence here;
and one aboue, whome no one maie saye naye,
which one on high is but that only one,
that makes my harte to serue this one alone. 294

"To serue and love, to love and eke to serue;
to serue with loue, and loue by service showe;
to shewe the due that fauore maye deserue;
to merritt well, and wish ech one do so:
to wish, and will, to serue, and still to loue,
one Queene on Earth, one God in heauen above. 300

"A Phenix hath no fellowe to be founde;
Blest be the Birde, and she that is as rare:
Excellence shewes where virtue is the grounde,
suche fruicts doe growe as only Heauenly are,
and ending thus, Je di *et* bien diray,
Vng Je ayne, et vng Je seruiray." 306

[Henry Herbert, 2nd Earl of Pembroke; elected a Knight 1574. His motto "*Ung je serviray.*" He was the husband of the lady immortalized by Ben Jonson as "Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother," who died 1621. The Earl died 1601, being ancestor of the present Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery.]

[lf. 18.] [drawing.]

Then did approche A Baron standing by,
"Souereigne," q*uo*d hee, "Je vous diray vne chose;
You maie Conceaue, and he that list to trye
shall finde by proofe, que Desir n'ha repose;
Myselfe haue tride, and harde it ofte confest,
that in respect Desire doth neuer rest.

"Desire doth sett both witt and will to worke,
Desire doth worke in secrett of devise,
Desire doth seeke where secrett's closlye lurke,
Desire discryes the dutye of the wise,
Desire is suche as worlde cannot inclose,
which makes me saye, Desir n'ha repose.

"Desire sometyme doth sore aboue the skyes,
Desire agayne doth penetrate the Earth,
ore Sea and Lande Desire fleeting flyes,
one while in care, an other while in Myrth:
So that Desire, amid'st Ten thowsand wose,
both lyves and dyes, Et iamais n'ha repose."

[Charles Howard, 2nd Lord Howard of Effingham; elected a Knight in 1575; created Earl of Nottingham 1597; Lord High Admiral, etc. His motto, "*Desir na repos.*" He died 1624, and was succeeded by his two sons in succession, on the death of the last of whom, in 1681, the Earldom of Nottingham became extinct, but the Barony descended to the descendants of a younger son of the first Lord, and is still enjoyed by the present Earl of Effingham.]

[lf. 19.] [drawing.]

Then last of all came forth, with comlye grace,
a grave good Sir, who saide, "Iudicio meo;
Fortune dothe beare a duble dealing face;
I seeke for noughte but Auspicante Deo,
And helpe me, God, my harte hath his desire,
no hap to heauen, once there I wish no higher.

"If God before I followe with goodwill;
If god geue helpe, I wishe no better hap;
If God geue hap, it cannot fall owte yll:
well springes the tree where god doth geue y^e^ sap:
wherfore saye I, that in Iudicio meo,
nothing thryues well but Auspicante Deo.

"And God at hand nothing can thrive amiss,
for God doth helpe the hoping harte at need:
Both highe and lowe will all agree in this,
God guyde the hand, the worke will better speed;
Then take of me this worde, Judicio meo,
I worke and wishe but Auspicante Deo." 342

[Sir Francis Walsingham, Principal Secretary of State, appointed Chancellor of the Order 22 April, 1578, which he resigned ten years afterwards. His motto, "*Auspicante Deo.*" This office has since 1671 been held by the Bishop in whose diocese Windsor is situated.]

[lf. 20.]

Thus when eche one had geuen vp his Bende,
her Highnes rose from forth her cheare of state—
"I thancke you all," quod shee, "and for an ende,
Longe maie your dayes with myne rest fortunate!"
Wherwith they all made humble reverence then,
and all th'assembly saide thereto, "Amen!" 348

The Trumpett*es* blewe, and Heralds lowd did call,
"Sortez, Seigneurs, chascun a son Logis."
The Nobl's rose, and thence departed all,
them to disrobe, as vse and custome is;
And as the Earle of Bedforde past by,
"nowe, good my Lorde, remember me," q*uo*d I. 354

Wm. Teshe.

Guilielmus Tesheus ∴ composuit, scripsit, *et* pinxit:
An° Dom̃ 1582.

In an old MS. in the Herald's College, marked "2ª E. 8," part 2, page 2, occurs: "The proper words of the Lords of the Order of the Garter.

The Quenes,	*Semper eadem.*
The Empror,	*Plus ultra.*
The Kinge of Spayne,	*Nec spe nec metu.*

The Duke of Sayvoye,	*Fert, Fert.*
The Duke of Memorancy,	*Απλανος.*
The Duke of Holst,[1]	
Erle of Arundell,	*Virtutis laus actio.*
Erle of Darby,	*Sans changier.*
The Marques of Wynchester,	*Aymes loyalté.*
Erle of Penbrok,	*Une je serviray.*
The Duke of Norfolke,	*Sola virtus invicta.*
The Lord Clynton,	*Loyalte na honte.*
The L. Pagett,	*Per il suo contrario.*
The Mquis Northamp,	*Amour avecque loyalte.*
Erle of Westmoreland,	*Esperance me comforte.*
Erle of Rutland,	*Pour y parvenier.*
The L. W. Haward,	*Desire na repos.*
Erle of Sussex,	*Virtus propter se.*
Erle of Shrewsbery,	*Prest accomplir.*
L. of Loughborough,[2]	*La victoire vient de Dieu.*
Viscount Montague,	*Suyves raison.*
Erle of Lesteter,	*Droict et loyal.*
L. Grey Wylton,	[illegible.]
L. of Hunsden,	*Come je treuve.*
Erle of Bedford,	*Che sara sara.*"

In 1582 three stalls were vacant, and of the foreign knights—viz. The Emperor Rudolph (of Germany), The King of Spain, The King of France, The King of Denmark, Duke of Holstein, Casimir Count Palatine—our author takes no notice, giving the mottoes only of the sixteen English Knights and of the Chancellor, which (with the above nine) makes up the complete number of twenty-five. It is somewhat curious that the Chancellor of the Order is treated by Teshe in the same way as an actual Knight.

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[1] "Jealousy of the power of Eric (King of Sweden) had induced the King of Denmark to set up a rival suitor in the person of Adolphus, Duke of Holstein. The prince was young, handsome, and (which exalted him more in the eyes of Elizabeth) a soldier and a conqueror. On his arrival, he was received with honour, and treated with peculiar kindness. He loved and was beloved. The Queen made him Knight of the Garter; she granted him a pension for life; still, she could not be induced to take him for her husband."—Lingard, vol. vi. p. 32.

[2] Henry Hastings, who succeeded his father in 1560 as Earl of Huntingdon, had been previously summoned (viz. in 1558) as Lord Hastings, and from his connexion with Loughborough was doubtless often called Lord of Loughborough.

[Ash. MS. 36, 37, fol. 303.]

To the blessed Sainct of famose memory Elizabeth, The humble petition of her now wretched and contemptible pe Commons of Englande.

This lamentation is, on the whole, not a dull production. The writer, whoever he was, must have been an enthusiastic admirer of the "Maiden Queen." Perhaps the lines—

> "No snuffling raskall, with his horne pipe nose,
> Shall tell thy story in his ill-tun'd prose—

show him to have had a certain hostility to the Puritans. We seem to have a foretaste in them of some of the happiest passages of Hudibras.

If Sa^ct^s in heauen can either see or heare,
Or helpe poore mortalls, O then lende thine eare;
Looke doune, blest S^ct, and heare, o heare vs now,
Whose humble heartes low as o^r knees do bow.
Looke on our sufferings, thinke but on o^r wrongs,
That hardly can bee spoke w^th mortall toungs.
O bee not now lesse gratiouse then of olde,
When each distressed vassall might bee bolde[1]
In to thy open handes to put his greife,
And thence receaue timely and faire releife;
Bee not lesse good, lesse gratiouse then before.
In Heauen, y^e supplications of y^e poore
Are hearde as soone as suites of greatest kings.
If o^r petitions, then (Blest Sct), want wings
To mounte them to the Iudge of Iudges throne,
O helpe then (mighty Soueraine!) w^th thine owne;
Carry o^r iust complaintes, since Iust they ar,
And make a tendar of them at y^t Barr

[1] The same method of hearing petitions is alluded to by Puttenham in the poem previously given (*antè* page 90, lines 507–9):

> "And take the bills with thine owne hande
> Of clowne and carle, of knight and swayne,
> Who list to thee for right complayne."

It is the well-known and favourite trick of personal government. Miss Strickland ("Lives of the Queens of England," vol. vii. p. 127) has told us:

"In her progresses she was always most easy of approach; private persons, and magistrates, men, women, and children, came joyfully, and without any fear, to wait upon her and to see her. . . . . She took with her own hand, and read with the greatest goodness, the petitions of the meanest rustics, and disdained not to speak kindly to them, and to assure them that she would take a particular care of their affairs."—That Elizabeth knew how to make herself a popular sovereign in this respect and all others is palpable to any one who studies her character fairly.

Where no corruption, nor no Freinde, nor Bribe,
Nor griping Lawier, auaritiouse Scribe,
No Fauorite, no Parasite, nor Minion,
Can either leade, or alter y^e^ opinion
Of y^t^ greate Chancellor;—theire lay them doune,
And meritt praise on earth, in heauen renowne.

Where to begin (deseruăr of all glory),
Or how to tell our vnexampled story,
Heauen knows wee do not know; nay, w^ch^ is worst,
Thy once blest subiects haue so oft been curst
For offering vp petitions in this kinde,
As still wee tremble, till wee call to minde
Thy woonted goodnesse: that, ôh y^t^ doth cheare vs,—
That only giues vs hope y^t^ thou wilt heare vs.
When Heauen was pleasd (Blest S^ct^) to call thee hence,
And so make wretched (for some great offence)
This littell Ile, Oh then began our feares;
Oh had wee then y^e^ kingdome drown'd in teares,
And in y^e^ floods conuaied our soules to Heauen,
To waite on thine, we had not now beene driuen
To cry, and call thee from thy fellow Saincts
To heare, and pitty these our iust complaintes.
O pardon these our grôsse omissions,
And deigne to furthar these our poor petitions,
And wee will make the name of great Eliza
Equall y^e^ honors of y^t^ great Maria.
No snuffling raskall, w^th^ his horne pipe nose,
Shall tell thy story in his ill-tun'd prose;
Nor show thy statue to each petty groome:
Thy monument wee'le builde shall make proude Roome
On Pilgremage to come, ãd at thy Shrine
Offer theire giftes, as to a thing diuine.
And on thy altar, fram'd of richest stones,
We'le daily tendar teares, and sighs, and grones.
Eternity shall sleepe, and long-tounged fame
Forget to speake e're wee forgett thy name.
Reade (blessed Soule), o reade it, and beleeue vs;
Then giue it to his handes y^t^ can releeue vs.

Thy perpetuall and faithfull Beadesmen
the distressed coñons of Englande.

[Harl. MS. 367, leaf 151.]

The Answere to the Libell called The Commons teares: The wiper of the peoples teares, The dryer vp of doubts and feares.

Of this poem, which breathes the very spirit of the servile reign of the First James, I cannot discover the author. Whoever he was, he was well penetrated with the doctrine of the divine right of kings, one of the favourite points advocated by the British Solomon. His adulation reaches its height in such lines as—

"God and kings doe pace together."

O stay your teares, you who complaine,
and saye as babes doe all in vaine.
Purblind people, why doe you prate?
too shallowe for the depth of state,
You cannot iudge whats truely myne,
who see noe farther than the rine.[1]
Kings walke the milkye heavenly way;
but you by bye pathes gad astray.
God and Kings doe pace together;
but vulgars wander light as feather.
I should be sorry you should see
my actions before they be
brought to the full of my desires:
god aboue men Kings inspires.
Hold you the publique beaten way;
wonder at Kings, and them obey;
For vnder God they are to chuse
what rights to take, what to refuse.
Whereto, if you will not consent,
yet hold your peace, least you repent,
And be corrected for your pride,
that Kings designes dare thus deride,
by raylinge rymes and vauntinge verse,
which your Kings breast should neuer peirce.

[1] Rind. "*d* has a great affinity for *n*, and often is brought into a word by the *n* as a sort of shadow. In the words *impound*, *expound*, from the Latin *impono*, *expono*, the *d* is a pure English addition; so likewise in *sound* from French *son*, Latin *sonus*. Provincial phonetics go still further, and call a gown *gownd*."—Earle, Philology of the English Tongue, 1st edition, 1871.

Religion is the right of Kings,
and they knowe best what good it brings;
Whereto you must submitt yo*ur* deeds,
or be puld vp like stinkinge weeds.
Kings euer vse there instruments,
of whome they iudge by the events;
The good they cherish and advance,
and many things may come by chance.
Content yo*ur* selues with such as I
shall take neare me & place high.
The men you mou'd seru'd in there tyme,
and soe may myne, as cleare of cryme.
All seasons haue there prope*r* vents,
and bringe forth seuerall events;
Whereof the choice doth rest in Kings,
who punish and reward them brings.
O, what a callinge were a Kinge
if he might giue or take nothinge
but such as you shall to him bringe!
Such were a Kinge but in a playe,
if he might beare noe greater swaye;
leaf 151 b. And then were you in worser case,
if soe to keep yo*ur* ancient face;
Yo*ur* face would soone outface his might,
if soe you would abridge his right.
Alas! fond men, play not with Kings,
with Lyons clawes, or serpents stings;
They kill euen by there sharpe aspect;
the proudest mynde they can deiect;
Make wretched the most mighty man,
though he doe mutinye what he can.
yo*ur* censures are a hurryinge round,
that rise as vapours from the ground.
I knowe when it shalbe most fitt,
with whome to fill and empty it.
The Parliame*n*t I will appoint
when I see things more out of ioynt.
Then will I sett all wrye things straight,
and not vpon yo*ur* pleasure waite;
where if you speake as wise men should;
if not, by me you shalbe schoold.
was euer Kinge calld to account,
or euer mynde soe high did mount

as for to knowe the cause and reason,
and to appoint the meanes and season,
when Kings should aske there subiects ayde?
Kings cannott soe be made afrayde;
Kings will com*m*and, and find the way
how all of you may easiest paye,
w*hi*ch they'le lay out as they thinke best,
in ernest, and sometymes in iest.
what counsells should be ouerthrowne
if all were to the people knowne!
And to noe vse were Counsell Tables,
if State affaires were publique bables.
I make noe doubt all wise men knowe
this were the way to all our woe;
For ignorance of causes makes
soe many grosse and foule mistakes.
The modell of our Princely match
you cannot make, but marre or patch.
Alas! how weake would proue yo*ur* care!
wish onely you his best welfare.
yo*ur* patience cannot waite our ends,
soe mixt they are twixt foes & frends;
whereof againe, ne're seeinge people,
straine not to see soe high a steeple:
Looke on the ground whereon you goe,
higher aspects will bringe yo*ur* woe.
Take heed yo*ur* places all be true;
doe not discontents renue;
Meddle not w*i*th yo*ur* Princes cares:
for who soe doth, too much he dares.
leaf 152. I doe desire noe more of you,
but to knowe me as I knowe you;
Soe shall I loue, & you obey,
& you loue me in a right way.
O make me not vnwillinge still,
whome I would saue, vnwillinge kill:
Examples in extremity
are neuer the best remedy:
Thus haue I pleasd my selfe, not you,
and what I say you shall find true.
Keepe euery man his ranke and place,
and feare to fall in my disgrace.

You call our children chidds[1] of state,
you claime a right vnto their fate;
But knowe you must be pleasd with what
shall please vs best in spite of that.
Kings doe make lawes to bridle you,
which they may pardon, or imbrue
there hands in the best blood you haue,
and send the greatest to his graue.
The Charter, which you great doe call,
came first from Kings, to stay your fall:
From an vniust rebellion, moued
by such as Kingdomes little loued.
Imbrace noe more you well may hold,
as often doth the ouerbold.
As they did who your Charter sought
For there owne greatnesse, who soe wrought
with Kings and you, that all prou'd nought.
The loue that Kings haue to you borne
moud them thereto for to be sworne;
For where smale goods are to be gott
were knowne to them that knowes vs not.
yet you, that knowe me all soe well,
why doe you push me downe to hell
by makeinge me an Infidell?
Tis true I am a cradle Kinge,[2]
yet doe remember euery thinge
That I have heretofore put out,
and yet begin not for to doubt.
Oh how grosse is your device,
change to impute to Kings as vice!
The wise may chaunge, yet free from fault;
though change to worse is euer nought.
Kings euer overreach you all,
and must stay you, though that ther all fall.
Kings cannot comprehended be
in Commons mouths, coniure ye
all what you can, by teares or termes,
deny not what the Kinge affirmes.

[1] Probably the same as the word "chits" still found in provincial dialects. Cf. Halliwell, Chit, a forward child.

[2] Probably referring to the circumstance that James was proclaimed king while an infant of little more than a twelvemonth old, owing to the deposition of his mother (July 24, 1567).

He doth disdaine to cast an eye
of anger on you, least you dye,
euen at the shadowe of his face;
yet giues to all *that* sue for grace.
I knowe my freinds, I need noe teachinge;
prowd is the foolish ouerreachinge.
leaf 152 b. Come counsell me when I shall call;
wherefore beware of what may fall.
Kings will hardly take advice
of Counsells; they are wondrous nice;
Loue and wisedome lead them still
there Counsell tables vp to fill:
They need not helpes in there choice;
the best advice is there owne voice,
And be assured *that* such be Kings
as they vnto there Counsell brings,
w*h*ich alwayes soe com*m*ended are
as some would make, & some would marre.
If I once bend my angry browe,
yo*u*r ruine comes, though not as now;
For slowe I am reuenge to take,
and yo*u*r amendm*e*nts wrath will slake.
Then hold yo*u*r pratlinge, spare yo*u*r penne,
be honest and obedient men;
vrge not my Iustice, I am slowe
to giue you yo*u*r deserued woe:
If p*r*oclamac*i*ons[1] will not serue,
I must doe more peace to p*r*eserue,
To keep all in obedience,
to driue such busie bodies hence.

[1] By statute 31 Henry VIII. the proclamations of the sovereign were declared as valid as acts of parliament, although, it is true, certain restrictions were imposed. Many of these *rescripts*, as they might justly be called, were very whimsical. Thus in 1580 the erection of houses within three miles of London was forbidden, on account of the too great increase of the city.

[Ash. MS. 36, 37, f. 303.]

To the most high and mighty, the most piouse and mercifull, ye cheife Chancellor of Heauen and Judge of Earth;

The most humble Petitions of ye poore distressed Commons of long afflicted Englande.

The production of some poetaster who, at the beginning of the reign of James I., bewails the lost glories of the Elizabethan epoch. The lamentation upon the death of Prince Henry, James's eldest son, which occurred Nov. 6th, 1612, probably shows the author to have been a Puritan, and will assist in fixing the date of the poem.

If bleeding soules, deiected heartes, find grace,
Then, all disposer, turne not back thy face
From vs thy supplicants. Thrice Heauens Suns have worne
Their Summer sutes, since wee began to mourne;
Egipts ten plagues wee haue indur'd twise tolde,
Since blest Eliza was with Saincts inrol'de.
Thy messengers of wrath theire violls power
Each day vpon our heads; nay, euery hower
Plagues begett plagues, and fruitefull vengeance growes,
As if there were no ende sett to our woes.
Haue our black sinnes (O God) raised such a cloude
Twixt Heauen and vs, as cryes, though ne're so loude,
Can get no passage to thy mercy seate?
Are our iniquities (good God) so greate,
So infinite, as neither grones nor teares
Can entertainement gett? Remember but ye yeares
Of or affliction; then forgett, we craue,
Our sins; bury them in ye deepest graue
Of darke obliuion; hide them in ye side
Of our Redeemer: o let them bee tide
In chaines, yt they may neuar rise again.
Lett vs no longer sue, or cry in vaine;
Lett this our supplication, this complainte,
Tendered by our late Souereigne thy Sainct,

At last finde grace. Wast not, wee humbly pray,
Enough y^t^ first thou tookest y^t^ Queene away?
Was not y^t^ Doue, y^t^ Lambe of innocence,
Sufficient sacrifise for our offence?
Ah, no! our sins oute liu'd her, and our crimes
Did threaten to outeliue y^e^ last of times.
Thou didst remoue her y^t^ shee might not see
The sad beginnings of our misery.
Had Egipt thicker darkenesse then had wee,
When clearest eyes at mid day coulde not see?
Vnholsom mistes, strange foggs, rumors of warrs,
Euill portending Commetts, blasing starrs,
Prodigiouse births, and most vn*n*aturall seasons,
Putting Philosophers quite besides theire reasons,
Frightning y^e^ poore, and y^e^ ritch exhorting
To leaue theire downy beds, wheare they ly snorting.
Heauen in combustion seemes, y^e^ sky in armes,
The starrs beate drums, y^e^ Spheares do sounde alarums,
The aire did often bloody cullers spredd,
And all to rouse vs from y^e^ lazy bedd
Of base Security: yet nought woulde fright vs,
Till wee weere rob'd of what did most delite vs,
Henry our ioy.[1] Henry, whose euery limme
Threatned to conquer death, and not death him:
Henry y^e^ pride, eauen Hen^e^[2]ry y^e^ blest,
On whome great Britaine sett vp her greate rest:
Who had not in y^t^ one an ample share?
What Subiect had not rather lost his Heyre?

[1] Prince Henry, eldest son of James, to whom Queen Elizabeth was godmother, born Feb. 19, 1593, died Nov. 6, 1612. The young prince was very popular, especially among the Puritan party, who were in the habit of saying—

"Henry the Eighth pulled down the abbeys and cells,
But Henry the Ninth shall pull down bishops and bells."

Very extravagant hopes were formed of this youth, which perhaps had in reality but little foundation. He died suddenly of a fever, and suspicion was even cast upon his father, so extravagant was the national sorrow. This may perhaps have been augmented, if not originated, by the well-known fact that the King and his son had not been always on the best of terms. Lingard says: "There existed but little affection between him and his father. James looked on him with feelings of jealousy, and even of awe; and the young prince, faithful to the lessons which he had formerly received from his mother, openly ridiculed the foibles of his father, and boasted of the conduct which he would pursue when he should succeed to the throne."—Lingard, ed. 1854, vol. vi. p. 64.

[2] This letter was added above by the copyist, who observed that the line wanted another syllable.

What tendar Mother did not wish y^t^ darte
Had glanced from him, and strooke her Darlings harte?
All y^t^ weere vertuose, all y^t^ weere good,
Turned theire weepings (sic) eyes to streames of blood.
But thine anoyted (sic) neeles must leaue y^e^ Citty
Before it bee distroyed, such is thy pitty,
And such thy pitty. Are theire yet full ten?
Is theire (greate God) a number les of men
Whose innocence may slack thy kindled ire,
And keepe this Sodom Britaine from y^e^ fire
Of thy just anger? Is there yet a soule
Whose vertue power hath but to controle
Thine heau'd vp hande of iustice? If there bee,
For his or her sake rouse thy clemency,
Awake thy mercy, let thy iustice slumberr,
And saue y^e^ greater for y^e^ lesser numberr.
For his or her sake, we do humbly pray
Respitt of time: giue vs a longer day;
And then, inabled by thy grace and Fauor,
Wee'le purchesse Pardon by our good behauior.
Plague,[1] famine, darkenesse, Inundations,
We haue indured; feare of innouations,
W^th^ expectation of y^e^ worst can follow,
Daily torments vs: and wee howerly swallow
Our very spittell eauen w^th^ feare and horror;
We nightly sleepe w^th^ care, awake w^th^ terror.
Nor are wee all this time from vermine free—
The Catterpiller hanges on euery tree:
Lousy Promoters,[2] Monopoly-Mungers[3]
A crew of vpstarte rascalls, whose firse hungers

[1] In 1604 the plague raged in England: in that same year (the first Parliament of James) an Act was passed that no one should leave his house, while suffering from the plague, under the penalty of death; provision was also made for a rate for the support of the infected.

[2] Informers. Cf. an epigram by Sir John Harrington against "Promoters," beginning—

"Base spyes, disturbers of the publique rest,
With forged wrongs the trew mans ryght that wrest."

(From a MS. copy of the epigrams in my possession in the handwriting of Sir John.)

[3] The question of monopolies, which had become a standing abuse in the reign of Elizabeth, was very keenly debated in the reign of James I., who had freely betaken himself to this method of recompensing his needy courtiers. In 1621 Sir Giles Mompesson and Sir Francis Mitchell,—the former of whom sat for the portrait of Massinger's *Sir Giles Overreach*,—having been detected in very gross

Can ne're bee satisfied: a sorte of slaues,
  Far more insatiate then are whores, or graues:
A sorte of vpstarte Parasites y^t^ rise,
  And do more mischeif then Egiptian flyes.
Haue wee no froggs? o yes, in euery ditch,
  Deuouring y^e^ poore, impouerishing y^e^ ritch,
Busy Intelligencers, base Informers,
  Like Toades and froggs, by croking in all corners,
Promoting rascalls, whose inuenom'd toungs
  Have donne thy suppliants infinite of wronges.
Where they desire to enter, there's no defence,[1]
  No ancient title, no Inheritance,
Can keepe them oute: they search and strech y^e^ Law,
  Keepe Magistrates and officers in awe:
They pluck y^e^ Ballance from faire Iustice fist,
  And make her Ministers do what they list.
There is no equity, no Law, nor Right;
  All causes go by fauor or by might.
O God of Mercy, what more can bee saide?
  Iustice is bought and solde, becom a Trade:
Honor's confer'd on base vnworthy groomes,
  And Clownes, for gaine, may perch in highest Roomes.
Jobb had full many scabbs, yet none so bad
  As wee these one and twenty yeares haue had.
Egipte had botches, many soares y^t^ smarted,
  But yet they lasted not, they soone departed.
Halfe fowerty yeares in this sad wildernesse
  Wee now have trauael'd; is there no redresse?
Bowman, and Iolex, Ringwood and his Mate,[2]
  Compar'd w^th^ vs, are in a better state:

abuses of this privilege, were degraded from knighthood and fined. The matter was temporarily set at rest by 21 Jac. I., which declared all monopolies to be contrary to law, and all such grants to be void. Charles I., however, in his straits, produced by the constant antagonism of the Parliament, attempted to renew them, and, as Clarendon says: "Obsolete laws were revived and vigorously executed, wherein the subjects might be taught how unthrifty a thing it was, by too strict detaining of what was his, to put the King as strictly to inquire what was his own." An ingenious but unsatisfactory defence.

[1] The great height to which this scandalous custom of granting patents had reached is well shown in the third volume of Lodge's "Illustrations of English History."

[2] Who these individuals were I am unable to ascertain after a careful search in the Calendar of State Papers for the reign of James I., including other probable sources of information.

They can be hearde, they can bee rewarded,
When wee are curst, sleighted, and vnregarded.
Is there a People (o Heauen) fallen a degree
Below y^e^ Condition of a dogg but wee?
Was there a nation in the Vniuerse
More daring once, more bold, more stoute, more feirce?
And is there now vpon y^e^ worldes broad face
Any y^t^ can be reconed halfe so base?
Is there a people so much scornd, despis'd,
So laught at, baffled, and so vassaliz'd?
Where's auncient nobility becomme?
Alas! they are suppress'd, and in theire roome,
Like proud insulting Luciferrs, there sitts
A sorte of vpstarte fawning Parasitts.
Where's y^e^ Gentry?[1]

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[1] The piece terminates thus somewhat abruptly. On the next page of the MS. is an amatory poem, beginning—"Diana cecill, that rare beauty thou doest shew."

THE CANDLEWICK LETTERS.

Letter from John Downynge to his friend Bland.[1]

This is an epistle from a certain John Downynge, of Rye, in Sussex, to his friend, who has left the neighbourhood suddenly: it begins in verse, but ends in prose. Candlewick Street, A.S. *wíc;* cf. Alnwick, Smethwick, Norwich, etc.: so called from the Candlemakers, who originally inhabited it; it was in the ward of Thomas de Basinge. See Memorials of London, by Riley, p. 3. To them succeeded woollen-cloth weavers from Flanders, who were settled in this street by Edward III. "There were then," says Stow, "in this city weavers of divers sorts, to wit, of Drapery, Tapery, and Napery." Cf. also Lydgate, in the Ballad of "The London Lyckpenny"—

Then went I forth by London Stone,
Throughout all Canwick Street:
Drapers much cloth me offered anon;
Then comes me one cried 'hot sheep's feet;'
One cried mackerel, rushes green, another gan greet,
One bad me buy a hood to cover my head;
But, for want of money, I might not be sped.

John Bland was an old name in the City; a John Bland was Mayor in 1303 (Stow's Survey, ed. Strype, book i. p. 60), but perhaps the name is more correctly given as John Blount, or John le Blund.

[Tanner MS. 306, fol. 181.]

To wryte you comendations, : or send you salutations,
seyng your yll fashyons, : yt were but in vayne.
I leave yt therefore, : & kepe yt in store,
where maners are more, : I tell ye in playne;
for what maye I Iudge : of suche a suvege[2]
awaye so to truege : with out takyng his leave?
I tooke ye, my frend, : as ye do pretende;
but nowe, in the ende, : ye do me dysceave.
ye cam) in the evenyng, : & found me a wryting,
about letters sendyng : consernyng my charge.
in goynge your waye, : then dyd ye not saye
that the next daye : we shulld taulke at large?
in the mornyng I went : for the same intent,

[1] On the back of the letter is the following superscription: "To his frend Mr. Bland, draper, in Candlewicke Strete, be this *delivered*. London, to his owne hands." The handwriting and orthography of these four pieces present great difficulties, which are increased by the torn and soiled condition of the paper. In many instances conjecture has been of necessity employed.

[2] *sic.* ? savage.

with hart well bent, : to the place where ye laye;
but you were gon, : & I ther vpon
to formans[1] anon; : but you hastyd[2] awaye
with out all honestye, : or part of humanyte,
as voyde of Scyvyllytye, : Lyke one out of kynde.
in which your sayde part : there wantyd good hart,
as sayde my consart, : who ys of my mynde;
for she thought verylye : we shulld have lawghfft merylye
at dynner, I assure ye, : & so had preparyd;
but nothyng mystrustyng : your suddyng departyng
with out further metynge, : she was cleane desevyd.

forcyd for want of tyme to a brevyate my meter, I conclude the rest in prowes: surelye & off my faythe I & my wyfe bothe were offendyd at your sudden departure; patyens[3] [and] I ment to have taulkyd with you conservnyng thyngs for your comodyte: & a part towchyng my frend m carmarden: to home ommytt not my hartye comendations, with thaynks for my great chere; when oportunytye shall serve, I shalbe redye to requytt parrt. to m parker my frend; to m greves, your frend and my adoptyde Sonn, & heyre off the halff aker beyonde S. georgs,[4] Do my comendations: the Lyke omytt not to good m champyon: & leave not out the rest of the Crewe: god blesse you all, & send my sonne greves quyetnes with an vnytye & perfitt amyttye bytwen hym & m edward parker!

& thus restyng yowrs: requyrynge you myne the lyke vnfaynyd as perfitt frends, & lovyng bretherin of one howsse & consanguynytye: leave not in oblyvyon my hartye salutations to m Io^{n} smythe.

& yff ye wyll, saye the lyke to mystrys coldwell. fare ye well & god send vs peace. Amen.

from Rye, the 18 of everell, 1561, yours In^{o} downȳnge, in hast, I assure you, as aperythe.

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[1] Perhaps related to Sir Wm. Forman who was Lord Mayor in 1538 (Gough MS. List of Lord Mayors and Sheriffs).

[2] So corrected by the writer from *were ryd.*

[3] Patience; no doubt the name of his wife.

[4] Perhaps St. George's, Southwark. Cf. Stow, book iv. p. 27 (ed. 1720). "In this Lane (Paris Garden) is Groves Court, consisting of small houses." It will be observed that the names of most of these citizens recur in the letters: they were, no doubt, good, substantial, and "proper" men of their time, but it would be idle, in the majority of instances, to disturb their ashes.

Letters from the Deventer Crew[1] to the Candlewick Crew.

Two letters in verse from Paul Peresonne and Arthur Mawd, Wardens of the Deventer Crew, to the Crew in Candlewick Street, and the answer. The history of these singular compositions appears to be, that in April, 1561, some wild young English merchants settled at Antwerp played a practical joke on some grave London citizens by addressing them in a set of rhymes, as if they were roystering free-livers like themselves. The first letter remained unanswered, and then probably, determined to elicit a reply of some kind, the writers despatched a second letter, merely an altered version of the other, with the addition of a prose preamble, which produced a strong poetical remonstrance from the worthy seniors, who are greatly scandalized at the imputations cast upon them. These pieces, and the answer of the Candlewick Crew, are undoubtedly original. The paper is worn and soiled, and so damaged at the edges that the words bracketed had to be supplied. The hand is a coarse secretary one, with numerous flourishes and contractions. The two letters from the "Deventer Crewe" were written by different persons. The handwriting and orthography are those of the London citizen of the time, precisely as we find in the Diary of Henry Machyn.

These pieces of quaint doggerel have no value except as giving us an insight into the manners of the time, and showing us the hearty geniality and too-often coarse horse-play of our ancestors. The City guilds were in a very flourishing condition in the time of Elizabeth: we were fast making our country the great shop of Europe: the nickname of "la nation boutiquière," which the baffled rivalry of a neighbouring nation has fixed upon us, was becoming more than ever appropriate. This is not the place, however, to attempt anything like a sketch of the history of the Great English Companies.

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[1] Deventer on the Yssel, formerly the capital of Overyssel: a strong place, with extensive trade. Thomas à Kempis died there. It was besieged and taken by Maurice of Nassau, 1591.

[Tanner MS. 306, fol. 178.]

Lawes Deo Semper! Le .3. iour De Aprell, 1561. Stillo [Romano].[1]

Hauynge opportunytye of tyme to cawlle to memorye your Jentell Commendacyons Lattelye by vs Receyvyd, for the which as yett we Reste your Dettares, ettc. The Cawes where off was onllye for Lacke of A trustye frynde for Dellyuerye ther-off: which Resonnable Exskewess we Dowte not Butt you will Exsepte, and our Loue, ettc.

So Lycke as your Commendacyons, by vs in all poynts hathe byn vzid,
So hoppe we in Lycke Case of your plesure, owres shall not be Refusyd,
whiche thynge nowe beynge Donne, att ower Reqwestess,
yow bynd vs at all tymes, here-aftar, to ffullfyll yower be hestes.

And fyrste we wyll Be gyn, with owr moste welbe Lovyd,
and frend Redye at all Dayes, as we haue well provyd;
his name for to Re herse, as yow shall vnder stand,
A propper man of parson, whoos name ys John Bland.

A man for his Acktes moste prompte, and all wayes Redye
To breeke his faste at the Snylle, where he hawthe byn full merrye,
of all men to A begger, I dowe Compare hym Beste,
for when his skryppe ys full, he will laye his townge to Reste.

And thus owr menynge is, to tacke all owr frendes in order,
for with yow nychollas Spencer, we will prosede further.
Vnto yow nowe owr hartye Comendacyons we will Dereckte,
Trustynge you will them of yowr plesure well Exsepte.

[1] Thus addressed on the back of the letter: "To ower Lovynge frendes the Crewe of Candellwicke Strette, this our Lettar be *delivered*. London. To Eyther of ther handes."

And further owr Comendacyons we mowste in no wyse for gett,
of yow to be Donne, to mysteres well mett,[1]
Dwellynge at the hande in hande with in Saynte Clements
Lanne,[2]
all Evenyngs of yow to be Done, or ells yow are mowche to
blame.

We Reqwyer you Dowe owr Commendacyons, to Robarte in
the hand in hand,[3]
A man of *mar*vellus oneste quallyttes, By Re porte off Iohn
Bland.
yf thes owr Commendacyons showld you in anye poynte
offennd,
At yower Awnswer here off, we will them amend.

And thus myndynge to haue all owr frendes in Remembrances,
with yow Rychard Champyon[4] we procede owr Enterances,
who is on of the Crewe that oftentymes Dowthe macke merrye,
with fygges, Reysons and allmondes, Bowghte in Buclares
Berrye.[5]

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[1] Query, "masters, well met."

[2] "On the north side of this ward, at the west end of Eastcheap, have ye St. Clements Lane, a part whereof, on both sides, is of Candlewick Street Ward." —Stow, book ii. p. 183.

[3] Probably the name of a drawer, with whom the young idlers of the day affected familiarity. "Sirrah," says Shakespere's Prince Henry, "I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their Christian names."

"Your first compliment shall be to grow most inwardly acquainted with the drawers, to learn their names, as Jack, and Will, and Tom."—Decker's Gull's Horn-Book, 1610.

[4] "Master Champion, draper," who, in August, 1558, "was chosen Shreyff of London by the comens of the cete" (H. Machyn's Diary, p. 170). The Sheriff was son of Richard Champion, of Godalming, Surrey. He was afterwards knighted. Lord Mayor of London 1566, died 1568. His epitaph is in Stow, beginning—

"The Corps of Richard Champion, Knight,
Maior and Draper, here doth rest."

Sir R. Champion died without issue. His wife was Barbara, widow of Alderman Heardson. In Machyn's account of the christening of Thomas White (Feb. 3rd, 1560-1) she figures as "Masteres Champyon, (the) altherman(s) wyff, godmother." She erected a monument in St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, with kneeling effigies of herself and her two husbands.

The name was a good one in the city, and well reputed, if we judge by its civic honours: the following occur among the number:

1529, 21 Hen. 8. Wm. Champion, Sheriff.
1530, 22 Hen. 8. Richard Champion, Draper, Sheriff.
1558, 6 Mary. Richard Champion, Draper, Sheriff.
1565, 7 Elizabeth. Sir Richard Champion, Draper, Lord Mayor.

[5] "Bucklersbury falls into Walbrook, almost against St. Stephen's Walbrook

Wythe plentye of wyne, ffyffyd at the Bores hedd,[1]
with whiche yow macke the goodman often tymes to go
druncke to Bedd;
and then, I dowte nott, But with the wyffe you maye Dowe
your plesure,—
Everye man in his course, at his owne Laysare. 32

Church. After that (in the reign of Henry VI.), the pepperers or grocers had seated themselves in a more open street, to wit, in Bucklesbury, where they yet remain" (Stow). Bucklersbury took its name from the owner of "one antient strong Tower of stone," given by Edward III. to St. Stephen's, Westminster. In course of time it became the property of one Buckle, who set about taking it down, to build into a house. But the said Buckle, greedily labouring to pull down the old Tower, a piece thereof fell upon him, which so bruised him that his life was thereby shortened. "This whole street called Bucklesbury, on both the sides throughout, is possessed by Grocers and Apothecaries toward the west end thereof."—Stow, ed. 1720, book iii. p. 27. See also Memorials of London, p. 25.

The apothecaries of those days were herbalists. Shakespere has alluded to this, when he makes Falstaff speak of the young gallants "as a many of these lisping hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time." There must also have been a celebrated tobacconist's shop there in the time of Ben Jonson, for he seems to allude to the sign: "I thought he would have run mad o' the black boy in Bucklersbury, that takes the scurvy roguy tobacco there" (Bart. Fair, act i. scene 1).

[1] The first mention of this celebrated tavern occurs in the testament of William Warden, temp. Richard II., who gave "all that tenement called the Boar's Head in Eastcheap" to a college of priests, or chaplains, founded by Sir W. Walworth, the Lord Mayor, in the adjoining church of St. Michael, Crooked Lane. The presence of "Prince Hal" in this house was no invention of Shakespere: history records his pranks, how one night, with his two brothers John and Thomas, he made such a riot that they had to be taken before the magistrate. No wonder then at the proud inscription on the sign, which still existed in Maitland's time: "This is the chief tavern in London." At one time the portal was decorated with carved oak figures of Falstaff and Prince Henry; and in 1834 the former was in the possession of a brazier of Eastcheap, whose ancestors had lived in the shop he then occupied since the Great Fire. On the removal of a mound of rubbish at Whitechapel, brought there after the Great Fire, a carved boxwood bas-relief boar's head was found, set in a circular frame formed by two boar's tusks, mounted and united with silver. An inscription to the following effect was pricked at the back: "Wm. Brooke, Landlord of the Bore's Hedde, Estchepe, 1566."

"The original inn having been destroyed by the Fire, was rebuilt, and continued in existence until 1831, when it was finally demolished, to make way for the streets leading to new London Bridge. Its site was between Small Alley and St. Michael's Lane. The ancient sign, carved in stone, with the initials J. T. and the date 1668, is now preserved in the City of London Library, Guildhall." —Hotten's History of Signboards, p. 379. See also a notice in Catalogue of Works of Art exhibited at Ironmongers' Hall, vol. ii. pp. 465–66. The site is now occupied by the monument to William IV.

Hotten mentions two other Boar's Head inns—one in Southwark, another without Aldgate. Of the Snylle (snail) mentioned in the first letter, and the Snype in the second, no mention can be found. They were perhaps both the invention of the writers.

Ower welbe Lovyd hamares[1] Clyffe in no wise mowste Be for
gotten;
yf his parson were absente, the Crewe wold Downne the
Brocken,[2]
who with his Lewte Dowthe make the hotte Crewe merry,
with ( ) Small yes,[3] Syngynge, mrs wett mett, shatt
I Rowe in your wherrye?

And then Lowcke you cawtt Robarte to fyll a pott off alle,
whitte yow, hamers Clyffe, are skowrynge off her Taylle;
and then, Robarts Braynes Beyng troubled in that same Tyme,
Dowthe brynge you for atte a pott of Frenche wynne.

And thus, hamers Clyffe, with you we witt macke an Ende,
prayenge god off his grace unto) vs a merye metynge to send.
yff tyme wold par-mytt, we wold wrytte you more at Large,
and) thus we praye god, Kepe yow owt off wellses Barge.[4]

John Graves, we here Saye, ys on off your Crewe,
which newes vnto vs Dyd Seme verrye newe;
And) knowynge that he the good fettowe Can playe,
owr mynde ys to haue hym in for on by the waye.

In playenge on the Vergenatts he ys wett skyttyd,
And on his fyddett manye tymes wett wittid,
attso on the gyttarne he playes verye well;
yett hammers Cliffe on the Lewte Dowthe him far Exsett.[5]

When att thes Instruments are Com to gether,
no mar-vett thoughe yow haue there-in grette plesure;
the mettodye there-of By Reson showld) be so whette,[6]
That John blandes howes should) be in Dawnger to be
Dawnsid Down with yowr ffette.

[1] *sic* in this and the following verses. ? Thomas. See Letter immediately succeeding.

[2] Perhaps this phrase may have arisen from Broken Wharf, "a water gate or key, so called, of being broken and fallen down into the Thames."

[3] There is a gap here in the original, and it is very difficult to make any sense.

[4] A cant name for the Fleet Prison. The Fleet was anciently the River of the Wells, or such a term might well date from the time of King John, who "by his patent, dated the third of his reign, gave to the Archdeacon of Wells the custody of the said King's House at Westminster, and his Gaol of the Fleet." Stow, book iii. p. 256.

[5] These stanzas fill the leaf, the date is again superscribed on the v° side as follows: Laude A Dio .3. Aprell, 1561. Stillo Romano.

[6] O.E. wethe, sweet. A.S. wæðe.

Yett on ther ys of yore Crewe w*hic*h to vs ys vn-knowne,
The fame off his Dawnsynge to andwarpe is blowne;
Syde ys hiss name, as we wiłł yow teł̈ł̈,
a-mownge ałł the Crewe for Dawnsynge he beres the beł̈ł̈.

To ałł the Reste of the Crewe w*hic*h we haue not namyd,
we aske p*ar*don of yow, and not to be Blamyd;
for this owr worcke to yow ałł we haue Deryctid,
p*r*ayenge yow ałł at yo*ur* ferste metynge yt maye be Enactyd.

And forther that when So Ever this owr worcke shalbe Redd,
That on off yo*ur* Crewe for ower Suckses maye go droncke to bedd;
whiche Requeste off you fułłfyłłid, we Reste yowr Dettar,
hoppynge owr nexte Comendacyons shałł plese yow bettar.

And now thes owr Comendacyons for this tyme beynge Donne,
from vs yowr owld frendes, arthur maude and pawłłe peresonn,
and ałłso not for-gotten, off an other frend as yett vn-knowne,
Rycharde Carmarden,[1] who hathe hym comendid to yow Everye on.

The Tyme passythe A-waye, we moste nedes macke an Ende,
prayenge to the Lyvynge god yow ałł to Amendł,
And ałłso To Send vs ałł-wayes off his grace,
And in the hevens Terestyał̈ł̈ A Dweł̈łynge place.

yower Lovynge frendes,
paułłe peresonne,
arthur mawd.

The Second Letter of the Deventer Crew.

This letter is bound up so as to precede No. 1, of which it is in the main a repetition, with occasional variations. It is written by Arthur Mawd in a much coarser hand than the first, which is in Pereson's handwriting. Each of the young men affixed his own signature, both to the letter of April 3rd and that of the 25th.

[1] Probably the son of "my frend Mr. Carmarden," in John Downynge's letter.

[Tanner MS. 306, fol. 177.]

Jhesus.[1] At Barrowe[2] the 25 of Aprell.

Moste Trustye and welbe Louyd Frendes, with [Loue] Vnfaynnyd we Commend vss vnto you, wyshynge [all]

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[1] A very common way of commencing a letter at the time. Thus the celebrated letter of Mrs. Alleyn to her husband, preserved in Dulwich College, in which Mr. Collier so strangely found the allusion to Shakespere. "Jhesus. My intyre and welbeloved sweet harte, still it joyes me," etc.

[2] Most probably Bergen-op-Zoom. Compare Eng. Barrow, A.S. beorh, same as the German *berg*. Or perhaps, according to an ingenious suggestion, it may be Berchem, a small place formerly at a short distance from Antwerp, but now forming a suburb of the city. Barrow is mentioned by Boorde (See Mr. Furnivall's edition, p. 150), where the Brabander says:

> "I was borne in Braban, that is both gentil and free;
> All nacyons at all tymes be well-come to mee.
> I do vse martes, dyuers tymes in the yere;
> And of all thynges, I do loue good Englysh bere.
> In Anwarpe and in Barow I do make my martes;
> There doth Englysh marchauntes cut out theyr partes."

Mr. Furnivall suggests Breda: with which opinion I am unable to agree, as I cannot see how that name can have been corrupted into Barrow. He quotes Hall's Chronicle: "In this yere (A.D. 1531) was an olde Tolle demaunded in Flaunders of Englyshmen, called the Tolle of the Hounde, which is a Ryuer and a passage: The Tolle is .xii. pence of a Fardell. This Tolle had been often tymes demaunded, but neuer payed; insomuche that Kyng Henry the seuenth, for the demaunde of that Tolle, prohibited all his subiectes to kepe any Marte at Antwerpe or Barow, but caused the Martes to be kepte at Calyes." —p. 786, ed. 1809. "If this warre [with the Emperor in 1527] was displeasaunt to many in Englande (as you have hard), surely it was as much or more displeasant to the tounes and people of Flaunders, Brabant, Hollande, and Zelande, and in especiall to the tounes Andwarpe and Barrow, where the Martes wer kept, and where the resorte by Englishmen was."—*Ib.* p. 746. Perhaps these young men were factors in the Low-Countries for some great London house or houses. Their mode of living and boldness of speech have a parallel in Master Hobson's story of his factor in France, "A merry conceited youth," "Pleasant Conceits of Old Hobson," p. 14 (Halliwell). Their morals were probably not improved by their sojourn among the Flemings, who were noted for their deep potations. Thus Sir Thomas Gresham complains in the Privy Council that his health is suffering from the heavy carousals he is obliged to partake of with the Flemish merchants, "for all their cheer is in drink." Compare also Nash's "Pierce Penniless's Supplication to the Devil" (ed. by Payne Collier for the (Old) Shakspere Society, 1842, p. 52): "From gluttonie in meates, let me discend to superfluitie in drink, a sinne that, euer since we have mixt our selues with the Low Countries, is counted honourable, but before we knew their lingring warres, was held in the highest degree of hatred that might be. Then, if wee had seene a man goe wallowing in the streetes, or line sleeping vnder the boord, wee would have spet at him as a toade, and cald him foule, drunken swine, and warned all our friends out of his company: now, he is no body that cannot drinke super nagulum,[1] carouse the hunter's hoope, quaffe vpseg freze crosse,

[1] "Drinking super nagulum, a devise of drinking new come out of Fraunce; which is, after a man hath turnde up the bottom of the cup, to drop it on hys nayle, and make a pearl with that is left; which, if it slide, and he cannot mak stand on, by reason thers too much, he must drinke againe for his penance."

hefthes, wythe good Sowckeces in aft yower Dowengs. By this ower frennd and Ghyllde brewer hawnsyd[2] a[nd] Sworen in to ower Compane and preve Leged. not Long Synes we thoughte good to Cawell to memorye the owllde and Accustoomabeft frenshippe vzid and frequentid Amonge vs towerdes you, not Longe Synes sent By hym to Adrese the Same, who ys on of the Ryghte Stampe, and vallewyd of vss. Conveninte in aft places for the Lycke valleue whoes presenes vnto you hath Longe Synes from you byn absente, yett I truste his percon in no poynte for gotton, and hauynge pervzid ower owlld and ansyente Regester we fiynd that of Longe Synes we haue vnto your Crewe Adressyd A Lettar, which as yett we never haue Received awnsuer; wherrefore at this present hauynge not moche to trobell you with at this tyme we Dowe menne to pute you in memorye ther of, as tyme and place shall Sarve, ettc.

And fyrste we wilbe gyn with ower moste welbe Louyd,
ower frend at afte Dayes, as we haue well [prouyd];
his name to Reherse, as you shall vnders[tand],
A proper manne of percon, whoes name ys Jhone [Bland]. 4

A man for his Acktes moste prompte and Re[dy]
to brecke his faste at the Snype, where he hathe byn f[ull merrye];
of aft men to a Beger he ys comparid Be[st],
for when his Skryppe ys fule, he Layes hym Downe [to rest]. 8

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with leapes, glones, mumpes, frolickes, and a thousand such dominering inuentions. He is reputed a pesaunt and a boore that will not take his licour profoundly; and you shall beare a caualier of the first feather, a princockes that was but a page the other day in the court, and now is all to be frenchified in his souldiours sute, stand vpon termes with 'God's wounds! You dishonour me, sir, you doo me the disgrace if you do not pledge me as much as I drunke to you;' and, in the midst of his cups, stand vaunting his manhood, beginning euerie sentence with 'When I first bore armes,' when he neuer bare anie thing but his lord's rapier after him in his life. If he haue been ouer and visited a towne of garrison, as a trauailer or passenger, he hath as great experience as the greatest commander and chiefe leader in England. A mightie deformer of men's manners and features is this vnnecessarie vice of all other. Let him bee indued with neuer so manie vertues, and haue as much goodly proportion and fauour as Nature can bestow vpon a man, yet if hee be thirstie after his owne destruction, and hath no ioy nor comfort but when he is drowning his soule in a gallon pot, that one beastly imperfection wil vtterly obscure all that is commendable in him, and all his goode qualities sinke like lead downe to the bottome of his carowsing cups, where they will lye, like lees and dregges, dead and vnregarded of any man."

[2] hanselled.

and thus to tacke att ower frendes in order,
with you Rychard Champyon we witt prosede further
as on of the Crewe that oftentymes makes merre
with mane Dyllycatts Boughte in Bouclares Berre.

wythe plentye of wynne fyllid at the Bores hedd,
where with yow macke the good man go droncke to Bedd,
and we feare nott But with the wyfe yow can Dowe your
plesure;
Evere man in his Corse, at his owen Layser.

and thus with yow, Rychard champyon, we witt macke an end,
prayenge god of his grace a mere metynge to vs Sende.
ower welbe Louyd thomas Clyfe in nowyse moste be for gotten,
yf that his percon were absent, the Crewe wolld Su[re be
brocken].

who wythe his Lewte Dowthe macke the Crewe [merry],
with [ ] Small yes, Syngynge, heye Derrye D[errye];
and then Lowcke you Cawtt Robarte to fytt [a pot of ale],
whylle yow, thomas Clyfe, arre skowrynge his m^rs. taytt.

and then, thomas Braynes Beynge trobled in that tyme,
Dowthe Brynge you in Stedde off atte A potte of wynne:
yf tyme wolld per myt we wolld wrytte you more at Large,
and thus we praye god keepe you ought of wellses Barge.

Jno. Graves, we herre Saye, ys on of yower Crewe,
which newes vnto vs Dyd Seme verre newe,
and knowynge that he the good fellowe can [playe],
ower mynd hys to haue hym in for on by the [waye].

In playenge on the Vergenalles he ys well skyllid,
and on his ffyddell mane tymes well willid,
allso on [the] gyttarne he playes verre well;
yett thomas Clyfe on the Leute dothe him [far exsell].

When att thes Instrumentes are Com to gether,
no marvelt though you haue therre in grette plesure;
the mellodye there of By Rezon sholld be So Swette,
that Jn° Blandes hows shall be in danger of dawnsynge down
with your fette.

Yett on therre ys of yower Crewe w*hi*ch to vs ys unknowen,
the fame of his Dawnsynge to andwarp ys Blownne;
Syde ys his name as we wiłł you teł,
amonge you ał for dawnsynge he berres the Beł. 44

To ał the Reste whiche we haue nott namyd,
we aske p*ar*don of you, and not to be blamid;
for this ower workes to you ał we haue dedycatid,
p*r*ayenge you at yower metynge yt maye be enactid. 48

and when So Ever yt shał chanes this owr worke be redd,
that on of yo*ur* Crewe maye go droncke to bedd;
w*hi*ch Requeste of you fullfyllid, we Reste yower Dettar,
hopynge ower nexte Comendacyones shał plese you better. 52

The tyme pasythe Awaye: we moste macke an end,
prayenge to the Lyvynge god you ałe to amend;
and allwayes to Sennd vs of his grace,
and in the hevenes terestyall A dwellynge place. 56

yours, The m*aster* wardens
of The Deventer Crew,
arthur mawd,
pawłe peresoñn.

Answer of the Candlewick Crew.

We now give the answer of the worthy members of the Candlewick Crew, who are greatly indignant with the liberty which has been taken with them, and rebuke their juvenile assailants accordingly. There is something very quaint in these laboured efforts of the Aldermanic muse: apparently they considered it a matter of honour to retaliate in rhyme: poetical "flytings" of this description ornament the literature of both the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Cf. Dunbar with Kennedy, and Skelton with Garnesche. The antiquary finds no little amusement in these highly-spiced fragments of ancient virulence.

[Tanner MS. 306, fol. 179.]

your letter large of lewde effecte we longe synns have receyvyd,
wherin your myschevous meanyng mynde in wryting is perceyvyd;
your proper preface pend in prowesse, by way of commendations,
shewyth a smorye[1] symple style, in ower ymagynations.
and introduction to a trade, off rvde & Rechelesse rymyng,
a craftye cloke to culler crymes, which after coms in wrytyng.
your fantzye forgeth fyrst to name, as orderlye we stand,
owr fayth full, freke,[2] & frendlye mate, and lovyng brother bland,
whome we both love, & lyke also, and think hym moche more better,
then dothe your rvde and rompente style: compares him to a begger.
a shamelesse sort, a synfull syghte: emonge ye trulye be,
that so wyll wryte to his dyspigt: & he no wursse then we.
A modest mate & merye man: a fythfull ffrende at nede,
a hatelesse hart, a wyttye wyght: & trew in word & dede.
from bland, our best belovyd frend, to champyon, then ye com:
althoughe good choyce of chere we vse, yet ye myght leave owte som.
but bucklers berye ye bryng in, & other suche lyke places,
& thervnto ye Joyne such gere, that I perceyve ye grasles.
I shame to shewe, & wyll not wryte, the rvdenes of your style,
but ye remayne suche as ye were, and have byn of longe whyle.
we would ye wete, & well dyd knowe, & kepe yt in your mynde,
that champyon cheyfe emong vs ys, and one both trewe & kynde:
and honest hartye man he ys, of lyffe most pure vnspottyd,
whose fame & bruyte[3] & doynges [y]ett were never staynd ne blottyd;

[1] ? Sorry. [2] Brave, firm. See instances quoted by Halliwell.
[3] Rumour or report, a word of Keltic origin.

but as in name he Champyon ys, the lyke, be sure, at nede,
ye shall hym fynde in force & myght: & fyrme in word & dede.
with Curtyous clyffe ye followe next, lest he shulld be forgotton,
and yf he were not well in lyfe, ye saye owr crew were broken,
as thoughe the fredom of owr faythe dependyd but one clyfe.
no, wytles wryter, know thou well, our state ys not so breyfe:
thoughe one or twooe or thre depa*r*te, the crewe ys not dyssolvyd;
therefore be sure, ye sawcye syr, your dowbt therein resolvyd.
hys life doth lyke, & eke delyght, & please owr fantzyes well;
but to recite the Rest ye wryte, my eares doth glo to tell.
ohe, shamelesse secte of sathans sewte! how dare ye so to wryte?
what cawsse doth clyffe compelle ye thus of hym so to indyte?
alas! good clyffe, o curtious mate! ohe gentle harte & mynde!
was never none that yet colld saye, o clyff, thou art vnkynde!
our brother braynes ye also blame, who ys of good reporte.
now welses barge, I swere, ys mete to furnyshe suche a sorte.
procedyng forth, ye bryng in graves: m*ar*veyll moche we do
that he, in lyke as others are, ye do not slawnder so.
ye Saye ye mynde to make hym one emong vs to be placyd;
naye, make som meanes to place your selves: for whye? ye ar dysgracyd.
owr orders onlye dothe p*er*mytt, no brother in our crewe
By havyng made vs sore offense, shall lenger then ensewe
emonge vs to be fre thenceforth, wyth out owr whole consent,
and that Som prowff ther maye be had that he doth sore repent.
nowe whether that ye have all lost the fredom of owr crewe,
you*r* letter late ye sent vs both doth large ynowff condempn you.
Lesyd[1] the sort of other sins whereof ye be suspectyd,
as powll at barrowe by two wentches hath byn late infectyd,
and mawd at andw*ar*p hath the lyk: small ioye we have to wryt yt,

[1] *i.e.* setting aside. (Cf. out-taken, except.) The word is not common in this sense.

& Randle eke ys not to seke :[1] & hawes at brussells[2] hath yt;
this trulye we do touche apart: in brefe your great abvse,
thoughe you at large in lyeng sort, with slawnders vs accvse.
wherefore yt is awardyd here, without ye do submyt ye,
ye lese the tayle of that ye had, whereof we do dyscharg ye;
yet at the great request of some, of your part vndeservyd,
ye maye with hvmblyng of your selves by gratis now receyvyd.
vpon som hope of happyer lyfe then hereto-fore was uzyd,
or ells be sure yt ys decreede ye shalbe cleane Refusyd.
ohe bayres bolld, howe dare ye wryte so lewdlye vs vnto,
and then) at ende to wryte so rvde, vnmete for you to do?
as thoughe we culld not Rede your byll wyth-out we went to drynke;
and thoughe we had, yt yll becomes you so of vs to thynke,
that we, as wyse & Sober wyghtes, Owre selves shulld so abvse
to drynke so muche tyll we be druncke, as ye emonge ye vse!
also we cannot merye be when we be so dysposyd,
but that our brother blande ys lyke to have hys howsse downe dancyd.
no, no, ye selye sorye shaddes[3]: we ar not of those sort,
a medyo-cryte we vse in all owr acte & sport.
well were yt wyth ye all, I saye, yf ye culld do the lyke;
but youth herto cannot attayne: theyre wytts be far to syeke.
wherfore we wyll beseche the lorde to sende ye of hys grase,
that ye maye sett your wytts & mynde a whyle to Run) owr Pace;
That you by vs in Tyme be brought to some confyrmytye,
& by beholdynge of our steppes may lerne hvmanytye.
And thus we ende, & here conclude: we send ye comendations,
And hope to here that by thys byll ye wyll amend your fashyons;
so shall we all ryght Joyfull be: & ye receyve to grase,
& yeld agayne the thyng ye lost, omytting your trespace.
By yours somtymes, when ye were cowntyd mete,
the Crewe & brotherhede of candellwycke strete.

[1] Perhaps a relation of Thomas Randall, merchant, to whom, on October 9th, 1559, "was master Row Alderman(s) dowthur mared" (Machyn's Diary, p. 215).
[2] Perhaps son to Master Hawes, clothworker, who was made sheriff on August 1st, 1558, with Richard Champion (Machyn, p. 170).
[3] Mean fellows.

POEMS RELATING TO CAMPION.

Of the following poems the earliest (I. pp. 164, 165) is that entitled "A libel touching Campion," in three parts, of four, three, and two verses respectively, in different measures. This, of course, was not so called by the author, but by the transcriber who sent a copy of it for the information of the Council, and thereby caused its preservation among the State Papers. It refers to Campion's disputations and rackings in the Tower, but not to his death; its date is therefore in September or October, 1581. I cannot hazard a guess as to the author.

The next batch (II. pp. 166–179) is the collection of "certayne verses made by sundrie persons," annexed to an 8vo. book, the title of which will be found prefixed to the poems. They are four in number; two on Campion's death; one, a dialogue between a Catholic and Consolation, and the fourth, the complaint of a Catholic. They are all, especially the two first, very good and smooth for their day, and were well received. They were the productions of persons of some mark—"haud ignobilium poetarum acute commenta," says Bombinus, in his life of Campion. In stanza sixteen of the first poem we read:

> "You bloody jury, Lea and the eleven,
> Take heed your verdict, which was given in haste,
> Do not exclude you from the joys of heaven."

Among the Puckering papers in the British Museum is a letter from this Lee to the Lord Keeper, dated in 1595. He was then for the second time "a prisoner restrained from bodily travel," and complained of the conduct of the Catholics to him. "I have been persecuted by them for my verdict, given in haste, as Vallenger rhymed, against Campion and his traiterous companions." This seems to ascertain the authorship of the first poem; and it is confirmed by the notice in Bridgewater's *Concertatio* (fol. 225 and 408), which informs us how Vallenger had his ears nailed to the pillory and cut off, for verses he wrote on Campion's death.[1] Vallenger was a known ballad-writer of the

[1] The records of Vallenger's trial in the Star Chamber are lost (the sentences in criminal cases were all burnt at Clerkenwell in the Gordon riots in the last century), otherwise we should find there one of the poems attributed to Walpole, if More (*Hist. Prov. Ang.* lib. v. No. 33) is correct in saying that the law was first put in action against him, before he was known to be a Catholic, for a poem he had written on Campion's happy death.

day, and the smoothness of these verses is surprising, after Gabriel Harvey's information that Spenser ironically called him Noble Master Vallenger, on account of his supreme carelessness of English quantity and accent. (Three proper and familiar letters between Harvey and Spenser, 1581.)

With regard to the authorship of the other three poems, one was written by Henry Walpole, the young heir of the great family in Norfolk, who was converted to Catholicism on the occasion of Campion's execution, became a Jesuit, and returned to England to be captured and hanged in 1595.[1] Thomas Pounde is, I think, the author of the short sketch of Munday, which will be quoted below, and as he also was a versifier, may have written one of the poems to boot.[2] Possible writers of the others are Francis Tregean, Robert Parsons, and even Philip Earl of Arundel; but this is a mere guess, founded on the fact that they did all write religious verses. These poems were published in 1581—that is some time between Dec. 1, 1581, and March 25, 1582.

The next batch of poems (III. pp. 180–190) consists of four paraphrases or glosses upon the four previous ones; these are by Anthony Munday. This kind of serious travestie was common in Queen Elizabeth's age; Father Southwell's *Sinners Complaint*, founded on Dyer's *Fancy*, is well known, as is also Fulke Greville's version of the same poem. Munday had cause for being angry with the publication which he glozed upon. Apart from his having been the chief witness against Campion and his companions, and a spectator of their execution, he had published an account of the matter, the substance of which may be found in Holinshed's Chronicles. It is in Hallam's judgment characterized by "a savageness and bigotry which I am sure no scribe of the Inquisition could have surpassed." He had also been attacked by Pounde in a short

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[1] John Gerard, in his autobiography (Morris's Translation, p. xci), says of Walpole, "He used to be at Court before the death of Father Campion, in whose honour he also wrote some beautiful verses in the English tongue, declaring that he and many others had received the warmth of life from that blessed martyr's blood, and had been animated by it to follow the more perfect counsels of Christ." This description does not apply to any of the following poems with any accuracy. Possibly the first may be his, and only attributed to Vallenger by Lee in ignorance.

[2] Pounde was probably the author of a long poem, in two parts, in the Record Office, Dom. Eliz. 1582, No. 58. The first part is a criticism on Fox's Martyrology; the second, a very carefully-executed summary of the troubles of Catholics under the penal laws. A long extract was printed in the *Rambler* for Sept. 1859, p. 373. The whole poem deserves printing.

biographical sketch prefixed to the four poems. "Kogging Munday," he says, "first was a stage player (no doubt a calling of some credit), after an aprentise, which tyme he wel serued with deceauing of his master; then wandring towardes Italy, by his owne report became a coosener in his iourney. Comming to Rome, in his short abode there, was charitably relieued, but neuer admitted in the seminary, as he pleseth to lye in the title of his booke; and being wery of well-doing, returned home to his first vomite againe. I omite to declare howe this scholler new come out of Italy did play extempore; those gentlemen and others whiche were present can best giue witnes of his dexterity, who being wery of his folly, hissed him from his stage. Then, being therby discouraged, he set forth a balet against playes; but yet (O constant youth) he now beginnes againe to ruffle vpon the stage. I omit among other places his behauiour in Barbican, with his good mistres and mother, from whence our superintendent[1] might fetch him to his court, were it not for loue (I woulde save slaunder) to their gospel."

The steps which Munday took to refute some of these imputations may be seen in the biographical sketch prefixed to his *John a' Kent and John a' Cumber*, published by the (old) Shakespeare Society. To the notices of him there, I may add, that he continued for some years in the profitable calling of informing against Catholics; he attached himself to Topcliffe, the priest-catcher, by whom he was employed to guard and to take bonds of recusants, and who wrote about him to Puckering (Sept. 20, 1592, Harleian MS. 6998, p. 31) as "a man that wants no wytt." How he used his wit in his vocation is told us by PHS (Phellippes?), one of Walsingham's agents, in a letter to the Secretary of State (Record Office, Domestic Papers, 1590, No. 138 A). "He hath been in divers places where I have passed; whose dealing hath been very rigorous, and yet done very small good, but rather much hurt; for in one place, under pretence to seek for Agnus Deis and hallowed grains, he carried from a widow £40, the which he took out of a chest. A few of these matches will either raise a rebellion or cause your officers to be murdered." He lived to a great age, was pageant poet to the City, and appears also to have had some office in the law courts. I find Anthony Munday, gent., employed in the transmission of the documents relating to the foundation of Falmouth to the Corporation of Penrhyn in the reign of James I. (Gilbert, Historical Survey of Cornwall, 4to., 1820, vol. ii. p. 793.) Munday's paraphrases are dated 1581.

[1] *i.e.* the Bishop of London.

Vallenger's poem, "Why do I use my paper, ink, and pen?" (p. 166) and the next, "What iron heart that would not melt in grief?" (p. 173) are found in MS. with variations, the chief of which are given in the notes, at the end of a copy of the 1581 edition of Watson's '*Εκατομπαθια*, which was formerly in the possession of Hearne the Antiquary, and came into the Bodleian with the Rawlinson MSS. The transcriber has headed the former poem A good verse, upon a badd matter, and after the 180th line, and the word "finis," has added the following gloss:

☞ What is it y^t^ those flattered of the Popes will shame to speake, to winne and continue their favour?

To the latter poem he has prefixed the title An other, of the same errour, and after the 54th line, and word *Finis*, has added the gloss:

Is he you thus commend cald Campion?
Is this your Sainct, whose prayers you so singe?
Then Campion, the Popes thiefe Champion,
At Tiburne trust[1]: To heauven sent in a stringe.
For whose sweet soule I ringe this lowde alarum:
His mendacia sunt opes et aurum. q^d^ *Iω*:λ. 60

The signs at the end, q^d^ *Iω*:λ, mean "quoth John Lilliat." John Lily, the author of Euphues, has a commendatory piece prefixed to Watson's book, "John Lily to the Author his friend," which is signed "Farewell, John Lilliat." The poems and songs of this MS. may appear in a future publication, but the copy we have of them shows that John Lilliat cannot have been the same man as the famous author of Euphues.

The fourth specimen of these Campion ballads (IV. page 191) consists of an original stanza, followed by a few stanzas inaccurately quoted from Vallenger's poem. They seem to have been put together by a person who signs himself in cypher or anagram, as a ballad hortatory to persuade some one to suffer death for his religion, after the example of Campion. The indorsement seems to show that the person addressed was George Jarves, Priest, hanged at London, April 11, 1608.

Among the many publications respecting Campion, either extant or noticed in the Stationers' Registers (see *Collier's Extracts*,

[1] trust = trussed.

pp. 136, 149, 162, 176), the following is the only title which seems to refer to a ballad:

"Mr. Campion, the seditious Jesuit, is welcome to London." Licensed to Richard Jones, July 24, 1581.

Other ballads against the Pope were licensed July 19 and 20, but no mention of Campion is made in their titles.

Edmund Campion, son of a citizen and bookseller of London, was born there Jan. 25, 1540, educated at Christ's Hospital in Newgate Street, selected to recite a congratulatory harangue to Queen Mary when she passed St. Paul's on her solemn entry into London Aug. 3, 1553, sent to Oxford by the Grocers' Company, selected by Sir Thomas White in 1557 to be Fellow of his new foundation of St. John's College. He made the English oration at the funeral of Amy Robsart in 1560; in Feb. 1564, was Orator in the schools, and in the same year preached the funeral sermon for Sir Thomas White, and took his M.A. degree. Displayed his eloquence before Queen Elizabeth and Lord Robert Dudley on their visit to Oxford 1566, after which Dudley, then created Earl of Leicester, sent for him, and became his good patron, giving him a private opportunity of exhibiting his talents before the Queen at Woodstock. Campion at this time was the most hopeful scholar at Oxford. In 1568 he was Proctor. He had been for some little time reading divinity, which led him to doubt about the Anglican Church; but he fell into the hands of Cheney, the anti-Calvinistic Bishop of Gloucester, who calmed his scruples, and ordained him deacon. But his scruples revived, and he left Oxford in August, 1570. He went to Ireland, where he became an adviser of Sir Henry Sidney for his scheme of a Dublin University, a friend of Sir James Stanihurst, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, whose son Richard had been his pupil at Oxford; and of Sir Christopher and Lady Barnwell, of Turvey. Here he definitively left the Protestant communion, and wrote his "History of Ireland," which Richard Stanihurst afterwards made into the groundwork of the Irish part of Holinshed's Chronicles. His nonconformity was observed in Ireland, pursuivants were sent after him, and he had to escape to England. Returning to London, he was present at the tragedy of Dr. Storey in June, 1571, and then fled across the Channel to Douai, where, in the English College, he received minor orders. After spending a year there, he went to Rome, and for some time was dependent on Cardinal Gesualdi; but in June, 1573, he joined

the Society of Jesus, and was sent to undergo his noviciate first in Prague, then at Brünn, in Moravia. Then he returned as a professor to the College at Prague, and became famous, not only for his orations, but for his Latin tragedies, which were played with the highest applause before the Emperor Maximilian and other distinguished spectators. Here also he renewed an old acquaintance with Sir Philip Sidney, who visited Prague in 1576. In 1579, at the urgent request of Dr. Allen, the founder of the English College at Douai, the Jesuits determined to send some of their number to England, and fixed upon Parsons and Campion as the pioneers of the mission. Campion first returned to Rome, and an account is extant of his journey homewards, and of a controversy he had with Beza in his passage through Geneva. Campion landed at Dover June 24, 1580. He proceeded to London, and immediately began to preach. The enthusiasm of the young converts was excited, and the Council soon found that something more than ordinary was occurring. The young Catholic gentlemen were swept up and confined in sundry prisons, or committed for safe custody to different clergymen, aldermen, or other responsible persons. Campion, seeing that he might any day be shut up in forced silence in prison, had written a declaration of his motives and objects in coming to London. This he committed to the custody of Thomas Pounde, an enthusiastic young Catholic of Hampshire, and a relation of the Earl of Southampton, who had played the part of Mercury in a masque at Kenilworth, during the famous revels there in 1575, and who still dabbled in poetry and other literature. Pounde was so excited by this able document, that, in spite of his pledges, he distributed copies in MSS. from his prison. Some of the first of these were sent to his own neighbourhood, and the earliest copies which reached the Council were captured in Hampshire. The document had however become too public to be suppressed, and the press teemed with replies to Campion's "great brag and challenge"—for in the paper he had challenged to single combat all the divines of England on public controversial hustings. The effect was only a redoubled vigilance on the part of those who had to stop all controversy on the Catholic side, and Campion had to transfer his presence from London to the Provinces. In Yorkshire and Lancashire he spent his time in preaching, and in composing a little book, his "Decem Rationes," ten reasons which seemed to him so incontrovertible, that on the strength of them he had dared with confidence to make the challenge. The little book was secretly printed at a flying press set up for the occasion in Stonor Park, near Henley, and distributed by hundreds at the commencement in Oxford,

June 27, 1581. Among the refined critics of the day this book made a great sensation. It was cried up as the quintessence of Latin scholarship; and the divines of Oxford and Cambridge had to rebuke solemnly the frivolity of the young men who were ready to sacrifice their religion to beauty of phrase; just as in 1589 they had to lament over their enjoyment of the libellous jokes of Martin Marprelate.

A fortnight after this triumph, Campion was taken at the house of Mr. Yate, of Lydford, Berks, by means of one George Eliot, who had lived as a Catholic in the service of Sir William Petre, and who for his exploit was rewarded by the Catholics with the name of Judas Eliot, and by the Queen with the red coat of a yeoman of the guard. Campion, with two other priests found with him, was taken to London, and made to ride through the City to the Tower, his elbows tied behind him, his hands in front, and his heels under his horse's belly, with a paper in his hand, like a perjurer, inscribed CAMPION THE SEDITIOUS JESUIT. This was on Saturday, July 22, 1581. A week after, the Council ordered Norton and others to examine him, and if necessary to deal with him by the rack. The chief point to be discovered was the names of the gentlemen at whose houses he had been entertained. By the beginning of August information had been obtained, the Council said from him, but more probably from some of the others captured with him, of a great many of the houses where he had stayed. The proprietors of all were imprisoned, and many of them subsequently very heavily fined by the Star Chamber. After he had been twice racked, he was allowed to have some discussion in the Tower—not in public, but before a select audience. Of course each side claimed the victory for its own champion; and the printed account of the controversy issued by Deans Nowel and Day differs very much from the MS. accounts circulated by Campion's friends. Campion, however, made one illustrious convert, Philip Earl of Arundel. After three of these conferences, the Council determined to treat the matter in another way, and to make an example of the priests in prison.

At this time the Duke of Anjou was in England as Elizabeth's accepted suitor. The prospect of her marriage to a Catholic husband filled half England with dismay. The politicians thought it would be a good stroke to hang a batch of priests upon the occasion, for this would prove that the marriage, if it was to come off, would make no difference in the religious policy, or possibly, if Anjou was a man of spirit, might drive him off in disgust. Hence, after several futile attempts to get up a case, it was determined to arraign eleven priests and two laymen for a con-

spiracy against the Queen's life, entered into at Rome and Rheims. The proof of the plot depended on the testimony of Sled, Munday, and Caddy, three young men who had pretended to be Catholics, or perhaps were so, and had thus gained admission to the foreign Colleges. But their testimony amounted to very little. "The prosecution," says Hallam, "was as unfairly conducted, and supported by as slender evidence, as any, perhaps, that can be found in our books." The trial took place on the 20th of November, 1581. Chief Justice Wray presided. One Lee was foreman of the jury. The prisoners were all found guilty. On the 1st of December Campion, Sherwin, and Briant were dragged on hurdles from the Tower to Tyburn, and there hanged, drawn, and quartered. In the following poems reference will be found to the circumstances of the day—how it began in clouds and rain, and cleared up just as Campion was hanged; and how there was a most remarkable flood tide on the Thames.

For the life and times of Campion, see *Edmund Campion, a Biography, by Richard Simpson.* Williams and Norgate, 1867. The above particulars are extracted from this book.

I.

[From *Domestic State Papers, Elizabeth*, Vol. 150, No. 72 (Public Record Office).]

A Libell touching Campion.

Campian is a Champion,
him once to ouercu*mm*e,
The rest be well drest,
the sooner to mu*mm*e.

he lokes for his liffe,
they saye to dispute;
and doubt*es* not o*ur* doctrine,
he bragges to confute.

yf in steede of good argument
we deale by y^e^ racke;
the papist*es* maye thinke
that learninge we lacke.

come forthe, my fine darlinges,
and make him a dolt;
you haue him full fast,
& y^t^ in stronge holte.

A Jesuite, a Jebusite, wherefore I you praye,
because he dothe teache you y^e^ onely right waye;
he proferethe y^e^ same by learninge to proue,
and shall we from learninge to racke him remoue.

his reasones were redie, his grownde*s* were most sure,
the enemye cannot his force longe endure:
Campyon in campinge in spyrituall feild;
in godes cause his liffe is reddy to yeld.

O*ur* preacher*es* haue preached in pastime & pleasure,
and nowe they be hated farre passinge all measure;
There wiues and there wealthe haue made them so mute,
They can not nor dare not w*ith* Campyan dispute.

let reason rule & rackinge sease,
or els for euer hold yo*ur* peace;
you can not w*ith*stand godes powre & his grace,
no, not w*ith* y^e^ tower nor y^e^ rackinge place.

A golden verse, w*hi*ch truly saithe,
let reson goe, hold fast thy faithe:
A mayde to be a mother & god a man,
let reason go, man, and beleue thowe y^e^ mother,
set faithe aboue & lett reason goe vnder.

II.

[From "A true reporte of the death and martyrdome of M. Campion, Jesuite and preiste, and M. Sherwin and M. Bryan, preistes, at Tiborne the first of December 1581. Observid and written by a Catholike preist, which was present therat. Wherunto is annexid certayne verses made by sundrie persons." (British Museum.) In the black letter original, the proper names in the poems are printed in Roman type: this has not been made italic here.]

Vpon the death of M. Edmund Campion, one of the Societie of the holy name of Jesus.

1.

Why do I vse my paper, inke, and penne?
and call my wits to counsel what to say?
such memories were made for mortall men,
I speak of Saints whose names can not decay:
an Angels trumpe were fitter for to sound
their glorious death, if such in earth wer found.

2.

Pardon my want, I offer nought but will;
their register remaineth safe aboue.
Campion exceedes the compasse of my skill,
yet let me vse the measure of my loue,
and giue me leaue, in lowe and homeli verse,
his hye attempts in England to rehearse.

3.

He came by vow: the cause to conquer sinne;
his armour prayer, the word his targe & shield;
his co*m*fort heauen, his spoyle our soules to win,
the diuel his foe, the wicked world the field:
his triumph ioy, his wage eternall blis,
his Captaine Christ, which euer blessed is.

Variations in the Oxford MS.: Line 3. earthly *for* mortall. 11. humble *for* homeli. 16. His badge the Crosse *for* the diuel his foe. 17. The Diuell his foe *for* his triumph ioy.

4.

From ease to paine, from honour to disgrace,
from loue to hate, to daunger being wel;
from safe abode, to feares in euery place,
contemning death, to saue our soules from hel:
our new Apostle, comming to restore
the faith which Austine planted here before.

5.

His natures flowres were mixt with herbes of grace;
his mild behauiour tempered wel with skil;
a lowly minde possest a learned place;
a sugred speach, a rare and vertuous wil;
a saintlike man was set on earth below,
the seede of truth in erring hartes to sow.

6.

With tung & pen the truth he taught & wrote,
by force wherof they came to Christ apace;
but when it pleased God, it was his lote
he should be thrald, he lent him so much grace,
his patience then did worke as much or more,
as had his heauenly speeches done before.

7.

His fare was hard, yet mild & sweet his cheere;
his prison close, yet free and lose his minde;
his torture great, yet smal or none his feare;
his offers large, but nothing could him blinde.
O constant man, O mind, O vertue strange,
whom want, nor wo, nor feare, nor hope coulde change!

8.

From rack in Tower they broght him to dispute,
bookeles,* alone, to answere al that came:
yet Christ gaue grace, he did them all confute
so sweetly there, in glory of his name,
that euen the aduers part are forst to say,
that Campions cause did beare the bell away.

Variations in the Oxford MS.: Line 26. by *for* with. 30. lowe *for* sow. 42. When *for* whom.

* In his disputations in the Tower, Campion was allowed only to have his Bible; not even a copy of his *Decem Rationes*.

9.

This foyle enragde the minds of some so farre,
they thought it best to take his life away,
because they saw he would their matter marre,
and leaue them shortly nought at al to say:
traytor he was, with many a seely slight,
yet pact a Jury that cried guylti straight.

10.

Religion, there was treason to the queene;
preaching of penance, warre against the lande;
prests were such dangerous men as haue not bin;
prayers & beads were fight and force of hande;
cases of conscience, bane vnto the state;
so blind is error, so false a witnes hate!

11.

And yet behold, these lambes be drawen to dye;
treason proclaymed, the queene is put in feare;
out vpon satan! fye! malice, fye!
speakst thou to them that did the guildles heare?
can humble soules, departing now to Christ,
protest vntrue? Avaunt, foule fend, thou lyst!

12.

My soueraigne Liege, behold your subiects end—
your secret foes do misenforme your grace:—
who in your cause their holy liues would spend
as traytors dye, a rare and monstrous case!
the bloudy wolfe condemnes the harmeles shepe
before the dog, y^e^ whiles the shepherds* slepe.

13.

England, looke vp, thy soyle is staind with blood,
thow hast made martirs many of thine owne;
if thou hast grace, their deaths will do thee good,
the seede wil take, which in such blood is sowne;
and Campions lerning, fertile so before,
thus watered too, must nedes of force be more.

Variations in the Oxford MS.: Line 49. but this *for* This foyle. 54. They part *for* yet pact. 57. byn scene *for* bin. 59. were bane *for* bane. 61. are *for* be. 65. vnto *for* now to. 70. straunge *for* rare.

* *Orig.* sherherds.

14.

Repent thee, *Eliot*,* of thy Judas kisse,
I wish thy penance, not thy desperate ende;
let *Norton* † thinke, which now in prison is,
to whom was said, he was not Cæsars friend;
and let the Judge consider well in feare,
that Pilate washt his hands, and was not cleare.

15.

The witnesse false, *Sledd*,‡ *Munday*, and the rest,
which had your slanders noted in your booke,
confesse your fault beforehand; it were best,
lest God do find it written when he doth looke
in dreadfull doome vpon the soules of men:
it wil be late (alas!) to mend it then.

16.

You bloody iury *Lea*,‖ and all the leauen,
take heede your verdit, which was giuen in hast,
do not exclude you from the ioyes of heauen,
and cause you rue it when the time is past:
and euery one whose malice causd him say
Crucifige, let him dread the terror of that day!

Variations in the Oxford MS.: Line 86. with all *for* which had. 88. *omit* doth. 91. rest *for* leauen. 92. *omit* which was. 93. place of blest *for* ioyes of heauen.

* George Eliot, the man who found and betrayed Campion by pretending to be a good Catholic.

† Norton, a commissioner for putting Campion to the torture. For an account of him see Wood, *Athenæ Oxonienses;* also some notices in Collier's *Dodsley's Old Plays*, i. p. 110. There is much about him in Bridgewater's *Concertatio*, fol. 64, 73, 77, 127–129, 223, 229. His imprisonment here referred to was not for treason, as Allen suggests (*Concertatio*, fol. 221 *verso*), but for taking part in the contraband printing of a Puritan book.

‡ Sledd had entered the Roman Seminary as a Catholic, but, as he professed, with the intention of betraying his associates there. *Concertatio*, fol. 62, 95, 121. (For Munday, see the Introduction, pp. 158, 159.)

‖ Lee was the foreman of the jury.

17.

Fonde *Elderton*,* call in thy foolish rime,
thy scurile balates are to bad to sell;
let good men rest, and mende thy self in time,
confesse in prose thou hast not meetred well;
or, if thy folly can not choose but fayne,
write alehouse toys, blaspheme not in thy vain.

18.

Remember, you that would oppresse the cause,
the Church is Christes, his honor can not dye,
though hel her selfe reuest † her gresly iawes,
and ioyne in league with schisme and heresie;
though craft deuise, and cruell rage oppresse,
yet skil wil write, and martirdome confesse.

19.

You thought perhaps, when lerned Campion dyes,
his pen must cease, his sugred tongue be still;
but you forgot how lowde his death it cryes,
how farre beyond the sound of tongue and quil;
you did not know how rare and great a good
it was to write his precious giftes in blood.

20.

Liuing, he spake to them that present were,
his writings tooke their censure of the viewe;
now fame reports his lerning farre and nere,
and now his death confirmes his doctrine true.
his vertues now are written in the skyes,
and often read with holy inward eyes.

Variations in the Oxford MS.: Line 105. revert her greedie *for* revest her gresly. 114. death *for* giftes. 115. lightninge *for* liuing.

* Elderton, one of the most industrious of the ballad-writers of the day. He is often referred to by Nash, Deloney, and others. Many of his productions have survived, and some have been reprinted by Mr. Collier.

† "reuest" should probably be revert.

21.

All Europe wonders at so rare a man;
England is fild with rumor of his ende;
London must needs, for it was present than,
when constantly three saints their liues did spend,
the streets, the stones, the steps you hald them by,
proclaime the cause for which these martirs dy.

22.

The Tower saith, the truth he did defend;
the barre beares witnes of his guiltles minde;
Tiborne doth tell he made a pacient ende;
on euery gate* his martirdome we finde.
in vaine you wroght y^{t} would obscure his name,
for heauen and earth will still record the same.

23.

Your sentence wrong pronounced of him here,
exemptes him from the iudgments for to come;
O happy he that is not iudged there!
God graunt me too to haue an earthly dome!
your witnes false, and lewdly taken in,
doth cause he is not now accusd of sin.

24.

His prison now the citie of the king;
his racke and torture, ioyes and heuenly blisse;
for mens reproch, with angels he doth sing
a sacred song, which euerlasting is:
for shame but short, and losse of small renowne,
he purchast hath an euer during crowne.

25.

His quarterd lims shall ioyne with ioy agayne,
and rise a body brighter then the sunne:
your blinded malice torturde him in vayne,
For euery wrinch some glory hath him wonne,
and euery drop of blood which he did spend,
hath reapt a ioy which neuer shal haue end.

Variations in the Oxford MS.: Line 129. godly *for* pacient. 141. reports *for* reproch. 144. sempiternall *for* euer during. 148. wring *for* wrinch.

* The quarters of persons executed for treason were usually nailed up on the town gates, where their heads were also placed.

26.

Can dreary death then daunt our faith or paine?
ist' lingring life we feare to loose, or ease?
no, no, such death procureth life againe,
'tis only God we tremble to displease,
who kils but once, and euer stil we dye,
whose hote reuenge tormentes eternallye.

27.

We can not feare a mortal torment, wee;
this Martirs blood hath moystned all our harts,
whose partid quartirs when we chaunce to see,
we lerne to play the constant christians parts;
his head doth speake, & heauenly precepts giue,
how we y^{t} looke, should frame ourselues to liue.

28.

His youth enstructs vs how to spend our daies;
his flying bids vs how to banish sinne;
his straight profession shews the narrow waies
which they must walk that looke to enter in;
his home returne by danger and distresse,
emboldens vs our conscience to professe.

29.

His hardle drawes vs with him to the crosse;
his speeches there prouoke vs for to dye;
his death doth say this life is but a losse;
his martird blood from heauen to vs doth crye;
his first and last and all conspire in this,
to shew the way that leadeth vnto blisse.

30.

Blessed be God, which lent him so much grace,
thanked be Christ, which blest his martir so;
happy is he which sees his masters face,
Cursed are they that thought to worke him wo;
bounden be we to geue eternall prayse
to Jesus name which such a man did rayse.

Amen.

Variations in the Oxford MS.: Line 164. so *for* how. 166. to *for* that. 178. which *for* that.

An other, vpon the same.

1.

What yron hart that wold not melt in greefe?
what steele or stone could kepe him dry from teares?
to see a Campion haled like a theefe,
to end his life, with both his glorious feares,*
in whose three deathes vnto the standers by,
euen al the world almost might seeme to dye.

2.

England must lose a soueraigne salue for sinne,
a sweet receit for suttle heresie:
India a saint her seely soules to winne,
Turky a bane for her idolatrie;
the Church a souldier against Babylon,
to batter hell and her confusion.

3.

The skowling skies did storme & puff apace,
they could not bear y^e^ wrongs y^t^ malice wroght;
the sunne drew in his shining purple face,
the moistned clouds shed brinish tears for thoght;
the riuer Thames awhile astonied stoode
To count the drops of Campions sacred blood.

4.

Nature with tears bewaild her heauy losse;
honesty feard her selfe should shortly dye;
religion saw her Champion on the crosse;
Angels and saints desired leaue to cry;
euen herisie, the eldest child of hell,
began to blush, and thought she did not well.

5.

And yet, behold! when Campion made his end,
his humble hart was so bedewde with grace,
that no reproch could once his mind offend;
mildnes possest his sweet and cherefull face;
a pacient spectacle was presented then,
in sight of God, of angels, saints, and men.

Variations in the Oxford MS.: Line 4. peers *for* feares. 6. did *for* might. 11. Champion *for* souldier.

* "feares" = feres, or comrades, viz. Sherwin and Bryant.

6.

The heuens did cleare, y^e^ sun like gold did shine,
the cloudes were dry, the fearful riuer ranne:
nature and vertue wypt their watred eyen,
religion ioyed to see so mild a man;
men, angels, saints, and al that saw him dye,
forgot their grief, his ioyes appeard so nye.

7.

They saw his pacience did expect a crowne;
his scornful cart, a glorious heauenly place;
his lowly mind, a happy high renowne;
his humble cheare, a shining angels face;
his feare, his griefe, his death, & agonie,
a ioy, a peace, a life in maiestie.

8.

From thence he prayes and sings in melodie
for our recure, and calleth vs to him;
he stands before the throne with harmonie,
and is a glorious suter for our sinne:
with wings of loue he jumped vp so hye,
to helpe the cause for which he sought to dye.

9.

Reioyce, be glad, triumph, sing himmes of ioye,
Campion, Sherwine, Brian live in blis:
they sue, they seeke the ease of our annoy;
they pray, they speake, and al effectuall is;
not like to men on earth as heretofore,
But like to saints in heauen, and that is more.

Finis.

Variations in the Oxford MS.: Line 33. mixt *for* wypt. 36. his *for* their. 37. picture *for* pacience. 40. smylinge *for* shining.

A Dialogue betwene a Catholike and Consolation.

CATHOLIKE FIRST SPEAKETH.

Is righteous Lot from sinful Sodome gone?
is olde Elias left alone agayne?
and hath the earth no iust man, no not one,
the cause of Christ and Christians to sustaine?
if holy life with true religion fayle,
then farewell faith, for falsehood will preuayle.

CONSOLATION.

No, Lot, thou hast some felowes in this land,
Elias, there are left seuen thousand yet;
reioyce, thou earth, thou hast a warlike bande
for our good Lord in martial order set,
by life and death this quarel to beginne,
to vanquish falsehood, satan, hell, and sinne.

Although a worthy Champion of your trayne
were slayne of late, and yet not vanquished,
into his place another stept againe;
whom Christs spouse our common nurse hath bred;
lament not then, for there are in his rome
as good as he, expecting martirdome.

CATHOLIKE.

Such men, no doubt, are very hard to finde,
for dainty things are seldome sifted out;
the Phenix hath no partner of her kinde;
a man perhaps may seeke the world about,
ere he may find one Campion agayne;
wherfore his losse makes me the more complaine.

Where shal you find so many giftes in one,
a wit so sharpe, ioynd with such memory,
a great diuine, hating promotion,
a lusty man professing chastitie,
a worthy roope* spronge vp of basest kinde,
a lerned man to beare a lowly minde.

* "roope," probably root.

Solon for pith, for wisedome Salomon,
Peter for style, and Paule for eloquence,
Dauid for trueth, for beautie Absolon,
for personage Saule, a Jobe for patience:
all that for which the fame of these began,
(a thing most strange) were ioynde in this one man.

Not rack nor rope cold daunt his dredles mind,
no hope nor hap could moue him where he stood,
he wrote the truth as in his bookes we finde,
which to confirme he sealed with his blood,
which makes me dout there are no mo such men,
send workmen, Lord, into thy vineyarde then!

CONSOLATION.

Dispaire thou not, thou seely mournful wight,
for there are mo haue tooke this match in hand;
we needs must win, our lord himself doth fight,
the Cananites shal be expulsd the land,
for Edmund liues and helpeth godly men
by prayers, more then erst with tongue or pen.

His quarters hong on euery gate do showe,
his doctrine sound throgh countries far and neare,
his head set vp so high doth call for moe
to fight the fight which he endured here,
the faith thus planted thus restored must be,
take vp thy crosse, saith Christ, and folow me.

As well as preists the lay men too shall frame
their skillesse heads to take so good a vowe,
God can of stones rayse seede to Abraham;
doubt not, therfore, for there will be enowe.

CATHOLIKE.

Fiat voluntas Dei, then say I,
we owe a death, and once we needes must dye.

Finis.

The complaynt of a Catholike for the death of M. Edmund Campion.

O God, from sacred throne beholde
our secret sorrowes here,
Regard with grace our helplesse griefe,
amend our mournfull cheere.
The bodies of thy Saintes abrode
are set for foules to feede,
And brutishe birds deuour the flesh
of faithfull folke in deede.
Alas! I rue to thinke vpon
the sentence truely scande,
No prophet any honor hath
within his natiue lande.
Thy dolefull death, O Campion, is
bewayld in euery coste,
But we liue here & litle knowe
what creatures we haue loste.
Bohemia land laments the same,
Rodulphus court is sad,
With deepe regarde they now recorde
what vertues Campion had.
Germania mourns, al Spayne doth muse,
and so doth Italy,
And Fraunce our friend hath put in print
his passing tragedie.
They that wuld make these men to seeme
to be hir highnes foes,
O Lorde, it is a worlde to see
the fayned fraude of those,
For when they had in dastard wise
deuised to dispute,
And could not finde in al their craft
the cause for to confute,
And that their winnings was so well*
they needed not to boste,
And that in consciens they did know
new found is lightly loste,

* *Query* small.

They suttly seeke a further fetche
contrary to all reason,
To say he is not Cæsars frende,
accusing him of treasone.
But shal we mutche lament the same,
or shall we more reioyce,
Such was the case with Christ our lord,
sutche was the Jewish voyce.
So wer their wrathful words pronounst,
so was their sentence wrong,
For Christ did giue to Cæsar that
which did to him belong;
So Christ his true disciples here
no treason do pretend,
But they by Christ and Christ his lore
their fayth till death defende.
Though error haue deuised now
a visard so vnfit
To cloke her craft to change the case,
to blear ech simple wit,
Because she taught vs long before
that none for poynts of fayth,
According vnto Christes lore
ought to be done to death.
Her wilines wer soone bewrayed,
had they but once recanted,
No doubt therof they had not then
not life nor liuing wanted.
Thus who so ways her works & words,
with fraude shal find them fraught,
And how they now performe the same
that heretofore they taught.
God knowes it is not force nor might,
not warre nor warlike band,
Not shield & spear, not dint of sword,
that must conuert the land:
It is the blood by martirs shed,
it is that noble traine,
That fight with word & not with sword,
and Christ their capitaine.
For sooner shall you want the handes
to shed sutch guiltles blood,

Then wise and vertuous still to come
to do theyr country good.
God saue Elizabeth our queene,
God send her happie raigne,
And after earthly honors here,
the heauenly ioyes to gayne.
And all sutch men as heretofore
haue misinformd her Grace,
God graunt they may amend the same
while here they haue the space.

Finis.

III.

[From "A breefe Aunswer made vnto two seditious Pamphlets, the one printed in French and the other in English, contayning a defence of Edmund Campion and his complices, their moste horrible and vnnaturall Treasons against her Maiestie and the Realme. By A. M." London, 1582. (Lambeth Library).]

Verses in the Libell, made in prayse of the death of Maister Campion, one of the societie of the holie name of Jesus; heere chaunged to the reproofe of him and the other Traitours.

WHY doo I vse my paper, inke, and pen,
and call my wits in councell what to say?
Such memories were made for woorthy men,
And not for such as seeke their Realms decay.
An Angels trumpe exalts y^e^ Subiects trueth,
When shame rings foorth y^e^ Traitors fearful rueth.

Pardon my want, I offer naught but will,
To note downe those, at whome the Skies do skowle:
Campion his treasons do exceed my skil,
The cause, his comming, & the deede too fowle.
Yet giue me leaue in base and homely verse,
His lewd attempts in England to rehearse.

He came by vowe, the cause, his Princesse foyle,
His armour, Treason, to his Countryes woe:
His comfort, blood, slaughter & greeuous spoyle,
The Deuill his Author had incenst him so.
His triumphe, Englands ruine and decay:
The Pope his Captaine, thirsting for it aye.

From ease to paine, from honour to disgrace,
From looue to hate, to daunger beeing well:
Thus dyd he fall, flying his natiue place,
and Countrey, where by duty he should dwell.
Our no Apostle comming to restore,
The bloody sway was sometime heere before.

His natures flowers were mixt with hunny gall,
  His lewd behauiour, enimie to skill;
A climing minde, reiecting wisedomes call,
  A sugred tongue, to shrowde a vicious will;
    A Saintlyke face, yet such a deuillish hart
    As sparde no trauaile for his countries smart.

With tongue and pen, the trueth he did suppres,
  Stopping the way that Christians did desire,
Which pleased God for his great wickednes,
  To stay his race, wherein he dyd aspire.
    Then his behauiour witnessed the more
    What he was then, as also long before.

His fare was good, yet he a scornefull cheare,
  His prison fayre, yet he a froward minde;
His councell good, yet deafned was his eare,
  Perswasions large, he obstinate and blinde.
    Oh stubborne man, oh minde & nature straunge!
    Whome wisdom, pittie, grace, nor looue could chaunge.

After great pause, they brought him to dispute,
  With Bookes as many as he could demaund;
His cheefest cause, they quickly did confute,
  His proofe layd downe, reproued out of hand.
    So that the simplest present there could say,
    That Campions cause did beare the shame away.

After his foyles so often to his face,
  It was thought good, Justice his deedes should trie;
Upon appearaunce of so fowle a case,
  Nature her selfe, wild doome deseruedlie.
    Traitour he was, by prooues sufficient found;
    The Jewrie sawe his Treasons so abound.

Her Maiestie to be depriu'd of lyfe,
  A forraine power to enter in our Land;
Secrete rebellion must at home be rife,
  Seducing Preests receiu'd that charge in hand;
    All this was cloaked with Religious showe,
    But Justice tried, and found it was not so.

Then rightfull doome bequeathed them to dye,
Whose treasons put her Maiestie in feare;
Out on the fiend, whose mallice wrought so slie
Hath wun a number, part with him to beare.
But thinketh he, his enuie can preuaile?
No, little Dauid did the Giaunt quaile.

My gratious Princesse, see your Subiects mone,
Such secret foes among them should be found,
Who serue your Grace in duety euery one,
though treason seek to make their harts vnsound.
The bloody woolf prayes on y^e^ harmles sheepe,
So treason seekes in loyall harts to creepe.

England, looke vp, thy Children doo rebell;
Unreuerent actes haue entred in their minde;
The subiect seekes his rightfull Prince to quell,
Yea, his natiue Countrey prooues vnkinde.
Campion, who sometime y^u^ didst sweetly sourse,
Prepares his venome to destroy his Nourse.

Eliot reioyce, that God prolonged thee
To take the man, who meant vs all such yll:
As for thy slaunders, take them patiently,
Enuie drawes blood, and yet hee can not kyll.
Those who by words he seemde to put in feare:
Haue washt their hands in iudgement sound and cleare.

Myselfe a witnesse, Sled and all the rest
who had their treasons noted in our Booke,
Account our selues of God most highly blest,
who gaue vs grace to such attempts to looke;
And hauing giuen our witnes sound & plaine,
We feare not mallice, nor his spightful train.

The well aduised Jewrie on this cause,
Who with discretion pondred euerie thing,
Behelde their treasons with such heedfull pause,
That they found out the depth of Enuies sting.
Whereby they saw the stirrers of this strife
Were farre vnwoorthy any longer life.

Yea, Elderton dooth deskant in his rime,
The high offences of such gracelesse men,
Which causeth him to yrke at euerie crime,
And gainst their treasons to prouide his pen;
Yet not without wisedome and modestie,
To warne all other that liue wickedlie.

Remember you that would oppresse the cause,
Our Church is Christes, his honour cannot die,
Though hell him selfe reuest his griesly iawes,
And ioyne in league with treason & poperie.
Though craft deuise, and cruel rage oppresse,
Christe will his chosen styll in safetie blesse.

You thought, perhaps, presumptious Campion could
disseuer those, whom Christ hath ioynd in one,
And that our gratious louing sheepheard would,
Before the woolfe, forsake his flock alone.
No, he preserues his Sheepe for greater good,
And drownes ye rauener in his enuious blood.

We knowe that Campion liuing did intreate
The Subiect from his vowde humilitie;
Nowe therefore shame his dealings dooth repeate
Throughout the world to his great infamie.
The skies themselues, with lowring angry face,
Adiudge his deedes, woorthy of all disgrace.

All Europe woonders at this shamelesse man,
England is fild with rumor of his race;
London must needes, for it was present than,
when Justice did three Traiterous minds deface.
The streets, ye stones, ye steps they halde them by,
Pronounst these Traitours woorthy for to die.

The Tower sayeth he Treason did defend;
The Barre beares witnesse of his guilty minde;
Tiborne dooth tell he made a Traitours ende;
On euery gate example we may finde.
In vaine they work to laude him with such fame,
For heauen & earth beares witnes of his shame.

The rightful sentence giuen of him heere,
Will charge his conscience in the time to come;
Although they say he is excused there,
And shall not taste Gods iudgment & his doome.
Saint Paul dooth say, in reuerence of y^e^ highest,
We all shall come before the seate of Christ,

There to make aunswer vnto euerie thing,
And to receyue reward accordinglie;
If well, the Cittie of our heauenlie king
Shall recompence our former miserie,
Where we with Angels voice continuallie,
Shall laude the gaine we haue so happilie.

Then blinded mallice shall perceyue and see
His owne deuises, Author of his rueth;
And how true Subiects haue felicitie,
In recompence of their assured trueth.
The one condemnd for his disloyaltie,
The other crownd for his fidelitie.

Can Treason then preuent our happy peace?
Or blustring winds assayle our Sprouting Tree?
No, soueraine Faith sends down her due encrease,
And shroudes her Plant in sweete tranquilitie;
So that the foe, presuming on his might,
Is forste to know: Faith can preuent him quite.

Let vs not feare a mortall Tirant then,
Seeing Faith and Trueth dooth eleuate our harts,
God hath reserued one to conquer ten,
Let vs then learne to play true Christians parts.
The head of him that sought our Countries wo
Dooth witnesse shame to all that seeke it so.

His youth dooth byd vs bannish filthy pride,
his fleeting hence, to serue our Prince in trueth;
His lewd profession dooth lay open wide,
To fall from God, how greeuous is the rueth.
His home returne, his Challenge, & deface,
Saith: Subiects, keep true harts in euery place.

His Hardle drawes his sect vnto like ende,
  His speeches there, vnfolde their tretcherie;
His death dooth say: Who so his life dooth spend
  In faith and trueth, reapes ioy eternallie.
    His first and last, and all agree in one:
    Ther's none to helpe vs, but our God alone.

Blessed be God, who cut him off so soone,
  Thanked be Christ, which blest his seruants so;
Happy are we, that haue such comfort woon,
  curssed are they that thought to work vs woe!
    Bounden we be to giue eternall prayse
    To Jesus name, who did such refuge rayse.

Finis.

¶ Another vpon the same.

What iron hart, that would not melt in woe,
  what steele or stoone could keepe him drie from teares?
To see a Subiect fall from duetie so,
  And arme him selfe vnto his Countries feares?
    In their three deaths, y^e^ standers by might see
    The ende of hatred and disloyaltie.

England may mone a Subiect erred so,
  Without respect of God and Natures lawe;
And we our selues may show some signe of woe,
  That treason should our brother from vs draw;
    That Antichrist should gain our Campions hart,
    And make him Soldier to his countries smart.

The skowling skies did storme and puffe apace,
  they could not beare y^e^ wrong y^t^ malice wrought;
The Sun drew in his golden shining face,
  y^e^ moistned clowds shed brinish teares with thought;
    The Riuer Thames against his course would run,
    To count the treasons Campion would haue doon.

Nature her selfe, with teares bedewd her face,
Duetie in countenaunce looked pale and wan;
Shee, for to think her worke should her disgrace;
He, to be wanting in an *English man.*
Euen Antichriste, the eldest childe of hell,
Began to blush, and thought he did not well.

For loe, beholde, when Campion made his end,
His hardned hart refused soueraigne grace;
His owne reproche did so his minde offend,
That treason did appeare vpon his face:
An yrksome spectacle was presented then,
In sight of God, of Angels, Saints, and men.

The heauens did cleere, y^e^ Sun like gold did shine,
The Clowdes were drie, the fearfull Riuer ran,
Nature and Vertue wipte their watred eyne,
To see that Iustice cut off such a man.
Men, Angels, Saints, and all that saw him die,
Gaue thankes to God in heauenly melodie.

They saw Peruersenes had withdrawn his minde,
And Treason quite supplanted Dueties awe,
Presumptuous thoughts did humble Patience blind;
There was no place for Graces, well they sawe.
His falsehood, treasons and impietie,
With blame and shame, did ende in infamie.

By whose example, euerie Subiect maye
Be warned howe they fall in such abuse;
And all their thoughts on loyaltie to staye,
Least they likewise doo taste like sharpe refuse;
For Honour dooth exalt the Subiect iust,
When Horrour throwes y^e^ Traitour in y^e^ dust.

Reioyce, be glad, triumph, sing Himnes of ioy!
Campion, Sherwin, Brian, haue their due!
They are supprest, that sought our great annoy;
I hope their fellowes shortly shall ensue!
For faithfull minds doo lothe y^t^ they should liue,
Who to their Countrey doo dishonour giue.

Finis.

A Dialogue betweene a Christian and Consolation.

CHRISTIAN SPEAKETH FIRST.

Is chaste Susanna in the Iudges handes?
  Is Daniell left vnto the Lions iawes?
Doo Subiects breake bothe God & Natures bandes?
  And Enuie seeke to put downe Peace her lawes?
    Dooth perfect awe and true Religion fayle?
    Then may I feare that falsehood will preuayle.

CONSOLATION.

No, Susans foes the Lord will cut in twaine,
  and stop the mouthes of Danielles enimies:
Reioyce therfore, thou hast a noble trayne,
  Armde by the Lord in most triumphant wise;
    Whose life and death, thy quarrell will begin,
    To vanquish falsehood, Sathan, hell and sinne.

Beholde of late, a Champion of their traine,
  Confuted, foyled, yea, and vanquished,
With those who did like tretcheries maintaine,
  In their deuises, they soone perished:
    Lament not then, for Justice holds y^e^ swoord,
    Who to them all, will like desert affoord.

CHRISTIAN.

Alas! I mourne, and sit with sighing minde,
  To see my natiue Countrey-men rebell
Against the onely Phœnix of her kinde,
  Who dooth in grace and goodnesse all excell.
    And could proud Campion thinke to worke her woe?
    O Lord, confound them all y^t^ seeke it so!

What were his giftes, if we recount ech one?
  A pregnant wit, I graunt to tretcherie;
A bad Diuine, seeking promotion;
  A lustie man, detesting chastitie;
    A gracelesse impe, sprung vp of basest kinde;
    A simple man, to beare a loftie minde.

His pithie wisedome, style and eloquence,
Comparde with those of fame and dignitie,
Dooth open plaine his freends insipience;
His confutation prooues it worthilie.
All the reportes whereby his fame began,
Were neuer found to harbour in the man.

Then boast no farder of his dreadlesse minde,
Which rack nor roape could alter, as you say;
Recount his treasons, cruell and vnkinde,
And then his prayse will soone be layd away.
Your prayse, his pompe, nor al you haue in store,
Can make the man the woorthier ere y^e^ more.

Consolation.

Tis true in deede, their follie is in sight,
vnto their shame that take like thing in hand;
We needs must win, our Lord himself doth fight,
The Cananites shalbe expulst the Land;
Yea, all the deedes of such vngodly men
Shalbe confounded, nere to rise agen.

Campion, his* quarters on the gates doo showe
His treason, doctrine, and his lyfe too yll;
His head set vp, dooth daylie call for moe
Of those that leane vnto like wicked wyll:
Well may they flaunt & florish for a space,
But trueth in ende their dealinges will disgrace.

Not hell it selfe our iniurie can frame,
But we shall prosper as the sprouting Baye;
God can of stones rayse seede to Abraham;
He is our hope, and he wyll helpe vs aye.

Christian.

Fiat voluntas Dei, then saye I,
I trust in God, whether I liue or die.

Finis.

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* Campion his = Campion's

The Complaint of a Christian, remembring the vnnaturall treasons of Edmund Campion and his Confederates.

O God, from sacred throne beholde
our secret sorrowes here;
Regard with grace our helpless case,[1]
amend our mournfull cheere.
The creatures whome thou hast appoint
to liue in Princesse awe,
Forsake their duetie, looue, and feare,
and spurne at dueties lawe.
Alas! I rue to thinke vppon
their factes so lately scand;
Howe they did seeke their Princesse death,
and spoyle of natiue land.
Thy Treasons, Campion, is bewaylde
of many farre and neere,
To thinke what vnkinde actions, thou
wouldest haue perfourmed heere.
Bohemia Land may well reioyce,
Rodulphus Court be glad:
That thou to recompence thy paine,
such due desart hast had.
Germania maye leaue off to mourne,
yea, Spayne to muse, and Italie,
And Fraunce may rent that false report
of thy surmised Tragedie.
They that would make these men to seeme
as not her Highnesse foes;
O Lorde, it is a world to see
the fayned fraude of those!
For when as Campion had presumde
to challenge a dispute,
His craftie cloake was soone pulde off;
Learning did him confute.
Albeit his cauilles, skornes, and coyle,
he bare with shamelesse face,
Yet trueth pulde off his craftie vayle,
and shewed his wretched case;

[1] *Orig.* grace.

So that although they did withstand
  eche cause of right and reason,
Yet Justice soone found out the depth
  of their most wicked treason.
Justice perceiu'd how, vnder cloake
  of their Religion,
They comprehended trayterous guile
  and false sedition.
Justice perceyued howe they sought,
  within their natiue Soyle,
To mooue rebellion and debate
  to worke our secrete spoyle.
Justice perceyued howe the Pope,
  with forraine Princes might,
Would vse our England as him pleasde,
  and put our Queene from right.
How that these men were sent before,
  by his perswasion,
To make all ready gainst the tyme
  of his inuasion;
So that destruction suddenlie
  should come vpon vs all;
Those onely sau'd, had holie Graynes,
  or could the watch-woord call.
All this did Justice playne discerne,
  with many matters more,
Where-through they had the iust desart
  that they deseru'd therefore.
God saue Elizabeth our Queene!
  God sende her happie raigne!
And after earthlie Honours heere,
  the heauenlie ioyes to gaine!
And all that seeke her secrete harme,
  or to annoy her Grace,
God turne their hearts, or that they may
  enioy but lyttle space.

Finis. *Anthony Munday.*

IV.

[From *Domestic State Papers, James I.*, Vol. 32, No. 32, 11 April, 1608 (Public Record Office).]

Remember Campione, how he died, that worthy wight,
Ralph Sherwine, and the rest besied, for Jesus right;
thow canst not allwaies liue & lest stand stiff Dear frend,
this breckish Liff is but a breth onct suer to end.

This Campione was for wisdom Salamone;
peter for stiell & Paull for eloquence;
Dauid for truth, for beuty absolone,
for personadg saull; a Job for paciens,
all thinges of which in thes the sam begon,
two thinges most strang was Joind in this on man.

No rack nor roap could daunt his [d]redles mynd,
noe hop nor hap could moue hym wher he stood;
he wrot the truth within our bockes wee find,
which to confirm he sealed with his blood:
I am in Doubt ther ar noe moor such men;
send workmen, Lord, into thi vinyard then.

Dispair thow not, thow sealy mornfull wight,
for ther are moor hath taken this match in hand,
and Edmund liues & helpes the godly mene
by prayers moor then herst by tong or pen:
God cane of stones rayse sied to Abraham,
therfor Doubt not ther wilbe Inne.
Fiat voluntas Dey, then say wee,
wee ove a death & onct must Die.

Fynis *per* me Kebehe in Sasene na exe.

Indorsed. Georg Jarves Prist suffred for god and his truth at London the xith of Aprijll, 1608.

TWO POEMS BY JOHN LILLIAT.

As a specimen of the poems of John Lilliat, mentioned above, p. 160, we give the following two, of which the latter utters the writer's grievances. No information about the author seems attainable. There is no mention of him in Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*, nor are any productions by a person of such a name in Carew Hazlitt's Handbook. The edition of Watson's poems, previously alluded to, contains many other MS. poems at the end, besides those cited here, and at the conclusion are the following lines :—

> "Quisquis in hunc librum sua lumina verterit unquam
> Nomen subscriptum perlegat ille meum."

Many of these pieces, however, cannot possibly be the production of John Lilliat; for instance, we find copied out the delicious old bucolic, so world-renowned, beginning,

> "Come live with me, and be my love."

Some of the songs in the MS. are accompanied by the music to which they were sung; among them is "A dittie vpon the death of Dulcebell Porter, my scholler: whose Mother died the 20 of Nouember, beinge Munday, 1598, and this her daughter, Januarii 20, 1598."

> "Thy like not left for Musick's skill
> Waighinge thy age and arte togither."

It would seem probable that Lilliat was a teacher of music.

[Rawl. MS. 148, fol. 43.]

The Spider's Web
(or Anacharsis sayinge of Solons written Lawes).

1.

I meruayle much at spitefull spiders giues,
In such slight sort, that weaue their web so thin:
Sith none but Bees, or silly harmeless flies,
Intangled are, and fetterd fast therin.
Their wile approues them parciall as I win.
For if y^e^ Drone should once anoy their Net,
She rendes y^e^ web, and soone therout doth get. 7

2.

The drowsie drone thus easly scapes we see,
which only lives vpon poore others toyle;
when little flie, and paynefull busie Bee,
Is left behinde, alone to beare the broyle,
whose fault but small, & yet to take the foyle:
The Spider rather should the Drone enthrall;
Not Bees nor flies, w^ch^ doe no harme at all.

3.

Herin contayned ys a Misterie,
w^ch^ I refrayne in termes to vtter flat:
Perhapps our Lawes this web may signifie,
But mum, be mute; no more I say of that,
Let cease y^ie^ tongue, & learne to charme y^ie^ chat.
If I offend, in Spider, or in Bee,
Blame *Anacharsis*[1] then, and blame not me.

Iωλ.

John Lilliat.

Lex exlex.

[Rawl. MSS. Poet 148, fol. 37.]

Lilliat, his Malecontent.

1. Attend awhile,
The ragged stile,
That from my Muse doth flo:
Whose lowd lament,
Of discontent,
Copartner of my woe.

2. As men are friended,
So Lawe ys ended,
The adage olde doth say;
And with the moste,
In evry Coast
Affection bears the sway.

[1] Who was a noble philosopher borne in Scythia, and formed the first Potters wheele.

3. Lewd Barabbas
acquitted was
And sett at libertie:
when *Jesus Christ*,
sonne of the hig'hst,
Condempned for to die.

4. The innocent,
in discontent,
finds fewest friends, God knowes:
when greater sway,
bears all away,
with bigg bravado showes.

5. Let little flie,
but looke awry,
Rewarded with a rapp:
When bigger bug
doth striue & strug,
And feareth not the slapp.

6. True iustice flead,
Playne dealing dead,
The weakest to the wall:
Wronge sets a face
Right to disgrace,
The Judge pleads parciall.

7. Yet in all this,
Not one ther is,
My wronge will seeme to right;
But for myne ease,
am glad to please,
And say the Crowne is white. q^{a} *Iω* λ.

Lucæ. 21, 19.

Per patientiam vestram,
possidete animas vestras.
St. Barnard.
Deiectum, non eiectum.

POEMS REFERRING TO THE EARL OF ESSEX.

The career of the unfortunate Essex, one of the most brilliant favourites of Elizabeth, must always form an astonishing episode in her reign. While, however, we lament the caprice of the Queen, we see in this, as in corresponding reigns, that when a female sovereign holds sway, the Court must necessarily become a mere exercising ground for the most unscrupulous and indefatigable adventurers. Of course this remark only holds good in the case of a semi-civilized country. As the rights of the citizen are more and more respected, the outrageous development of personalism—to coin a word—becomes in proportion impossible. The history of the Russian Court during the whole of the last century furnishes a very striking parallel—a peculiar grossness, however, being added by the remoteness of the scene of action from the more polished centres of the west. In Essex's short life of thirty-four years many events of surpassing interest were crowded. In early youth—and we must remember that his life was destined at best to be little more than youth—he served in the Netherlands with the Earl of Leicester, where he held the commission of a captain-general of the cavalry. On the approach of the Spanish Armada, he was appointed to the like command, although at the time only twenty-one years of age. But a vigorous mind and a striking person had already marked him out as one of Fortune's favourites. On the death of Leicester, he succeeded him as the most prominent courtier; but his active temperament, rendering him disinclined to sink into the mere drawing-room honours of a carpet knight, urged him to join expeditions to France, where he was sent to assist Henry IV., and to Portugal, in an attempt to place Don Antonio on the throne, and thereby weaken the power of Philip of Spain, the uncompromising enemy of England. The ballad-writers have not failed to speak of this exploit, and we are told how he challenged the proudest in Lisbon to combat; and when they dreaded the English champion, he stuck his dagger in the gate in scorn of them, like the legendary Oleg of Russian history hanging his shield derisively on the walls of trembling Constantinople. But his grandest achievement was the capture of Cadiz in the year 1596, when a combined fleet of English and Dutch, numbering 150 sail, and carrying 14,000 men, sailed under the command of Essex in conjunction with Lord Howard. This is the celebrated exploit which is entitled in the Percy Collection the "Winning of Cales." When they arrived at Cadiz, they attacked the shipping in the harbour, and

the Spanish commander was obliged to order the vessels to be burnt, to prevent them from falling into the hands of the English. Essex landed and captured the town, which he gave up to plunder. He wished to hold Cadiz; but a council of war would not support him. The fleet therefore returned to England, laden with booty, and having inflicted on the Spaniards a loss of four millions sterling. Two ships of the enemy were also brought back—the St. Matthew and St. Andrew. Macaulay speaks of this expedition as "the most brilliant military exploit that was achieved on the Continent by English arms during the long interval which elapsed between the battle of Agincourt and that of Blenheim."[1]

Essex displayed great ability in the affair. He set at liberty some Moorish galley-slaves, and through them entered into communication with the revolted Moors of the south of Spain, who had been shamefully oppressed by Philip.

In 1597 a fleet sailed under the Earl of Essex and Sir Walter Raleigh against the Azores. This is the celebrated "island voyage," and the following prayer is attributed to the Queen on the setting out of the expedition.

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[1] The readers of Percy's Reliques—and who has not at some time or other familiarized himself with that epoch-making book? (an edition of the Percy Folio has fortunately been lately published by Messrs. Hales and Furnivall more suited to the critical wants of the age)—will not have forgotten the ballad of the Winning of Cales (or Cadiz). The verses are rather doggrel, but are fresh and accurate: the story of carrying off the two prize vessels is very circumstantially detailed—

> "The great St. Phillip, the pryde of the Spaniards,
> Was burnt to the bottom, and sunk in the sea;
> But the St. Andrew, and eke the St. Matthew,
> Wee took in fight manfullye and brought away."

The story of the number of gentlemen whom Essex knighted, and the rhyme in consequence, is too hackneyed to need repetition. The spoil of "Cales" formed a pleasant theme for song and jest for many a year. Thus we find in Hall's Satire (Singer's ed., 1824, p. 65), when he is describing the gallant:

> "Yet for all that, how stiffly struts he by,
> All trapped in the new-found bravery;
> The nuns of new-won Cales his bonnet lent,
> In lieu of their so kind a conquerment.
> What needed he fetch that from farthest Spain
> His grandam could have lent with lesser pain."

The plunder from this expedition seems to have been most ample, but many of the adventurers who joined in it were discontented. From a recently-published Calendar of State Papers we get some curious details. All who shared in the voyage and contributed to the outlay seem to have looked upon it as a good investment. Thirty chests of armour were taken, of which twenty-three were delivered at Plymouth to Sir Gilly Merrick.

[Harl. MS. 6986, leaf 58.[1]]

The Quenes ma. prayer at the goinge owt of the navye. 1597.

O god, all-maker, keeper, and guider, Jnurement[2] of thy rare-sene, vnused and seeld-heard-of goodnes, powred in so plentifull sort vpon us full oft; breeds now this boldnes, to craue with bowed knees, and heartes of humilitye, thy large hande of helping power, to assist with wonder oure iust cause, not founded on Prides-motion nor begun on Malice-stock; But, as thou best knowest, to whome nought is hid, grounded on iust defence from wronges, hate, and bloody desire of conquest. For scince, meanes thou hast imparted to saue that thou hast giuen, by enioying such a people, as scornes their bloodshed, where surelie ours is one: Fortifie (deare God) such heartes in such sort, as their best part may be worst, that to the truest part meant worst with least losse to such a Nation, as despise their liues for their Cuntryes good. That all Forreine Landes may laud and admire the Omnipotency of thy worke: a fact alone for thee only to performe. So shall thy name be spread for wonders wrought, and the faithfull encouraged, to repose in thy vnfellowed grace: And wee that mynded nought but right, inchained in thy bondes for perpetuall slauery, and liue and dye the sacrificers of oure soules for such obtayned fauoure. Warrant, Deare Lorde, all this with thy command.

Amen.

The two commanders however quarrelled. They ravaged the island, but did not succeed in capturing the Spanish Plate Fleet: two or three galleons, however, returning from the Havannah, worth £100,000, were taken.

From this period is said to date the bitter animosity which raged between Essex and Raleigh during the few years of life which remained to the former. It is sad to find the unfortunate Earl's enemy gloating over his end by watching his execution from an upper window in the Tower. There is an undoubted allusion to Raleigh in lines 189, 190, on p. 30 of this volume:

> "But Rawe-bones layde on lies at large,
> And howrelie sought to see his fall."

For two years the Earl seems to have remained inactive,

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[1] This leaf has been numbered 35.

[2] Experience.

struggling, no doubt, between the various factions, which at this period harassed the Court. In 1599, however, he was, at his own request, sent against the redoubted O'Neil, who had during the previous year totally defeated Sir Henry Bagnal at the battle of Blackwater (August 14th, 1598).[1] He landed at Dublin April 15th, 1599. The army placed under his command consisted of 18,000 men, the best levies in the counties, and many veterans from the Netherlands.

His commission gave him unprecedented authority: he had the power of pardoning all crimes and treasons without exception; and he might continue the war or bring it to an end at his discretion. He was to direct his whole force as much as possible against Ulster, as this was the great centre of the rebellion. His first act, however, on arriving in Ireland, was to disobey the commands of the Queen. He appointed the Earl of Southampton commander of the cavalry, in direct opposition to Elizabeth's express order, to whom Southampton had given offence by a forbidden marriage. Nor did he remove him till a peremptory mandate from the Queen convinced him that she was no longer to be trifled with.

Essex did not proceed to Ulster. On the contrary, he marched into Munster, reaching Limerick, and taking Cork and Waterford on his way, returned to Dublin. He had only to boast of having made himself master of two castles, and received the submission of three native chieftains.

Three months had already been consumed, and his army was greatly diminished by desertion, disease, and other casualties. About the end of August, with only 3000 men out of the 18,000, he met O'Neil on the banks of the Brenny; but instead of fighting, concluded an armistice with him, to be renewed every six weeks during the winter, on condition that Essex should transmit to the Queen O'Neil's demands, which were not likely to be very acceptable to her.

In an interesting paper communicated by Mr. E. Shirley, of Eatington, to Notes and Queries (4th S. viii. p. 34), the true site of the celebrated interview between Essex and O'Neil on Sept. 7th, 1599, is said to have been "at a ford (since bridged over), called Anagh Clint, on the river Lagon, where at present passes the road between Carrick Macross and Ardee, on the borders of the counties of Monoghan and Louth, and the provinces of Ulster and Leinster."

[1] The letter of Essex announcing his appointment will be found in the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. p. 245. He adds (with a "good mouth-filling oath"): "I will beat Tyr-owen in the feilde; for nothynge worthy hir majesties honor hathe yet beene atchevede."

[Harleian MS. 1291, leaf 40 back.]

A BRIEF RELATION OF *which* HAPPENED IN THE EXPEDITION OF THE LO*rd* LIEUT*enant* GENERALL OF IRELAND TOWARDS Y^E^ NORTH PARTE OF THAT KINGDOM FROM THE 28 OF AUGUST VNTILL THE IX. OF SEPTEMBER, 1599.

No rebell in Ireland being able to contynew long *with*out holdinge correspondency *with* Tyrone,[1] and receyuing of ayde from him; I can not thynke they erre, who are of opinion that he (before any other rebell) were by her *maiesti*s forces first to be taught his obedience, *which*, no doubt, hath beene, and is, the iudgme*n*t of the lo*rd* leiute*nant* generall of Irelande. But that kingdome, being at his lo*rdshi*ps first landinge, either wholly entred into rebellion, or enclyninge to favor them *which* were allready in action, the northeren frontiers being (besides their naturall sterillyty) soe wasted by Tyrone, that they denyed meanes not to susteine me*n* but catle: and *which* is of as great consequence as any other consideration, his lo*rdshi*ps army being then raw and vnexperienced: yt seemeth to my weake sence to haue beene agreable to all pollicy, both of state *and* warr, to haue first visited y^e^ weaker rebells. Against whome his lo*rdshi*p having performed so much as hath beene declared in my former relations; and assured the south *and* west frontiers of y^e^ english pale, [leaf 41.] by sufficient garrisons: he departed from Dublin towards castle Kerran, a village not farr from Kelles in East meath, where he mustred 2700 foote and 300 horse, conducting them by the shortest way towards Donnemaine in ferny, purposing to plant there a garrison*ne*, for that from that place might be offended co*m*modiously, all the rebells bordering vpon Blackwater. In his iorney his lo*rdshi*p visited Louth, *which* towne, althoughe yt stande conveniently to receiue a garrison*ne*, yet bycause yt could not be fortefied *with*out much chardge, tyme and travell; his lo*rdshi*p repayred [to] Ishleragh, a village neare Louth, placing in the same, two dayes after, seaven companyes of foote and a troope of horse. Whilst this worke was in

[1] The struggle of Hugh O'Neil, surnamed Ruadh or the Red, forms the subject of a curious poem in Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy. The author supposes himself at Rome, where he has a vision over the graves of the Celtic chieftain and his brother.

hand, Sir Willim Warren obteyned leaue of his lordship that he might treat with Tyrone (who laye then encamped not aboue thre myles from vs with ten thowsand foote and a thowsand horse) for the deliuerye of captain John more, taken prisoner not many daies before in ophaly.[1] Tyrone, professinge to Sir willim warren to haue had a longe tyme a great desyre to make his submission, And entreated the lord lieuetenant by him that he would be pleased to receiue a message from him by Henry Agen, his constable, who, being permitted to haue accesse vnto his lordship that night, entreated that his lordship would vouchsafe to parly with his master the next daye. To which the lord lieutenant [ ][2] [leaf 41 bk.] and saide that he would in the morning draw forth into the field and be readdy by ten a clocke to parly with him, with his sword in hand. And that Tyrone might know him, he comaunded to be shewed to Agen his horse *and* armes, sayinge that he would send to Tyrone to know the markes lykewise of his, to the end they should not mistake one the other in the field, where sayd he to Agen, "yf thy master haue any confidence, either in the iustnes of his cause, or in the goodnes *and* number of his men, or in his owne vertu, of all which he vaynelye glorieth; he will meet me in the field so farr advanced before the head of his kerne[3] as my selfe shalbe separated from the front of my troopes, where we will parlie in that fashion which best becommeth soldiors," which sayd, he licensed him to departe.

Early in the morninge the lord lieutenant havinge appointed a sufficient number both of foote and horse, which he ordered in forme of a saltier or sanct Andrews cross, placing vpon eche flancque (which served for winges) 100 hors, appoyntinge lykewise to follow the army not much behynde the Rearewarde an entier grosse of 100 horse, that out of the same might both be sent out seconds to any distressed parte, and also that in a generall adversytye yt might stand to make the retreat of the whole army: In this order his lordship marched through an open champion,

[1] "The lord deputy, the Earl of Sussex, distinguished himself by the vigour of his government. He recovered from the native Irish the two districts of Ofally and Leix, which he moulded into counties, and named King's County and Queen's County, in honour of Philip and Mary."—Lingard, v. 236, ed. 1854.

[2] There is a gap in the manuscript here.

[3] An Irish foot soldier. The word occurs in Shakspere.

vntill he came within a myle or thereaboutes of Tyrone's camp, which (besydes the naturall strength thereof) was so strongly fortefyed by arte *and* industrye as yt appeared to them who had seene the woorkes, impossible to be [leaf 42.] forced by twenty tymes our number.

When the lord lieutenant expected in this place some howres in battell, a small number of Tyrones horsmen shewed themselues a farr of from our troopes, one of which callinge to ours, tould them that Tyrone desyred much to speake with his lordship: And hvmbly entreated the same. But that tyme and place he thought not fitt, for that their parlye might be a cause to bringe the troopes to blowes, which he studying by all meanes to prevent, had purposely conteined himselfe, with his whole forces, within the lystes of his campe, whiche so soone as the lord lieutenant vnderstoode (makinge his Reare the vantguard), he returned to his campe in his first order. Tyrone beinge resolued not to fight vpon equall grownde, And the lord lieutenant not having sufficient forces to attempt his campe, he resolued, by the advice of his counsell, to returne backe into meath. And directing his march accordingly, the next mornynge, towards Nabber, where his lordship had porposed to fortefye and to plant a garrisonne, he was overtaken by Hen: Agen, who, having done his dutye to his lordship, he lett him vnderstand (speaking so lowd as all might heare that were present) That Tyrone desyred the queenes mercy, and intreated to speake with his lordship concerninge the manner of making his submission: addinge, further, that Tyrone attended his lordships at a forde called Bellaclyne, not halfe a myle out of the waye of the army vpon the right hand of the march, which being instantly viewed, by such as his lordship sent thither, they fownde the place convenient, and Tyrone attendinge there vnaccompanied; to whome his lordship hasted, but not before he had sett a guard vpon the Baggage, and put both foote and horse in perfect order to fight. Bycause that tymes of treaties and parlies haue ever beene held for moste suspected.

[leaf 42 bk.] Before the lord lieutenant was fully aryved at the foarde, Tyrone tooke of his hatt, and enclyninge his body, did his duty vnto his lordship: with very hvmble ceremony, contynewynge the same observancy the whole tyme of the parlye. It was first emparled betweene themselues in

pryvate, and then before six on either partye. With the lord lieutenant were the earle of Southampton, Sir Georg Bourchier, Sir warham St. leger, Sir Henry Danuers, Sir willim Constable, Sir wiltim warren. On Tyrones parte were Cormoc mac Baron, mac Guinies, Evard mac Cowleye; mac Guyre, Henry ovengton, *and* Richard owen; where yt was concluded that there should be a cessation from armes for six weekes, And the warr to be renewed at the lord lieutenant pleasure, gevinge 14 dayes warninge. It was further agreed, That yt should be lawfull for all them that were now in action, to participate of the benefyte of this cessation, which if any refused or neclected, they should be lefte by Tyrone and all his adhearents, to be prosecuted by her maiesties army, for performance of which agreement the lord lieutenant bownd him selfe in the honor of his woorde, And Tyrone tyed him selfe by oath taken the next daye followinge by 4 comyssioners, Sir warham sen leger, Sir willim Constable, Sir willim warren, *and* Henry wootton,[1] secretary to the lord lieutenant, of whome he is as worthely esteemed for his rare quallities as he is deservedly loved of all others for his vertues, And therefore thought the onely man in the armye fittest among the rest of the comissioners, that by the weight of his iudgment might be counterpoyzed the sharpnes of Hen: ovengtons witt, Tyrones cheefest counsellor. There were sent with the commissioners [leaf 43.] for their guarde certeine troopes of horse, with whome remayned as pledge vntill the returne of the commissioners Evard mac Cowlye, Hen: Agen, and Shane mac Donnell. Henry ovengton (without whome Tyrone deliberateth of no matter of moment) was nomynated for the fowreth pledge; but Tyrone intreated the commissioners *that* they would rest satisfied with the others, and that ovengton myght remayne with him selfe.

If there be either fayth in Tyrone, or truth in them that are moste of his counsell, he desyreth nothing more then peace, which at this tyme had beene concluded; but that he resteth bownde to the Spaniarde by oathe, to contynew in armes, yf the spaniard shall lande such forces[2] in England

[1] The celebrated Provost of Eton. See subsequent remarks upon him and his connexion with Henry Cuffe, the Earl's Secretary.

[2] Throughout the struggles of O'Neil considerable countenance had been lent him by Spain. It is to the assistance of this country, together with that of France, that the old Irish national songs, in the native language, always point.

as might possesse and holde any place in that kingdome, w*hi*ch not succeedinge by the end of this moneth he hath faythfully p*ro*mysed to the lo*rd* lieut*enant* to submitt himselfe to the queenes mercy. Of the p*er*formance of w*hi*ch promisse there is more hope for some important reasons, then for any truth w*hi*ch hath beene fownd in him selfe. ffor first his yeares (w*hi*ch are drawinge to threescore) may moove him to desyre quiet. next, the establishment of his greatnes in his posterytye, w*hi*ch he can not doe by the custome of Tamistrye[1] if he should dye and leaue his children yonge. Thirdly, the feare w*hi*ch he may conceiue of her ma*ies*ties power, if she shall once resolue to presse him in dyvers partes at the same instant. And, lastly, a desyre w*hi*ch he may haue to preserue that infinite masse of wealthe w*hi*ch he hath by iniustice and rapine heaped togeather, w*hi*ch els wilbe in shorte tyme exhausted, by the maynteyninge of his Bonaghs[2] [leaf 43 bk.] and susteyninge them whom he hath robbed.

So soone as this conclusion was made with Tyrone, the lo*rd* lieuetenant dissolued his army, and havinge lodged in such garrisons as served beste to preserue the subiect, he retyred himselfe to Droghedagh, from whence, after some few dayes, he returned to Dublin.

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[1] Or Tanistry. Spenser shall explain this word for us:

"*Endon.* What is this which you call Tanist and Tanistry? They be names and termes never heard of nor knowne to us.

Nen. It is a custome amongst all the Irish that presently after the death of any of their chiefe Lords or Captaines, they doe presently assemble themselves to a place generally appointed and knowne unto them to choose another in his steed, where they doe nominate and elect for the most part, not the eldest sonne, nor any of the children of the Lord deceased, but the next to him of blood, that is the eldest and worthiest, as commonly the next brother unto him, if he have any, or the next cousin, or so forth, as any is elder in that kinred or sept, and then next to him doe they choose the next of the blood to be Tanist, who shall next succeed him in the said Captaincy, if he live thereunto."—View of the State of Ireland, Spenser's Works, Todd's edition, p. 505.

[2] Cavalry soldiers. There was also a bonaughty, which was a tax levied on the people to support the bonaughts.

[Ashmole MS. 219, fol. 133.][1]

KNIGHTES MADE IN ERLAND 1599 BY THE E. ESSEX.

The Erel of rutland, mentioned in Ash. MS. 862, art. 44.
The Erell of Kildare.
The Lord Cromwell, Ash. MS. 862, art. 44.
The Lord Gray.
The Lord Mountigell, see Ash. MS. 862, art. 44.
Sr Robart Vernome, *do.*
Sr Georg Manners.
Sr Thomas Weste, *do.*
Sr Henry Carey.
Sr Jaslen percey.[2]
Sr Carewe Lennalls.
Sr wil*lia*m godolphin.
Sr will*ia*m Constable, *do.*
Sr will*ia*m Courtney.
Sr Arter Champnon.
Sr Jhon Davyes, *do.*
Sr Jhon polley.
Sr fraunces Lacon.
Sr huet osborne.
Sr Thomas Moston.
Sr Thomas Tosborowe.
Sr Fraunces Knight.
Sr Fraunces hartley.
Sr Georg thornton.
Sr Terence odersey.
Sr fraunces deverox.
Sr Richard Masterson.
Sr Robart Lasket.
Sr Robart Coñstabell.
Sr Edward Warren.
Sr Cuthberte halsey, 31. (After this name the knights are numbered.)
Sr heugh oconardon, 32.
Sr Jhon Maholand, 33.
Sr Make Swindon, 34.
Sr Thomas baldillon, 35.
Sr Thomas burke, 36.
Sr Wil*lia*m warren, 37.
Sr henry lindley, 38.
Sr will*ia*m gaskon, 39.
Sr thomas offos, 40.
Sr Jhon Wagon, 41.
Sr Will*ia*m Louelesse, 42.
Sr Jhon harington, 43.
Sr Edward blunt, 44.
Sr Robarte Digbey, 45.
Sr Henry goddard, 46.
Sr Edward Essex, 47.
Sr will*ia*m Cornwallis, 48.
Sr will*ia*m Reed, 49.
Sr Edward morgan, 50.
Sr Henry Carewe, 51.
Sr Richard worsand, 52.
Sr Edward Michelborn, 53. Ash. 862.
Sr Jhon haidon, 54.
Sr fraunces micrek, 55.
Sr Jhon Thrastes, 56.
Sr georg lester, 57.
Sr Charells willmote, 58.

What could have been the motives of Essex for this extraordinary conduct, it is not easy to discover. By his many gallant actions we can easily see that he was no coward. The ballad-writer speaks (p. 29, line 167) of a plot, and it is generally believed that the unfortunate Earl hurried back, divining but too surely that his enemies were busy against him during

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[1] The MS. throughout is in Forman's handwriting.
[2] Is this name the same as Jozaphell Pearsey in Ash. MS. 862?

his absence. Great expectations had been formed of this campaign, but they were to be rudely dashed to the ground. Shakespere only uttered the common opinion when he spoke of (Henry V. act v. Prologue, Chorus)—

> "———— the general of our gracious empress,
> (As in good time he may), from Ireland coming,
> Bringing rebellion broached on his sword."

The "Synon" who "subtellie did charme" was, no doubt, Cecil, whom Essex repeatedly mentioned as one of his bitterest enemies.[1]

He now conceived the desperate design of suddenly appearing before the Queen, and effecting a reconciliation in person. He abruptly presented himself at Nonsuch on the 28th of September, soon after she had risen, and was at first favourably received, and also at an audience accorded to him subsequently on the same day; but he was shortly after delivered over to the Lord Keeper to be in his custody. Meanwhile the public voice asserted itself loudly in favour of Essex. With the people he was

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[1] The allusion is of course to Virgil, Æneid II. At some particular period of his disfavour, Essex had broken out into the following lines, which are preserved in the Ashmolean MS. 781. They have been already printed in Knight's London, vol. ii. p. 159.

> "Happy were he could [he] finish forth his fate
> In some unhaunted desert, moste obscure
> From all societies, from love and hate
> Of wordly folkes: then might he sleepe secure:
> Then wake againe, and give God praise.
> Content with hippes and hawes and bramble berrie,
> In contemplation spending all his dayes;
> And change of holy thoughts to make him merrie.
> Where when he dyes his tombe may be a bush,
> Where harmeless Robin dwells with gentle Thrush."

From the same MS. I also extract the following, "Annother of his to her Matie upon his commaund to goe for Ireland:"

"From a minde delightinge in sorrowe, from spirits wasted with passion, from a harte torne in peeces with care and greefe and travell, from a man that hateth himself and all thinges that keepe him aliue, what seruice can yor matie expect since my service paste deserves noe more then banishment and proscription into the cursedest of all countreyes; nay, nay, it is your Rebells pride and success that must give me leave to Ransome my life out of that hatefull prison of my loathed bodie, which if it happen soe yor matie shall have not cause to mislike the fashion of my death, since the course of my life would never please you.

"Yor maties exiled servant,

"Ro. Essex."

Just at the period, when he might have commenced a new lease of favour with offended majesty, appeared the book of Dr. Hayward—"The first part of the Life and Raigne of King Henrie the IIII., extending to the first yeare of his raigne." Here the Queen, from some cause or other, imagined that she traced allusions to herself in the discussions upon the misgovernment of Richard II.; and in the usurpation of Henry she saw a representation of the aspirations of Essex. The unfortunate author, on these frivolous grounds, was committed to prison.

a great favourite, as many lines in the accompanying ballads will amply testify. He had always opposed religious persecutions, and thus had gained friends both among Puritans and Roman Catholics: he had also many staunch adherents among the military. On the 5th of June, 1600, Essex was examined before the Council, and ordered to keep himself to his own house. He had been in the custody of Lord Keeper Egerton since the preceding October. Upon the conclusion of this commission, Elizabeth deprived him of every office which he held by patent, and ordered him to remain a prisoner in his own house during her pleasure. He was however, at the end of three months, released from custody, but forbidden to present himself at Court without leave. Soon after, a valuable patent which he held expired; but Elizabeth refused to renew it, saying, "that in order to manage an ungovernable beast, he must be stinted in his provender."

The repeated efforts of Essex to gain the Queen's favour having been as repeatedly repulsed, made him more desperate. He entered into negociations with James of Scotland, representing that Cecil and his partisans were aiming at excluding that prince from the succession, and meditated bestowing the crown on the Infanta. These eccentric proceedings gradually oozed out: accordingly Sir Thomas Egerton, Henry Somerset, Earl of Worcester, Sir William Knollys, and Sir John Popham were sent by the Queen to see what he was doing, and to summon him to appear before the Council. The scene of their arrival at the house of Essex presented all the characteristics of a riot. A large mob had collected. When Egerton desired Essex to privately explain his grievances, several voices exclaimed: "They abuse you, my Lord. They are undoing you. You lose your time." It was in vain that Elizabeth's emissary ordered every man to lay aside his arms in the Queen's name. The angry crowd, of whom Essex had long been the darling, shouted, "Kill them, keep them for pledges, throw the Great Seal out of the window." Finally they were locked up in a room, and detained as prisoners.

On Sunday, February 8th, 1601, Essex, pretending that his life was in danger, marched into the City, leaving the lords in the care of Sir John Davyes, Francis Tresham—of whom we shall find mention in the Gunpowder Plot conspiracy—and Owen Salisbury; but they were released in a few hours, and before Essex could return.

The infatuated favourite rushed forward, exclaiming, "For the Queen! for the Queen! a plot is laid against my life." Not a citizen, however, joined him: the astonished crowd simply

looked on in amazement, exclaiming, "God bless your honour!" After passing through Ludgate and Cheapside, Essex, at a loss what step to take, entered the house of a supposed friend, then one of the sheriffs, who, "seeing the multitude, avoided himself out at a back door, when presently, in divers parts of the city, Essex was proclaimed a traitor, to the no less grief of the citizens than fear of his followers."

Many of his friends now forsook him, and about two o'clock in the afternoon he came to Gracechurch Street, and attempted to make a stand there; but although the Mayor and others were at the end of the street, no one arrested him. He retired again to St. Paul's, intending to pass by Ludgate the same way that he came; but his progress was impeded by a barricade of empty carts, and some companies of troops hastily got together by the Bishop of London. The Earl was forced back, having been twice shot through the hat. Sir Christoper Blount was taken prisoner, and another associate named Tracy slain. Essex then continued his retreat, and in an agony of thirst desired drink of some of the citizens, which was given him. At Queenhithe he took boat, and succeeded in reaching his house in the Strand, which he fortified, intending to die in its defence. The place was, however, soon stormed, and its inmates compelled to surrender. One of his companions, Captain Owen Salisbury, stood bareheaded at an open window, eager to rush upon his fate. A bullet from some one in the street struck him in the side of the head. "Oh! that thou hadst been so much my friend as to have shot a little lower!" he exclaimed. The wound, however, proved fatal, for he died on the following morning. By ten o'clock that evening Essex had surrendered, and was first conveyed to Lambeth, and subsequently to the Tower. On the 19th of February he and Southampton were arraigned before Lord Buckhurst, as Lord Steward, and twenty-five other peers. The indictment charged him, among a variety of treasonable acts, with having endeavoured to raise himself to the royal dignity. The crown lawyers were Yelverton, Coke, and Bacon. We cannot here enter into the question how far the latter can be justly charged with having betrayed his friend. The matter has certainly assumed a new phase since the publication of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's book; and Mr. Spedding also considers that Bacon was not guilty of treachery towards Essex (Spedding's Bacon, vol. iii. pp. 136–138).

The Earl could only stoutly deny that he had nourished any idea of injuring the Queen, although his step-father, Sir Christopher Blount, confessed at his execution, a few days later, that the conspirators, rather than fail in their ends, were prepared to

have "drawn blood even from herself." He affirmed that he had taken up arms solely in defence of his own life, which was threatened by Lord Cobham and Sir W. Raleigh. The peers declared Essex and his companion Southampton to be guilty of high treason. The latter earl—who has earned the gratitude of posterity by his patronage of Shakspere—remained in the Tower till the next reign, when he was released and restored to his title and estates.[1] Essex was privately executed in an inner court of the Tower. The circumstances of his death, and the threefold stroke of the headsman, as recorded in Williams's ballad, are circumstantially correct (p. 33, line 274); but the reader who cares to have a more minute account of the event will find it amply described in the two following narrations, now first published.

The first, a touching "ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF ESSEX," from the Memories of Mr. Thomas Cook and Mr. Kidman, is taken from the Cambridge University MS. Kk, 1, 3:—

Execucion [of] Erle [E]ssex: 25° [F]ebr; 1600 [in] the tower.

The 25th of februarie 1600;[2] beinge Ash Wedensdaie, aboute 8fe of the clocke in the morninge, was the sentence of death executed against the Erle of Essex within the Tower of London; where a scaffolde beinge set vp in the middest of the courte, & neare vnto it a fourme placed, where-onne satte the Earls of Cumberland & Hartford; the Lod Viscounte Byndon; Lod Thomas Haward then Lord Constable of the tower; Lod Darcey; & Lod Compton; Sir Jhon Peyton Leiue tenant of the towne; with about 16tn partizens of the guarde, was sent to bring the earle prisoner; whoe camme in a gowne of wrought veluet, a satten suite, & felte hatte all blacke; and a litell ruffe band about his falling band; and aryvinge onne the scaffold with 3ree chapleines Dr Mountford, Dr Barlowe, and Mr Asheton, Hee vailed his hatte, and makeinge reverence to the Lordes, laied it awaie, and spoake to this effecte; "My Lordes, and yee my christian bretheren, whoe are to bee witnesses of this my iuste punnishment, (at theis wordes and all the while after liftinge vp his eyes moste intentiuelie to heauen), I confesse to the glorie of god, that I am a moste wretched sinner, and that my sinnes are moe in number, then the haires of my heade; that I haue bestowed my youth in wantonnes, luste, and vncleannes; and that I haue beene puffed vp with pride, vanitie and loue of this worlds pleasure;

[1] See the fine lines addressed by Samuel Daniel to Southampton.
[2] Old style: 1601 new.

and that notwithstanding diuers good motons inspired into mee from the spirit of god; The good w*hi*ch I would I have not donne; and the evill w*hi*ch I woulde not, that haue I donne; for all w*hi*ch I humblie beseeche my saviour Christe to bee mediator to the eternall m*aje*stie for my pardon; especiallie for this my laste sinne, this greate, this bloudie, this cryinge, this infectous sinne, whereby so manie for love to mee, haue bene drawne to offend god, to offend their sovereigne, and to offende the worlde; I beseech god to forgiue it vs, and to forgeue it mee the moste wretched of all; I beseeche her m*aje*stie & the state, and Ministers thereof; to forgeue it vs; and I beseache god to send her m*aje*stie a prosperous reigne, & a longe, if it bee his will; O Lord graunte her a wise & an vnderstanding hearte; O Lord blesse her & the Nobles, and Mynisters of the church & of the state; And I beseeche youe and the world, to houlde a charitable opinion of mee, for my intent*i*on to herwards, whose death I protest I never meante, nor violence to her p*er*son; Allso I desire all the world to forgiue mee, even as I doe freelie and from my harte forgeue all the world: I was never, I thanke god Atheiste to denie the power & omnipotencie of god; never Papiste trusting in my owne meritts, but hope for my saluat*i*on, from god onelie, by the mercie & meritts of my saviour Jesus: This faith was I brought vp in, and herein am nowe readie to die; beseechinge yee all to ioyne your soules w*i*th mee in praier, that my soule maie bee lifted vp by faith aboue all earthlie things in my praier, for nowe I will giue my selfe to my private praier; yet for that I beseeche youe to ioyne w*i*th mee; I will speake that youe maie heare;" Then putting of his gowne & ruffe, and presenting himselfe before the blocke, hee was, as it seemed, by one of the chapleines incourag*e*d against feare or death; to whome hee aunsweared, that "haveing byne diuers times in places of daunger, yet where death was neither so present nor certeyne, hee had fealte the weakenes of flesh, and therfore desired god nowe, in this greate conflicte, to strengthen him;" and so preparing himselfe to kneele downe, asked for the execut*i*oner, whoe onne his knees all-so asked him pardon, to whome hee said, "thou art welcome to mee, I forgeue thee; thoue art a minister of Justice:" and soe w*i*th like fixed eyes on heaven and w*i*th long & pass*i*onate pawses in his speache; beganne his praier;

"Oh God creator of all things, and Judge of all men, thoue haste let mee knowe by warrante out of thie word, that Satan is then moste buisie, when our ende is neareste; and that sathan beinge resisted will flie; I humblie beseech thee to assiste mee, in this my laste combate, and sithence thou accepteste even of all our desires, as of actes, accepte of my desire to resiste him even as of true resistaunce and perfecte by thie grace, what thou seeste in my flesh to bee fraile & weake; giue mee patience to beare, as becommethe mee, this iuste punnishment inflicted onne mee, by so honorable a tryall: graunte mee the inward comforte of thie spirit; let thie spirit seale vnto my soule an assurance of thie mercies: lifte my soule aboue all earthlie cogitatons, and when my life & bodie shall parte, sende thie blessed Angells, which maie receave my soule, & convey it to thie ioyes in heaven." Then sayinge the Lords praier, (hee iterated this petition, 'Lord Jesus forgeue vs our trespasses,') and the creede; hee added, "Lord Jesu receaue my soule, into thie hands O Lord I commend my spirit;" And so desirinye to bee infourmed of what was fitte for him to doe, for desposinge him selfe fittlie to the blocke, (sayinge 'hee would onelie stretch out his armes thus,' spreading them wide out,) his doublet taken of, in a scarlet wascoate, hee was willed by one of the doctors, to saie the beginninge of the 51st psalme; whereof when hee had said 2 verses, the executioner beinge then readie, hee bowed towards the blocke, and saide: "In humilitie and obedience to thie commaundment, in obedience to thine ordinaunce, to thie good pleasure O God, I prostrate my selfe to my deserued punishment;" so lyinge flatte a-longe onne the bordes, his armes streached out, hee saide, "Lord haue mercie vpon mee thie prostrate servaunt:" and then layinge downe his heade and fittinge it on the blocke, with theis laste wordes in his mouth, "Lord Jesu receaue my soule;" in the middeste of that sentence, yt was severed by the axe from his corps, at 3xle blowes, but the 1rste deadlie and absolutelie depriveinge sense and motion. All this was M. Thomas Cooks memorie; a few other wordes uttered by the said Erle, Mr Kidman remembered; & Mr Cooke to when hee heard them; viz. "I am by nature feare-full of death as other men, and therfore if I beare it pacientlie and constantlie as a christian oughte to doe, I beseeche youe ascribe the glorie to god that dooth strengthen me by his spirit, and not to mee."

The following is another MS. account of the death of the Earl of Essex:—

[MS. R. 5. 12, Trin. Coll. Camb. Baker's copy, MS.: Mm. i. 44, fol. 81, Cambridge Univ. Library.]

The Earle of Essex suffred one Ashwednesday, the 25th of Februarie 1600 within the tower of London, betweene 7: & 8: of the clocke in the morninge. The man*er* of his death, & the whole sume of such woords, as hee did speek to the guard ou*er* night before he died, & such woords as he did deliver from his Chamber to the scaffold & also uppon the scaffold, to the hower of his death.

One tuesdaie at night about eleven of the clocke he opened the casm*ent* of his windowe, & spake to the guard; "My good Frends praie for me & to-morrowe I shall leave an example behind mee, that you shall remember, & you shall see a stronge god & a weak man. I haue not anie thinge to give you, if I had, I would give it to you, but I haue nothing left, but that I must paie unto the Queen to-morrowe." In the morninge he was brought out by the liftenant w*hi*ch attended one him, w*i*th 3: Divines exhortinge him, & at his cominge foorth of his chamber, he called verie hartelie to god, that he would give him strength & patience to the end, & all the waie as he came from the chamber to the scaffold he praied, sainge, "O lord give me true Repentance & true patience, & true humilitie." Hee entreated those that went w*i*th him to praie for him, sainge, "O god be mercifull to mee the most wretched sin*n*er one the earth." Then he turned him to the nobellmen, that satt one the scaffold, & put of his Hatt, and said, "R^{t}: Hon^{ble} Lo*rd*s & right wor^{p}: & *Christ*ian Bretheren, that come hither to bee a witness of my death, I doe confesse before god & you all, that I have been a most miserabell & wretched sinner, & a notorious wretch, & that the sines of my youth have beene more then the haires of my head, for I have beene given to pride & to lust, vaine glory, & divers other greivous sines, accordinge to the fashion of this world, wherein I have most greiuously offended my God, & therefore o Lord my God forgive mee my sines & especiallie this last & bloudie fact this deadlie sine w*hi*ch I have comitted & was ledd into, & also manie men have ventured for the love of mee both their lives, goodes & soules, w*hi*ch

is as great to mee as maie bee. Lo: Jesue forgive mee & them, and for this bloudie fact. I have received an Hon^{ble}: triall and am iustlie condemned, p*ro*testinge on my salvacon^{9} before God, that I never intended to hurt the p*er*son of her Ma^{te}: my Soveraigne, & wheras I was condemned for my Religion, I p*ro*test before God and you all as I hope to [be] saved, I neu*er* was Atheist nor Papist, for I doe defie them both with all my hart, nor was I eu*er* anie other, then a true *Christ*ian by p*ro*fession, for I never denied the power of my God, nor I neuer beleived to be iustified bye workes: but the Religion w*hi*ch I p*ro*fesse is, that I shall be redeemed by the death & passion of Jesus Christ crucifyed for mie sines, in w*hi*ch p*ro*fession I have all waies beene brought upp from my youth hitherto, & nowe bye Gods grace will die in the same, desireinge the God of Heauen, for Christs sake, not to suffer the flesh to have anie power ou*er* mee, but send thy holie Angell to bee neere mee." Then liftinge upp his hands & eies to Heaven, he entreated the Lds: & his *Christ*ian Bretheren to assist him in praier, as Christ himselfe taught us, entretinge them not with eies & lipps onlie, but to lifte upp y^{r} harts & mindes also with him to the Lord alsoe for him. Then he invocated one God zealouslye, & praied for the good estate of her ma^{ties}: most Royall person ferventlie, for the longe continuance of her life & Raigne amongst us. He praied also for the whole estate of the nobillitie, & alsoe for the comonaltie. Then he said, "Right Hon^{ble}: Right wo^{p}: and *Christ*ian Brethren, I will kneele down to praier & will praie aloud, because you shall hear mee what I saie, intreatinge you to praie with mee & for mee." Then he kneeled downe before the Blocke, & entreated God to forgive him all his sins, & especiallie this last sin, this crynge sin, & most greivos sin, most humblie beseechinge her Ma^{tie}: to forgive & pardon him. Alsoe the like he desired of all Estates whatsoever. Then hee repeated the Lords Praier, & when he came to, "As we forgive them y^{r} trespasses against us," he first reapeted it as it was written, & then againe ov*er* thus, "as we forgive them all y^{r} trespasses against us," & so to the ende of the Lords Praier. Then one of the Divines putt him in minde to saie the Beleife, w*hi*ch he did, the Doctor sainge it softlie before him. Then hee beinge remembred by the Divines to forgive and praie for his enemies; he praied for them all

& desired God to forgive them freelie, as hee did, sainge, "for that they beare the Image of God, as well as my selfe." Then he called for the Excecutioner, who came one the Scaffold to him, & there besought him to forgive him, and hee looked upon him & said, "god forgive thee, for I doe, thou art the minister of true iustice. O God thou knowest, I have been in danger of deathe manie times in beinge fitinge against mie enemies, and I never was afraide of death, wherefore I praie thee O God, give mee true patience, & trulie to be humbled to the end."

Then he asked the Executioner, what he must doe and howe hee must lie, the w*hi*ch he did as he was told. Then hee said, "I praie you praie for mee, & when you shall see mee strech foorth my Arms, & that mie necke bee laide on the blocke, & the stroake redie to be given, that it would please God to send his holie Angell to carrie my Soule upp p*re*sentlie before the mercie seate of the Everlastinge god." Then he kneleed downe & liftinge upp his Eies devoutly to Heauen, he thus said, "Lo: God, as one unto thine Altar doe I come, offeringe my bodie & bloud as a sacrifice." Then he laide his necke one the Blocke, & the coller of his Doublet did hinder the Execution, because it did cover his necke. Then himselfe did saie, "my Doublet dothe hinder thee, dothe it not," & with that he rose upp again & pulled it of, sainge, "what I must doe, I will doe," & then givinge his Bodie to thee Blocke againe & spreadinge his Armes abroad, & streatchinge his bodie at large, he repeated these his last woords, his necke beinge upon the Blocke, & bid the Executione*r* strike home, & said, "Lo: Jesu come Lo: Jesu, receive my soule," and soe at three strokes hee stroke of his Head, & when his head was off & in the Executione*rs* hand, his Eyes did open & shut, as in the time of his praier; his bodie, feete, Armes, Leggs, Armes, nor fingers never stirred, neither anie p*ar*t of him noe more then a Stone, neither at the first nor at the thirde stroke.

Finis.

The Execucon[9] of the somtime good Earle of Essex (MS. Coll. Trin. Cant. 2, 5, 12).

Williams, in his ballad, is evidently so great an admirer of Essex that he is unwilling to make mention of his delinquencies in Ireland, or of his subsequent rash enterprise against the Queen. It is quite possible that he may have been an old soldier who served under Essex: there are many minute points of detail in the poem which seem to show a personal experience of the campaigns of the ill-fated general. Thus he praises him for his anxiety in securing the soldiers' pay.

Most of the ballads here printed will probably be censured by the reader as dull and tedious: he will however find ample proof of the great popularity which Essex enjoyed among all classes, owing to his real or affected sympathy with the doctrines of universal toleration.

Like all fashionable favourites, he was destined to have his epoch, "borne like bubbles onward," and among other proofs we find the following dance named from him (Harleian MS. 367, leaf 178):

"The Earle of Essex.

"A double forward, and a single backe, 4 times; then to singles, sides, with a double forward and a double backe; all over againe, and so end."

Let it remind the reader of the bright time of the Earl, his joyous days, his gallant show at Court, before the poems speak of his 'hard waie' to the grave and death. That there must have been something more in the man than mere vapouring bravado and the insane flourishes of a swash-buckler, we may conclude from his expedition to Cadiz, even if we do not go quite so far as the words of Hallam, who speaks of that "too noble and high-minded spirit, so ill-fitted for a servile and dissembling Court; . . . . . the consistent friend of religious liberty, whether the Catholic or the Puritan were to enjoy it" (Hallam's *Constitutional History*, i. p. 167). Sir Henry Wotton, who had been "taken into a serviceable friendship with the Earl of Essex, did personally attend his Concels and Imployments in Two Voyages at Sea against the Spaniard, and also in that (which was the Earl's last into Ireland)," and had been obliged also to leave the kingdom at the time of the disgrace and execution of his patron, has left us a curious parallel between Essex and George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, in which he speaks thus of the former: "In the Earl we have two examples of his severity, the one in the Island Voyage, where he threw a Souldier with his own hands out of a ship; the other in Ireland, where he decimated certain troops that ran away, renewing a peece of the Roman Discipline."

This last act of severity corroborates the account of the strict régime which he exercised over his soldiers, as mentioned in the ballad composed by Richard Williams.

The body of Essex was buried in St. Peter's Chapel in the Tower. He left three legitimate children—1st, the great Parliamentary general, Robert Devereux, the third Earl of Essex, born in 1592, restored in blood and honours in 1603, who died in 1646 without issue, when the earldom became extinct; 2nd, Frances, who married first the Earl of Hertford, and afterwards the Duke of Somerset; 3rd, Dorothy, who married Sir Henry Shirley, and then William Stafford, of Blatherwyck, in Northamptonshire.[1]

Lowndes gives the following list of books, etc., on and by Essex:—

A Declaration of the Practises and Treasons attempted and committed by Robert late Earle of Essex, and his Complices. Lond. 1601. Supposed to have been drawn up by Sir Francis Bacon.

An Apologie of the Earle of Essex; against those which jealously and maliciously tax him to be the Hinderer of the Peace and Quiet of his Country. Penned by himself in Anno 1598. Lond. 1603. 4to. Published by Lord Bacon. Reprinted under the title of the Earl of Essex's Vindication of the War with Spain in an Apology to Mr. Anthony Bacon, penn'd Anno 1598. London, 1729. 8vo.

Honors Fame, or the Life and Death of the Earle of Essex. 1604. 4to.

Histoire de la Vie et Mort du Comte d'Essex, avec vn Discours grave et eloquent de la Royne d'Angleterre au Duc de Biron sur ce Subject. 1607. 12mo.

The Earl of Essex his Letter to the Earle of Southampton in the Time of his Troubles. Lond. (1642). 4to.

A Letter from the Earl of Essex to the Earl of Southampton in the latter Times of Q. Elizabeth's Reigne. Lond. 1643. 4to.

Memoirs of the Life of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. Lond. 1573. 8vo.

To these may be added—

The Arraignment, Tryal, and Condemnation of Robert Earl of Essex, and Henry Earl of Southampton, at Westminster the 19th of February, 1600, and in the 43 year of reign of Queen Elizabeth, for Rebelliously conspiring and endeavouring the Subversion of the Government, by Confederacy with Tyr-Owen, that Popish Traytor, and his Complices; of whom these following, viz.: Sir Christopher Blunt, Sir Charles Danvers, Sir Gillie Merrick, Henry Cuffe.[2] Counsel for the Queen, Sir Henry Yelverton, the Queen's Serjeant, Sir Edward Coke, the Queen's Attorney-General, afterwards Lord Chief-Justice of England, Mr. Bacon, afterwards Lord Chancellor. London, Printed for Tho. Basset, at the George in Fleet Street, Sam. Heyrick, at Grayes-Inn Gate in Holborn, and Math. Gillyflower, in Westminster Hall, 1679.

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[1] Williams speaks of two "gallante Impes," and the second must be an illegitimate son named Walter, see *Biographia Britannica*, 1793, vol. v. p. 155; also for a complete pedigree of the family *Baronagium Genealogicum*, vol. iii. 1784.

[2] See the poems written by this man, who is said to have been one of the worst advisers of Essex.

"The ballad of 'Essex's last good night' is," says Mr. Chappell (Popular Music, vol. i. p. 175), "on the death of Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex (father of Queen Elizabeth's favourite), who died in Dublin in 1576 (Sep. 22)." "The Paradise of Dainty Devises" (1580) has a poem called "The Complaint of a Sinner, and sung by the Earle of Essex upon his death-bed in Ireland." The poem begins,

"Oh! heavenly God, O Father deere, cast down thy tender eye."

This production alludes to the death of Walter, Earl of Essex, which occurred under somewhat suspicious circumstances, his own wife not escaping from the loud echoes of a common censure, which her subsequent hasty marriage did nothing to allay.

Upon Essex himself, besides the poems here printed, we have "A lamentable dittie composed upon the death of Robert Lord Devereux, late Earle of Essex, who was beheaded in the Tower of London, upon Ash Wednesday, in the morning, 1601. To the tune of *Well-a-day*. Imprinted at London for Margaret Allde, etc., 1603." Reprinted in Collier's Old Ballads, p. 124, 8vo. 1840; and in Evans, vol. iii. p. 158. Copies are also in the Bagford and Roxburghe Collections.

[Harl. MS. 6910, leaf 177.]

Verses vpon the report of the death of the right Honorable the Lord of ESSEX.

This is a somewhat tedious poem, of unknown authorship. The verses, however, show the great popularity which Essex enjoyed. At the conclusion we have one of the pastoral dialogues so much in vogue at the period.

Good God! what will at lenght become of vs?
What hope haue wee, when all our hope is gone?
Wee hope in vaine, if thou wilt plague vs thus,
To take the good, and let the badd alone.
Send him agayne, Great Joue, let him returne,
Whose losse wee greeue, whose death wee nought but mourne.

Send him againe to vs, that now at last
Our sommer season may returne agayne;
That those cold nights *which* wee in teares haue past
May prooue effectuall, ne be spent in vayne.
O let him come, that now my teares may end:
Els send me, Ioue, more store of teares to spend.

Not longe it is since that wee had him heere:
And yet tis long since I his death gan mourne:
Each minute seemes an howre, each howre a yeare,
Each yeare an adge to them *that* liue forlorne.
An adge in pleasure seemes but an howre or twayne;
An howre will seeme an adge, if spent in payne.

Could I but soare with Eagle winges on hye,
And flye to Heauen as Orpheus went to hell,
So thou mightest liue, I would not care to dye,
Let Ioue but suffer mee my Tale to tell:
If Orpheus mou'd th' infernall Gods to pittye,
Ioue coulde not chuse but heere my wofull dittye.

Orpheus did trauaill with his well tun'd Lute,
And gott his wife by his alluring stroake;
But my sadd tale should first begin my sute, [lf. 177 bk.]
Hoping to mooue a hart as harde as oke,
If teares and prayers might preuayle as weⁿ,
As Hermes pipe, or Orpheus Lute in Heⁿ.

The many ey'd Argus was induc'd to sleepe,
Whilst Hermes played vpon his slender reed,
And lull'de therwith forgat his charge to keepe.
Twas Hermes pipe, Twas it *that* did the deed.
O happie Lute, o happye pipe of thyne,
His Lute, thy pipe prevaild, and so may myne.

I haue a pipe which shall I hope preuaile,
The selfe same pipe that Hermes vsde of late.
My Pype ile vse if all meanes els do fayle.
With it Ile sweetly singe at heauen gate.
Joue must be Lull'd a sleepe, *and* ere it be day,
With mee my harts delight shall wend away.

But how to find the way is all my care;
The way to Heauen is straight *and* perillous;
There stand*es* the Lyon, Bull, the Ramme, the Beare,
A Hundreth beasts besyd*es* as daungerous.
Therfore I will with teares intreate once more
That Joue will heare mee, *and* my deare restore.

Oh how mee thinkes I feele my slubbred cheekes
From foorth myne eyes greife-easing-teares to call:
A burning feauer still for moisture seekes:
That place must wither, wher no rayne doth fall:
No meruaile then if *that* my face doth wither;
For why, my teares are gon I know not whither.

Yet were my cheekes so throughly wett of late
With floode*s* of teares in such aboundance falling:
That litle streames did flow wheras I sate:
That now, alas! my teares are past recalling: [lf. 178.]
So long I spared not for teares that now
To weepe on more, Alas! I know not how.

Yet though mine eyes are drie, my hart is wett,
From whence full streames of luke warme blood do fall.
And if my teares cannot this fauour get,
My blood is thyne, my hart, my life and all:
Because my teares are dry, my hart shall mourne,
Crying (deare Essex) for thy quicke returne.

Oh let my teares yet mooue thee (gentle Jove),
Behould my greife, respect the paynes I suffer:
Thou that behouldst each creature from aboue,
Accept this last oblation that I offer.
My teares are dryed, my blood still wastes away,
How long (sweet Essex), how long wilt thou stay?

Come quickly, Essex, els thou stayest to longe;
Thou stayest to long, although thou com'st to-day;
Although thou com'st to-day, thou dost vs wrong;
Thou doest vs wrong, come therefore, come away:
Come, come, each groue doth nought but Essex cry;
Each shore cries Essex, Essex; so will I.

Looke how each tree begins to hang his head,
And letts his fadeing leaues with sorrow fall.
See euery plant and euery hearb lookes dead;
The greenest grasse for sorrow waxeth pale;
Each litle streame aboue his bankes doth swell;
Greiuing for him whome all things lou'd so well.

For greife the fountaines inly troubled are;
ffor greife eche tree hath chaungd his sommer coate;
ffor greife away the swallow flyeth farre;
ffor greife each pretty bird hath chaungd his noate;
ffor greife each beast and bird is prest to dye;
ffor greife my Essex dyed, and so will I. [f. 178 bk.]

Then let me liue no longer, let me dye;
Let Sunne no longer see my weary boanes;
But let my spirit to his sweet soule vp flye,
That lives among the saintes and holy ones.
Come, death, I praye thee, fye! how long thou art!
Why bend thy bow, let fly, heere, heeres my hart.

The Heauens I thinke sufficiently haue wept,
That both the earth below, *and* seas cries "hoe!"[1]
The Heauens knew well for whome those teares they kept,
They knew on whome they might them best bestow.
And now I thinke they haue not spared the same:
The earth shall Judge for whome, and whence they came.

They came for Essex, but they came from heauen;
They came for him whome wee would haue agayne;
They came from heauen to make all recknings euen,
To cleare the counts that were betweene them twaine.
Now all accompts are clear'd, why dost thou stay?
Now all is euen, why comst thou not away?

Then let him come, sweete Joue, and send him downe.
I know he's happie, make vs happie to.
Come quickly, Essex, and receiue thy crowne,
Which wee haue made for thee with muche adoe;
This *Laurell Crowne*, which never yet was worne,
But kept for thee against thou didst returne.

I know thou hearst, thou canst not chuse but heare;
And hearing, wilt thou not do thus much for me?
Come downe a while, thou shalt not stay, my deare.
Why comst thou not? alas! doest thou abhorre me?
After a while with leaue thou shalt returne,
And then shall I haue leaue *and* tyme to mourne.

Then shall I to the woods with Philomell, [ff. 179.]
And there consume my wreatched dayes with mourning;
The prickly Briers shall be my Centinell,
And keepe myne eyes awake against the morning,
That then the woodes maye heare the plaintes I make,
For thy sweet soule (sweet Essex), for thy sake.

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[1] "And at a stert he was betwix hem two,
And pulled out a swerd, and cryed, Hoo."
—Chaucer, *Knight's Tale.*

Some darkesome denne, and ouergrowne with mosse,
I shall fynd out, where I may rest my boanes.
And there Ile sitt, and there bewayle my losse,
There will I rest, my pillowe made of stones,
The earth my bed; *and* this is all for thee,
ffor thee (deare Essex) whome I long to see. 132

A Hermits life shall best become my state,
A Hermits weede shall best become my backe,
A Hermits dish instead of siluer plate,
Nought shall I haue, yet nothing shall I lacke.
Ile walke and weepe, Ile nought but sight all day,
And all night longe Ile sitt me downe *and* pray. 138

Ile praye, Ile weepe; Ile pray for thy retourne,
Ile weepe because thou art so long away.
Ne cease to pray, till fyre shall cease to bourne:
Nor cease to weepe, till sunne shall cease by day
To shew his glorious face. Ile pray, Ile weep—
I made a vow to thee; my vowe Ile keepe. 144

Thus like a Hermite will I walke alonge,
And muse on nought but of thy glorious acts:
Thy speare, thy *Launce*, thy *Sheilde*, shall be my songe;
Ile singe of nought but of thy Noble facts.
Are *Pompeys* warrs, or *Ceasars* conquests knowne,
And shall not thyne all-passing-acts be shewne? 150

Their deeds were graced by the singers songe,
That could at large discribe what they had done.
Direct my pen, Great Iove, I may not wronge [lf. 179 bk.]
Nor clipse his fame, that hath more honoure woone;
Ceasar nor *Pompey* may compare with thee,
Thrice happye Devorax, if thrice may bee. 156

What shall hearafter after adges say,
If all thy conquests wonne be straight forgotten?
The body dyes, thy name shall ne're decay;
Thy fame shall liue, thy body dead and rotten.
And thou shouldst liue, if I might haue my will,
But sith thou canst not liue, thy name liue still. 162

And art thou dead, my deare, and couldst thou dye?
And leaue vs thus in this tempestious tyme?
Thy soule, to good for earth, to heauen doth flye,
More fitt, indeed, for that celestiall Clyme.
There shalt thou haue the meede of all thy labour,
Though heere on earth thou hast had litle fauour.

This is the fauour that thou hast receiued,
Thou art with *Scipio* into exile sent;
At least, thou art of common Ayre bereaued;
At least, thou art (Alas!) in prison pent.
After such conquests wonne, so *Scipio* far'de:
Thou hast with *Scipio* this for thy rewarde.

Thou, that hast grac'st so much this litle land,
And with the victores garland crown'd her head,
Whome *Spaniards* dread for thy victorious hand,
And *Irish* rebells feare, What! art thou dead?
Once more I pray thee, Iove, let him returne,
That wee *that* lou'd him so may cease to mourne.

And yet it may bee that hee will not deigne
That this ingratefull Land agayne should haue him;
But tell him, Iove, how hee is wisht agayne,
How much wee want him, and how much wee craue him.
Giue him these lynes, for these I hope shall mooue him, [lf. 180.]
These shew our harts *and* mynds, and how wee loue him.

Wee loue him still, and still wee wish him heare,
Wee loue *and* wish for him, that want him most;
Should wee not wish him, whome wee held so deare
Before the parting of his blessed ghost?
Aliue wee lou'd him; dead, we loue him more:—
They loue him dead, that lou'd him not before.

But had wee lou'd him as our duty was,
Our dutie was t' haue crown'd his head with bay,
And not t' haue caus'd him, as wee haue, alas!
Ingratefull wee to make such hast away,
Ingratefull wee that were the cause of this,
We onely loosers are, yett hee a winner is.

Though hee hath lost his life, yet hath he wonne
A Crowne of Glorie in the highest spheare,
A Crowne that farre excells the midday Sunne,
The midday Sunne when as it shynes most cleare:
His Crowne excells an earthly Crowne as farre
As doth the Sunne excell a lesser starre.

Whom could it then haue greiu'd, if hee had seene
his manly face a Laureſt garland weare?
This honoure was his due, if it had bin
Ten tymes—nay, if a Thousand tymes—more deare;
But some haue Crown'd his head, in stead of bay,
With foule reproach, as much as in them laye.

That head that was more fitt a crowne to weare,
Nor must, nor dare, I say, a crowne of Gold:
A Crowne of Gould, alas! it were to deare;
'Twere deare to gett, but dearer farre to hould.
Nor do I wish to see more Crownes than one,
And none to raigne but faire ELIS' alone. [lf. 180 bk.]

And let her raigne, Good God, as long as I
Or any other drawes his vitall breath;
And let her liue, *and* let her neuer dye,
But rule tiſt Christ shaſt come *and* conquer death.
Weare thou thy Crowne, ELISA! 'tis thyne owne,
And keepe it stiſt in despite of thy foen.

Weare thou thy Crowne, ELISA! weare it still,
And prosper stiſt, God graunt, vntiſt the end!
This haue I pray'd for thee. Now, be it thy wiſt,
That I may pray this one thing for a freend.
I can but wish It him, I can but craue it;
If I could giue it him, he should surely haue it.

I wish him, then, a Crowne,—a Crowne of Bayes,
That he might triumph in his victors weed;
Me thinks this might, Great QUEENE, prolonge thy dayes,
To see that Crownes should be thy subiects meede
Is't not an honoure, is't not a grace to thee,
To gouerne those that like Kings Crowned be?

Although there bee I knowe, although not many,
Yet too, too many, if there be but two,[1]
That frett and grind there teeth, if there be any,
To whome we bend *and* more obeisaunce doe,
Some envie thee, wee envie still *our* better:
Their better then thou art, but must remaine their debter.

Thou must remaine their debter for a tyme;
And if thou neuer shalt discharg thy detts,
Yet know they liue that liuing still are thyne;
Thy Sonnes will truly tread their father's stepps,
Nor cease vntill they haue appeasde thy ghost,
With offering vp their blood to him they hated most. [M. 181.]

I cannot sleepe one winke, thy troubled spirit
Doth still pursue me wheresoere I goe.
I cannot rest by day, nor sleepe by night,
Thy Ghost still askes me what I meane to doe.
Reuenge! Reuenge! nought but revenge I heare;
Revenge! thy Ghost still soundeth in myne eare.

Me thought I saw Alecto stand amaz'de;
Tisiphone did shake her ougly head,
And in my face the fell Mega'ra gaz'de,
And weeping sayd, looke, looke, here lyes hee dead.
The furies wept, the furies wept amayne:
What hart so hard that could from teares refraine?

The furies wept to see earth's wonder lye,
And neuer stirre, nor mooue, nor draw his breath;
They stood amaz'de to thinke that he could dye,
That foyled Mars in feild, and fear'd not death;
They went to see him in his winding sheete,
And with there watery teares they washt his feete.

Three tymes they lifted vp his heade from grounde,
Three tymes I saw them kisse his paler browe,
Three tymes they daunc'de his sencelesse corps arounde,
Three tymes they stand stone still, Three tymes they bowe
Them selues a-crosse, Three tymes I heard them sing
Haile, ESSEX! hayle to thee! all haile, our King!

[1] Raleigh and Cecil are probably here alluded to.

With that mee thought I sawe them post away,
And carye him betweene them in the ayer,
And in a stately tombe his corps to laye,
Whither they may at their due tymes repayre,
And there solemnize with continuall cries
His death, whose body there intombed lyes.

Mee thought againe I sawe when as my deare [lf. 181 bk.]
Went to the Elisian plaines to take his place;
Mee thought I sawe when he aproched neare,
Thousand*es* of Soules stand stareing in his face:
They wondred much to see earths wonder there;
They wondred most of all that knew him heere.

I sawe how euerie Ghost did bend full lowe,
And crouche to him as soone as hee came nye:
Greene herbes, and Roses sweete, I saw them strowe,
As if some bridgrome were to passe therby.
Some looking stood, some gaz'd, mo prest to see;
But most did wonder who the same might bee.

As if some Commet, or some blasing starre,
Or strangest Meteor in the ayre had been,
Or els as if a flaming fyre from farre
In sylent night were on a suddaine seene;
So stood each Ghost amazde, *and* could not tell
What they might thinke to see such ghosts in hell.

Or as a wearie trauailer should tread
His foote by chaunce vpon a deadly snake,[1]
Starts backe agayne, *and with* pale feare lookes dead:
Feare of the danger past doth make him quake.
Each ghost did quake and tremble for to see
Such Ghosts to passe the river Styx as hee.

Mee thought I sawe how Pluto was agast,
When sudayne newes was brought into his courte,
How DEVORAX the Stygian lake had past,
And thousand*es* dayly did to him resort:
Pluto for anger looked pale and wanne,
Till on a suddaine thus a Ghost began.

[1] See Virgil, ii. 379: "Improvisum aspris veluti qui sentibus anguem
Pressit humi nitens."

Most Soueraigne Lord, kinge of th' infernall deepe,
Prince of Auernus *and* of Acheron, [lf. 182.]
Lord of those plaines where blessed soules do sleepe,
Ruler of Lethe and obliuion;
Great Pluto, whome th' infernall Ghosts do feare,
Marke well my wordes, *and* to my talle giue eare.

There hath of late arriued at our Coast,
And hath already past the Stigian lake,
Some Princes spirit, some mightie monarchs ghost,
At sight of whome ech ghost in hell doth quake;
Such glory shinneth in his manly face,
That Phoebus rides not with so great a grace.

My self did see him, soone as ere he came;
Come step by step, with such a maiestie,
That sure he was a man of muckle fame,
Of great renowme, *and* greater dignitye:
His gesture, gate, and cariage doth declare
He was not as the basser commons are.

I surely thinke he was some goddese child,
For sure he cannot be of mortall blood;
Or els some Nimph hath bin by chaunce beguil'd,
As shee was sporting in some pleasant wood:
Iove surely spied some Nimph whereas she lay,
Shrouding hir self from heat of sommers day.

No mortall wight, no man, had euer power,
That such a mirhour from his loynes should springe;
'Twas Jove him-selfe that through the tiles did shower,
'Twas Joue that mounted with the Egles winge,
'Twas Joue that for Europa crossed the seas,
'Twas Joue that like a Swanne did Leda please.

Then lett me speake what I in hart conceaue,
That Joue his father was, not any other;
Why might not JOVE, that did so ofte deceiue [lf. 182 bk.]
So many Queenes, also deceaue his mother?
Nor is it any shame at all, but rather
A grace to one haue a God ones father.

And if the ofspringe of the Gods may die,
And that their threed is by the sisters spunne,
Then sure I thinke (if none thinke so but I)
Some God his father is, he some Gods sonne.
No sparke of earthly mould in him is seene,
And such a Ghost as hee heere hath not bin.

But Looke you yonder, I need say no more,
See yonder where he comes, with what a grace!
Pluto, I thinke, ne're saw such Ghosts before,
Or seldome saw his like *with*in this place,
But marke his stature well, he is so tall,[1]
That by the head in height he exceeds them all.

Behould his foote, his legge, his comely knee,
Behould the round proportion of his thighe;
Behould his wast, vouchsafe his breast to see;
Behould his necke, his cheeke, his burning eye;
Behould his mouth, his head, *and* all the rest:
Each member striues which shall become him best.

Men speake of Hector, of Achilles stoute;
Oft haue I heard of Alexanders name;
Of Ajax, Pyrrhus, all the Gretian route;
Of Scipio, Pompey, and of Ceasars fame:
Yet that this one is dead, it greeues me more,
Then all the rest, whome I haue nam'd before.

It greiues my hart to see him in this place,
Because by right he should haue never dyed;
And yet it Joyes me more to see his face
Then 't doth the Bridgrome to behould his Bride: [lf. 183.]
One while it grieves me, then it maks me glad;
One while I ioyfull am, one while more sadd.

My Soule is sad euen for their sakes aboue,
For them that haue so great a cause to playne,
For them *that* liue, and him so dearely loue,
For them *that* do so great a losse sustayne:
Iudge thou if they haue cause to mourne or noe;
Iudge thou, great Pluto, if it be not so.

[1] MS. *tale.*

So spake the Ghost, when Pluto thus began,
I know right well, *and* marke what thou hast spoke;
Nor hast thou lyed, for why, I know the man
Whose death so many doth to teares provoke;
And, by my Crowne, my selfe can hardly keepe
Myne eyes from teares, but *that* they ned*es* will weepe.

And I could weepe, if teares did not beseeme
A womans face, *and* not a manly spright;
A womans teares men comonly esteeme
As *ignis fatuus* in a darkesome night:
Therfore, because myne eyes are teares forbidden,
My hart shall shead his teares that there lye hidden.

My hart foregaue me soone as ere I heard,
Thy tongue but ginne so hard a tale to tell;
And, by my scepter, How I was affraid,
Least some vnhappie chaunce there had befell.
Yet could I not suppose the end of it,
That hee was dead, that should not haue dyed yet.

Well, then, dispatch, make hast, and quickly runne,
You know the place wheras the sisters keepe,
Tell them from me *that* I will haue them come,
They *that* haue caus'd so many eyes to weepe:
Goe fetch those haggs: why flyest thou not? be breife. [lf. 183 bk.]
Although their sight will nought decrease my greife.

They that haue made so manie weeping eyes,
Such heauie harts for his vntimely death,
For him whose corps on earth intombed lyes,
Whose soule with vs remaineth here beneath,
For him whose soule *and* body death could seuer,
For him whose body dyed, whose soule liues euer.

And shall they laughe when others nought but weepe?
And shall they sing when others nought but crye?
When others wake, shall they securely sleepe?
And shall they lyue when as their betters dye?
As I am Pluto, I will make them know,
What 'tis for them to make their freind their foe.

As I am Pluto, and as Pluto liues,
As Pluto liues, *and* hath power to command,
As he hath power to punish him *that* striues,
Against his sacrede will it to withstand,
So shall the fates soone see what Pluto can,
What Pluto will do for so worthy a man.

Come, cursed Haggs. Clotho, hould vp thy head;
Looke not a-squint, it will not serue thy turne:
Thou doest not heare the prayers for the dead,
Thou doest not see the teares of them *that* mourne,
Thou doest not heare the sighes of them *that* plaine,
For him whom thou, vile Hagg, of late hast slayne.

Is this the threed thou spunst, that should haue bin
A threed that should from East to West haue runne—
A threed the like wherof was neuer seene—
A threed the like wherof was neuer spunne?
Did I not charge thee that this threed should bee
No common one, but one as muche as three? [lf. 181.]

And Lachesis striue not to hide thie head;
Thou hidest thie head, but canst not hide thie shame.
Thy sister [1] *and* thou drewst out the thred,
Which of you two deserves the greater blame?
Come, cursed hag, thie face thie fact bewrayes,
And thou that guilty art, thie guilty conscience sayes.

Is this that threed I charg'd thee draw in lenght,
That Nestors threed should not be halfe so longe?
Is this that threed I said should haue the strenght,
That Hector's threed should not be halfe so stronge?[2]
And is this thread, this stronge threed, drawen so weake,
That one poore little pull could make it breake?

Didst thou but heare the bitter plaints menn make
For losse of him whos threed to weake was spunne,
The heavy grones *and* outcries for his sake,
That should haue had a longer course to runne.
No, no, thou doest not heare the sighes they breath
ffor him whom thou, vile hag, hast done to death.

[1] Blank in MS.

[2] MS. *longe*.

My eyes are wearied with continuall cries,
And often prayers which they daylie make.
One sayes he will a fat lame sacrifice,
One sayes he'le give a yong kid for his sake:
Thus euery one doth promise lesse or more,
If I would heare them, and their deere restore.

O that I could! but now it is to late:
This threed is cutt that should haue lasted longe,
This threed is cutt by thee, thou cursed fate;
Thou didst mistake the threed, thou didst him wronge.
See, Atropos, see hou thou didst mistake;
Thou didst him wrong, amendes thou canst not make.

I knowe not if thou didst mistake or not; [If. 184 bk.]
This threed, thou seest, hath not the lenght I bad:
Or yf thou didst of purpose Crosse me soe,
This threed hath not the strenght *that* should haue had.
Hold vp thie head, thou witch; speake, answere me,
Thie fault is ne're the lesse, how so ere it be.

And, by myne honour, were it not for shame,
And that I thinke the godes would be displeas'd,
Your wheele, your spindle, and your cursed frame,
Soone should be burnt, *and* ye soone should be eas'd,
Nor should my court. But that Ile beare in minde,
Tiff, for revenge, a fitter place I finde.

So Pluto spake, mee thought,[1] and more then this,
Much more then I in minde could safely keepe,
Nor beare away. My head so troubled is,
That euery sence seemes, as it were, a-sleepe:
My head so troubled is with greefe and care,
That all my sences, as no sences are.

My weeping eyes cannot discerne aright,
Dim'd with those teares that fell as fast as raine;
Excesse of teares hath cleane obscured their light,
That blacke seemes white, *and* white seemes blacke againe.
Blacke seemes the swanne, white seemes the blacker crowe;
Thus blacke frome white, my poore eyes scarcelie knowe.

[1] MS. *though*.

And when I heare poore Philomela's songe,
Her mornfull songe, when she bewayles her fate,
Her wofull tunes in token of the wrong
W*hi*ch wicked Tereus offred hir of late,
Her sweetest songe seemes but the screeching Cries
Of some vnlucky Owle by night that flies.

And when I smell the sweetest Gilliflower,
The faire Carnacian, and the lovely rose,
The sweetest odour seemes to me most sowre, [lf. 185.]
The sweetest smell doth make me stop my nose;
The stinckinge Carrion seemes to me to s*me*ll
More sweet then doth the sweetest daffadill.

And when I tast, my tast so altred is,
That gall seemes hony, hony gall anone;
And yf by Chaunce, my ladies lippes I kisse
Their tast to me seemes as I kiss'd a stone;
Yea Mopsaes lipps seeme to my tast as sweet,
As yf Pamelas lipps *and* myne should meet.

And when I feele, my feeling quite is gone,
That soft seemes hard, and heavy streight seemes light;
Soft, hard, light, heavy, is to me all one:
No sence I haue that can discerne aright.
I see, I heare, I tast, I feele, I smell,
And yett no sence I haue that Iudgeth well.

Alas! what shall I say? or who is neare
To whome I may my wofull case complaine?
Lives any one *that* will with equall care
Behold my greef *and* pittie me my payne?
O no, ther's none, ther's none *that* lives, I knowe,
That once will pitty me, sith I am so lowe.

But though that mortall men will neuer deeme
To see my teares, *and* heare the plaint*es* I make,
Yett will the god*es*, I hope, my teares esteeme,
Esteeme my teares *and* deepe sighs for his sake,
For his sweet sake, whose death so deere we see
That thousand*es* rather might haue dyed then he.

But if there bee one rose amonge the rest,[1]
That shewes aboue the rest his ruby head,
One tree that shewes aloft his lofty crest,
Soone are they blasted, soonest are they dead.
The fairest flower, the rose, is pluckt anone, [lf. 185 bk.]
Whereas the stinckinge weed is lett alone.

MY ROSE is pluckt, my CEDAR hanges his head,
Of my sweete flowre nought but the stalke remaynes,
My Ioy is quickly gon, my deare is dead.
Oh! how I heare how all the earth complaynes!
Oh! that my death might haue suffis'd for thyne!
Thy life was life to me, thy death is myne!

If euery member of my body were
A Body by it selfe substantiall:
Had I ten liues I should not count them deare,
So they from death to life my deare might call.
Cõuld my life saue but one haire of thy head,
Thou doest not know how soone I could be dead.

And should I not vouchsafe to dye for thee,
Who whilst thou liued'st didst suffer so much wronge?
The wronge thou hadst it did pertayne to mee.
The bodyes payne runnes all the part*es* among;
Each member greeues when as the whole is troubled:
Though what one feeles is in the whole twise doubled.

What wronge thou hadst the earth may Iudge full well;
Though what thou didst deserue each man may gesse:
Great is the wrongs, the w*hi*ch no tongue can tell;
Great is the wronges, which no pen can expresse.
Ingratefull soyle! for what shall vertue serue,
If this be their reward that best deserue?

What was the cause why worthy Scipio did
Forbid vngratefull Rome his boanes should haue?
The same that might haue caus'd the to forbid

[1] In the MS. this line was re-written at the end of the stanza by mistake in beginning a new one.

That this ingratefull land should be thy graue. [lf. 186.]
Thy bones, with Scipioes, might haue found a place,
A place more thankfull then *our* Ingland was. 558

But thou art dead, and thou hast left us thus:
I would thou wert not dead, or that I could
Steale fyre from heauen with Prometheus,
And make one like to thee of earthly mould.
Thy like? That cannot be of earthly creatures,
Are faynt, effæminate, and tender natures. 564

Or that I knew where good Sybilla keepes,
She should conducte me to the golden bowe;[1]
With her I would into th' infernall deepes,
And passing Styx, vnto the ghosts belowe.
There in ELISIUM would I spend the night,
In happy talking with my hart*es* delight. 570

But let me see the cause wherfore my deare
Was thus exiled from his soueraignes gate.
We haue a Lawe cal'd Ostrocismus here,
A certayne Lawe the Athenians vs'd of late.
My Lord was by this lawe exiled I fynd:
The good must packe, the bad must stay behynd. 576

For this was Aristides forc'd to leaue
His natiue soyle, the place where he was borne;
This Lawe of Ostrocisme did him deceaue;
It makes some laugh, but many moe to mourne:
This Law of Ostrocisme by force doth make
My Lord this Land, and all his freend*es* forsake. 582

Well, then, sith Ceasar doth example giue,
Syth he 's fled from vs, from our selues wee'l fly;
Then let vs dye, *and* not desyre to liue,
And let vs liue, *and* yet desyre to dye.
Lett's dye, lett's liue; to dye or liue be loth: [lf. 186 bk.]
Let neither please vs, yet desyre them both. 588

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[1] bough. See Virgil, vi. 204:
"Discolor unde auri per ramos aura refulsit."

Now hee is gon, why should I stay behynd?
Why should I wander on this earth alone?
Nothing but shaddowes heare beneath I fynd:
I often talke, yet talke but to a stone;
And when I seeme far off a man to see,
Alas! alas! it is a silly tree.

And as I walkt alonge, my selfe and I
I spyed a man farr of vpon a playne;
He stoode stone still, till I had passed by.
I spoke to him; hee answered not agayne,
Yet bowed his head: alas! the wind did blow,
And made him stoope, and bend his head full lowe.

Why do I stay, sith that my deare is gone?
Hee rests aboue; why do I stay belowe?
Why should I wander on this earth alone?
ffayne would I dye, and yet I know not how.
Earth, swallow me, or ells permitt some tree
May fall vpon my head and murther mee!

I dye, yet liue, I dye a lingring life,
I liue, yet dye, I liue a lingring death;
Bothe life and death are with themselues at strife;
My sence is gone, and yet I draw my breath.
Fye, death! fye, fye, how long shall life withstand?
How long shall feeble life resist thy mightie hand?

O fatall howre when first I was begott,
yet farr more fatall was myne howre of birth,
Most fatall howre when as it was my lott
To see earths hope so soone departe the earth,
My life forespent, a life I cannot call;
Come quickly, death, and make amends for all. [f. 187.]

Heere will I sitt, and neuer hence depart,
This broad leau'd beech shall bee my canapie.
I will not hence till death hath throwne his darte,
Then shall I Tryumph in my victorie.
Heere sitt I downe, let me not rise agayne,
Then heare me, death, and ease me of my payne.

Viator.—God speede, my freend, why sittst thou heere so sadd?
Thy lookes bewraye a discontented mynd.
Menalcas.—Indeed, my freend, more cause I neuer had,
I seeke for that which in no place I fynd.
Viat.—Why, what? if I so much may freely craue.
Mena.—Nay, nought but that which I alreadie haue.

Viat.—Why seekest thou that of which thou art possest,
And yet to fynd thou makest so much adoe?
Mena.—I seeke it farre, though heere I sitt and rest,
I haue it not, and yet I haue it to.
Viat.—And hauinge it, why doest thou seeke it more?
Mena.—For more I want it then I did before.

Viat.—How canst thou want the thing that now thou hast?
Thou hast it not, *and* yet thou hast it to.
Mena.—I haue it now, but cannot hould it fast,
I hauing, haue it not, *and* want it so.
Viat.—Thou hast, hast not. I pray thee tell mee plaine.
Mena.—I haue not now, and now I haue againe.

Viat.—I pray thee, man, deale plainly with thy freend.
Why sitst thou heere? why doest thou weepe so sore?
Mena.—Still must I weepe, my teares must have no end;
Here must I sitt, and I must rise no more.
Viat.—No more? Alas! what art thou? let mee know.
Mena.—Attend a while; that I shall quickly shew.

Whilome I was, till fortune cross'd my fate, [lf. 187 bk.]
A shepheard happye for my fruitfull flocke;
And on those playnes pipinge I dayly sate;
I fed my sheepe, and they increas'd my stocke;
Heere had I tyme to tune my oaten reede,
Whilst my poore flocke did round about me feede.

I knowe there dwells no shephard on this coast,
Whose flocke did yeeld him more encrease then myne;
There was no one that had more cause to boast,
Till fortune turnde her wheele, and ganne declyne:
My Ewes came euery day twise to the payle,
But now scarce once, I know not what they ayle.

Vnless they sight, because I nought but weepe,
And will not feede, because I cannot eate.
Alas! poore soules! alas! poore sillye sheepe!
Why do you for my sake forsake yo*ur* meate?
Feede on, my lambes; feede on, my tender kidds;
Spare not to eate; spare not, yo*ur* master bidds.

Let not the cause that keepes myne eyes from sleepe
Cause you refraine yo*ur* foode thus euery day,
Let not the cause that makes my hart to weepe
Cause you, alas! thus causles pyne away,
Then cease to sight, poore sheepe! ye do me wrong;
Myne onely is the greife, to me it doth belong.

Oh, how I lou'd my flocke! what care I tooke!
I loue it still, yet once I lou'd it more.
Both loue and hope made mee more nearely looke;
I loue it still, though not as earst before.
I lou'd my flock, although it was but smale,
Yęt one poore one I loued best of all.

The leader of my heard, for him I weepe;
My selfe haue lost my hope, my flocke their guide: [lf. 198.]
My hope is gone, the stay of all my sheepe;
So hee had liued, would all the rest had dyed!
Hee kept the rauenous wolfe *and* fox away;
And whilst he liued, my flock did ne're decay.

Now hee is gon, the wolfe is waxen bould,
The Fox doth dare molest my tender lambes,
And fetch my kiddes out of the very fould,
And steale my simple sheepe out of my hands,
The wolfe *and* fox (thee dead) now dare do more,
They dare doe that they durst not doe before.

Poore shepheard I, how my poore sheepe do stray!
And wander vp and downe they know not whither.
Alas! they know not in what place to stay,
Nor where to shrowd themselues from winters weather.
The wind, the rayne, snow, hayle, *and* every showre,
To kill my Kidds, and tender Lambes haue powre.

Alas! my hope, my deare, my onely ioye!
O, ESSEX! ESSEX! whither art thou gon?
And what about shall I my witts employe,
To wayle thy death, thy absence to bemone?
Heare must I sitt *and* still bewayle thy death,
Whilst poore Menalcas liues *and* drawes his breath.

Viat.—What doest thou mumble thus? speake, speake it plaine,
Reueale thy greife, *and* so thou mayst fynd ease:
To keepe it in doth more augment thy payne;
To make it knowne doth it in p*a*rt apease.
Reueale thy greife, impart me halfe thy care,
Bee rul'd by me, *and* let me beare my share.

To men may with more ease a burthen beare,
Two riuers do receue more store of rayne,
Two oxen with more ease the ground do reare,
Two Barnes do receiue more store of graine: [f. 188 bk.]
Then let two beare which is to much for one,
And let vs greeue alike, or both, or none.

Mena.—Why should I doubt my seacrets to reveale?
Why should I hyd them from so true a freend?
Why should I to my selfe my greifes conceale?
Why should I not bewray what I intend?
My paynes are ripe, my teares not farre behynde,
Yet stiff more cause of greife and teares I fynde.

Longe haue I wept, longe haue my watry eyes
Stream'd forth there sea-salt teares adowne my face.
Long haue I mourn'd, the woode*s* haue heard my cryes.
The trees haue seen my teares that flow'd apace,
The woode*s* *and* trees shall with me wittnes beare,
They heard mee weepe when all refused to heare.

They sawe me weepe, they saw me bownde to dye;
See in there barkes, see where my plaints are carued;
They heard mee nought but ESSEX! ESSEX! crye,
And weepe for him that best my teares deserued:
I wept for him, for him my teares I spend,
ffor him stiff must I weepe, my tearcs must haue no end.

Viat.—What meanst thou, man? why doest thou ESSEX
name?
Or why is ESSEX wholly in thy mouth?
Mena.—Because hee was a man of mickle fame,
Whose like hath neuer liued in all the south.
Viat.—Because hee was: why doest thou say because?
As though he is not now, as ere before he was.

What though hee liues a prisoner for a tyme!
What though his body they in prison pen'd!
The name of prisoner nought augmentes his cryme:
The bones obey, the mynd will neuer bend;
Nor doth this dimme at all, or clipse his fame,
But soone shall adde more honoure to his name. [lf. 189.]

Looke how the sonne, when first he shewes his face
Out of a Misty Cloude, doth shine most cleare:
So likewise, after this supposd disgrace,
The name of ESSEX greater shall apeare.
A flaming fyre is farthest seene by night,
In clowdy tymes shall vertue shine most bright.

Because hee was? thou doest him double wronge,
As though his worthy fame were ought decayd,
He yet survives, *and* shall, I hope, liue Lonnge
To helpe his freendes, and make his foes afraid.
He yet suruiues, he liues, his name doth liue,
Whose life doth life to many thousandes giue.

Mena.—What doth Menalcas heare? Alas! hee dreames!
His eares but flatter him, hee is deceaued;
His eyes are dimmed, gazeing on Titan's beames;
Each obiect hath eche sence of sence bereaued.
And can he liue? Oh, no! it cannot bee!
And could hee dye? Dead, dead, alas! is hee.

Viat.—What sayest thou, man? whome doest thou meane is
dead?
Knowe this, that ESSEX liues; how could hee dye?
Each member dyes when they haue lost their head.
Had hee bin dead, I should not now bin I.
He liues, I liue, his life is life to mee,
Had hee bin dead, dead should I also bee.

Mena.—Alas! let not vaine hope my hart beguile,
Thou flatterest mee; how shall I trust myne eyes?
Let not vayne hope reuiue me for a while,
But let me end my wreatched dayes with teares.
If ESSEX liue, tell true, Oh! then, liue I!
If he be dead, Oh, then, alas! I dye!

[lf. 189 bk.]
Viat.—Why should I iest? Hee liues, by heauen I sweare,
Nor do I flatter thée, but tell thee troth;
Then blest art thou, thou needst no longer feare,
And blest am I, so are wee happy boath:
Then sith suche happie newes Menalcas heares,
Cease now to weepe, at lenght abstayne from teares.

Mena.—O Heauens! O Earth! O all ye powers diuine!
Great JOVE! what sacrifice shall please thy mynde?
What shall I offer at thy Holy shryne?
A Kydd? A Lambe? or ells a tender Hinde?
Great JOVE! and hast thou heard my wofull prayer?
And doth my deare enioy the common Ayer?

Now is the tyme that I could wish to dye,
Sith that my deare doth yet aliue remayne.
I neede not weepe, I need no longer crye,
Why haue I wepte? giue me my teares agayne.
Could teares doe this, I haue moe teares in store,
Then keepe them still, I will not haue them more.

Finis.

A Poem made on the Earle of Esser (being in disgrace with Queene Eliz): by mr henry Cuffe his Secretary.[1]

Concerning Henry Cuffe, who was executed[2] with Sir Gilly Merrick on March 13, 1601, less than a month after Essex himself, we have the following curious details from Wotton's Life, which I quote from the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ* (London, 1651): "And whereas he (Wotton) was noted in his youth to have a sharp wit, and apt to jest; that, by time, travell, and conversation, was so polish'd and made usefull, that his company seem'd to be one of the delights of mankind. In so much, as Robert Earl of Essex (then one of the darlings of fortune and in greatest favour with Queen Elizabeth) invited him first into a friendship, and after a knowledg of his great abilities to be one of his Secretaries; the other being Master Henry Cuffe, sometimes of Merton Colledg in Oxford, and there the acquaintance of Sir Henry Wotton in his youth; Master Cuffe being then a man of no common note in the University for his learning, nor after his removall from thence for the great abilities of his mind, nor, indeed, for the fatalness of his end." We have also the following further

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[1] Another copy of this poem, in Add. MS. 5495, fol. 28 bk., has this title: "These verses were pend by Robert late Earle of Essex in his first discontentment in þe moneths of July and August." Variations in this copy given in the footnotes are referred to as B. Another copy is in Douce MS. 280, fol. 123, but the variations are in most instances confined to ridiculous blunders. There are two other copies, one in Sloane MS. 1303, fol. 71, the other in Add. MS. 15,891, fol. 244 bk., the chief variations of which are given in the footnotes. See also Harl. MS. 4910, fol. 167.

[2] In the Tanner MS. 76, fol. 98, we have a copy of Henry Cuffe's speech at his execution at Tyburn, March 13th, $160\frac{0}{1}$. It consists of a series of curious quibbles in the antithetical style of the period.

"Mr. Cuff's Speech at his Execution at Tiburn.

"I am adjudged to Death for plotting a plott never acted; and for acting an Act, never by me plotted. The Law will have its course. Accusers shall be heard; Greatness must have the victory; Scholar & Martialist (whose Valor & Learning in Engld shd have priviledged, yet) in Engld must die like Dogs & be hanged. To dislike this is but Folly; to gainsay it is but Time lost; to avoid it impossible: But to endure it manly: & to scorn it magnanimity. The Prince is displeased; ye Law injurious; ye Lawyers uncharitable; & Death terrible. But I ask pardon of ye prince, forgive ye Lawyer; beseech ye world to pardon me; & welcome Death."

To this is appended the following allusion: "A strange prediction of his unfortunate end made by a Wizzard whom he consulted, 20 years before it happened."

account of this unhappy man, about whom, whether he was instigator or dupe of the plot of Essex, there does not seem to be any trustworthy account. "There was among his nearest attendants one Henry Cuffe, a man of secret ambitious ends of his own, and of proportionate counsells smothered under the habit of a Scholler, and slubbered over with a certain rude and clownish fashion, that had the semblance of integrity. This Person,[1] not above five or six weeks before my Lords fatall irruption into the City, was by the Earl's special command suddainly discharged from all further attendance, or accesse unto him, out of an inward displeasure then taken against his sharp and importune infusions, and out of a glimmering oversight, that he would prove the very instrument of his Ruine.

"I must add hereunto, that about the same time my Lord had received from the Countesse of Warwick (a Lady powerfull in the Court), and indeed a vertuous user of her power, the best advice that I think was ever given from either sex; That when he was free from restraint, he should closely take any out-lodging at Greenwich, and sometimes when the Queen went abroad in a good humour (wherof she would give him notice), he should come forth, and humble himselfe before Her in the field. The Counsell sunk much into him, and for some days hee resolved it: but in the mean time, through the intercession of the Earl of Southampton, whom Cuffe had gained, he was restored to my Lord's ear, and so working advantage upon his disgraces, and upon the vain foundation of vulgar breath, which hurts many good men, spun out the finall destruction of his Master and himselfe, and almost of his restorer, if his pardon had not been won by inches."—The Parallel, p. 31.

[Harl. MS. 6947 (art. 32), lf. 230.]

1. It was a time when sillie Bees could speake,
and in that tyme I was a sillie Bee,
who suckt on tyme, vntill my heart gan[2] breake,
yet neuer found that tyme would favour me.
Of all the swarme, I onlie could not thrive,
yet brought I wax, and hony to the hive.

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[1] It is curious to note how Wotton, with the characteristic prudence which had apparently served him well in many important passages of his life, speaks in an off-hand and depreciatory way of a man who had at one time been his college friend, and seems at a later period (while both were in the service of Essex) to have been in very close relation with him.

[2] Sloane and Add. MSS. *did.*

2. Then thus I bussed when tyme no sap would give,
why is this blessed tyme to me soe dere?[1]
sith in this tyme, the lazie drone[2] doth live,
the waspe, the worme, the gnat, the Butterfly.
mated[3] with greefe, I kneeled on my knees,
and thus complained, vnto the kinge of Bees.

3. "My leige, god graunte thy tyme may haue no[4] end,
and yet voutsafe to heare my plainte of tyme,
which euery fruitles[5] fly hath found a freind,
and I cast downe, while Attomyes doe Clime."[6]
The kinge replies but thus, "peace, peevish[7] Bee,
Th'art borne to serue the tyme, the tyme not thee."

4. "The tyme not thee,"—this word clipt[8] short my winges,
and made me, wormelikè, creepe[9] that once did flie.
Awefull regard, disputeth not with kinges, [lf. 230 bk.]
receaveth a repulse, not askinge whie:[10]
Then from that tyme, I for a tyme[11] withdrew,
To feede[12] on Henbaine, Hemlock, Nettls, Rue.

5. But from those leaves noe dram of sweet I draine,
theire[13] headstrong fury[14] did my wittes bewitch,
The iuce disperste blacke bloud in euery vaine,
for hony gall, for wax I gathered Pitch:
my Combe a Rift, My Hive a leafe must be,
Soe Changd that Bees scarce tooke me for a Bee.[15]

6. I worke on weedes, when moone is in the waine,
whilst all the swarme, in suneshine tast the Rose;
On blacke roote[16] fearne, I sitt[17] and sucke my baine,
whilst on the Eglentine, the rest repose:
Hauinge too much, they still repine for more,
And cloide with fulnes,[18] surfit on the store.

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[1] Sl. and Add. *drye.* [2] B. *ones doe* for "drone doth." [3] Sl. *In a tyme.*
[4] Add. *never* for "haue no."
[5] Sl. *whom euery fearelesse* for "which euery fruitles."
[6] The reader will be reminded of Shakespere's line, "Drawn with a team of little atomies."—*Romeo and Juliet*, act i. scene iv.
[7] Sl. *foolishe.* [8] Sl. *cutt.* [9] B. *stoope* for "creepe."
[10] Add. *Receives Repulse, dares aske no Reason why.*
[11] Add. *a time I me* for "I for a tyme." [12] B. *suck* for "feede." [13] Sl. *my.*
[14] Sl. *fortune.* [15] Add. and Harl. 6910 *omit* this verse.
[16] Douce MS. *wort-fearne.* [17] Sl. *ferne loe I seeke* for "root fearne I sitt."
[18] Sl. *sweetenesse.*

7. Swolne fatt with feastes, full merelie they passe,
in sweetned[1] Clustres they[2] fallinge from the Tree,
Where findinge me to nibble on the grasse,
some scorne, some muse, and some doe pittie me:
And some[3] envy and whisper to the kinge,
Some must be still, and some must haue no sting.[4]

8. Are Bees waxt waspes or spiders to infecte?[5]
doe hony bowelles make the sperit galle? [If. 231.]
Is this the ioyce[6] of flowers to stirr[7] suspecte?
Ist not enough to treade on them that fall?
What stinge hath patience, but a sigheing greefe,
That stinges naught but it-selfe without Releife?

9. True patience the[8] provender of fooles,
Sad patience that waiteth at[9] the dore,
Patience that learnes, thus to conclude in schooles,
Patience[10] I am, therefore I must be poore:
Greate kinge of Bees, that rightest euery wronge,
Listen to Patience in her dyinge songe.

10. I Cannot feed on Fennell,[11] like some flies,
nor fly to euery flower to gather gaine;
myne appetite weites on my princes eies
Contented with Contempte, and pleasd with Paine;
And yet[12] expectinge of[13] an happie hower,
When he[14] shall saie, this Bee shall suck a flower.

11. Of all the greefes that moves my patience great,
there is one that fretteth in the highest degree,
To see some Caterpillers bred vp[15] of late,[16]
Croppinge the fruite[17] that should sustaine the Bee:
yet smiled I, for that the wisest knowes,
That mothes doe fret[18] the cloth, Cankers the Rose.

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[1] B. *sweetest* for "sweetned."
[2] Sl. *swarmes and clusters* for "sweetned clustres they." Add. *sweltned clusters falling on a tree.*
[3] Sl. *some me* for "some."
[4] Douce MS. *nothinge.*
[5] Add. *afflict* for "infecte."
[6] Sl. *juice.*
[7] B. *staie* for "stirr."
[8] Sl. *is fitt* for "the."
[9] Sl. *watcheth still and keepes* for "that waiteth at."
[10] B. *Patient* for "Patience."
[11] Sl. *Hemlocke.*
[12] B. *tyme* for "yet."
[13] Sl. *I still expect* for "expectinge of." Add. *such* for "of."
[14] Sl. *shee.*
[15] Sl. *bird bredd* for "bred vp." Add. and Harl. 6910 *omit* "vp."
[16] Referring probably to Raleigh or Cecil.
[17] Sl. and Add. *flower.*
[18] Douce and Sl. *will eate.* Add. *the moath the Cloth, the canker eates the Rose.*

12. Once did I see by flyinge in the feeild [If. 231 bk.]
Fowle beastes to browse vpon the Lylly faire;
vertue and bewtie could no succour yeild,
Als prouender for asses, but the aire:
The partiall world of this takes litle heede,
To give them flowers that should on Thistles feede.

13. Tis onlie I must draine Egiptian flowers,[1]
Having noe savor, bitter sapp they haue,
And seeke out[2] rotten tombes, and[3] dead men's bowers,
And[4] bite on *Pathos*[5] growinge by the grave:
yf this I cannot haue, as haples Bee,
witching Tobacco, I will flie to thee!

14. What thoughe thou die mens longes[6] in deepest blacke,[7]
A morninge habit suites a sable hart!
What thoughe thy fumes[8] sound memorie doe Crack,[9]
Forgetfulnes is fittest for my smarte!
Ô vertuous fvme,[10] let it be carved in oke,
That wordes, hopes, wittes, and all the world is smoke!

15. Five yeares[11] twise told, with promises perfumed,[12]
my hope-stuft[13] head was Cast in to a slumber;
Sweete dreames of gold, on dreames I then presumd,
And mongst the Bees thoughe[14] I were in the Nomber.
wakinge I founde Hive,[15] [16]hopes, had made me vaine,
twas not Tobacco stupified the braine.[17]

Finis.

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[1] The author was thinking of Pliny, whose "Natural History," is the great authority for many of the curious beliefs of our ancestors. See bk. xxi. chap. 40, "Nam et in Ægypto sine odore hæc omnia."

[2] Add. *the.* [3] Add. *the.*

[4] Add. *to.* [5] B. *Potthos.* Add. *wormewood.* Harl. 6910 *night-shade.*

[6] Sl. *my lunges* for "mens longes." [7] Add. *omits* the two last stanzas.

[8] B. *frynds* for "fumes." [9] B. *lack* for "crack." [10] B. *fame* for "fume."

[11] Sl. *tymes.* [12] Sl. *promise vnperformed.*

[13] Sl. *hopes iust* for "hope-stuft." [14] B. *thought* for "thoughe."

[15] B. *how* for "hive." [16] Sl. inserts *but.*

[17] Tobacco must have been a great novelty in England at this time. "Sir Walter Raleigh was the first that brought tobacco into England and into fashion. . . . They had first silver pipes. The ordinary sort made use of a walnut-shell and a straw. I have heard my grandfather Lyte say, that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Sir W. R. standing in a stand at Sir Ro. Poyntz's park, at Acton, took a pipe of tobacco, which made the ladies quit it till he had done."—Aubrey.

[Tanner MS. 306, fol. 192*r*.]

Elegy on the E[arl] of Esser.

Concerning the authorship of this poem I am unable to furnish any information.

O England, now lament in teares;
in teares lament the dismall fall
of an heroick english peere,
as euer liu'd or euer shall,
whose soule so sweet doth rest on high,
to liue with christ eternally.

His neuer dying fame remaines,
although his bodies clad in Clay;
with angels blest his soule it raines
in Joyes that neuer shall decay:
his vertuous life deserues to be
carud out in oke for men to see.

ffor by his hand our clime got fame,
by Essex helpe much gould we gaind,[1]
and by his force our foes were tamd,
for in his hart trew valor raind:
his hand, helpe, force, and vertuous hart,
hath bred our weale, and causd our smart.

ffor whilst he liud our weale was bread,
so was his death our cause of mone.
by whom shall souldiers now be led,
syth that theer Captaynes dead and gone?
with teares they do his dath deplore,
but teares cannot his life restore.

O Poetes all, leaue of to penne
ffond trillinge toyes of Loues delight,
And frame your wittes t' advaunce such men
as Devorax, that worthy wight!
In polisht poemes sounde his prayse,
To Crowne your heades with lawrell bayes.

[1] Alluding to the capture of the ships on the expedition to Cadiz and the Island voyage. For the abundance of the plunder see Lingard, vi. 275.

Learninge he healde in great regarde,[1]
Because therin none coulde him reache,
And schollers paynes he would rewarde;
And such as did the gospell preache
He reverenste still; vnhappy we,
That lost soe soone his companye!

A second Marce he was of myghte,
Appolloes witt ador[n]ed his minde,
Noe pen was able to recite
The gistes[2] of god to him assynde;
But envye, that foule monstrous feynde,
Hath broughte to death true vertues frynde.

The Spaniarde prowde can well reporte
The deeds of armes that he hath done;
So witnesse canne theyr battered forte;
And stately Cales[3] he manly wone,
And in despight of Spanishe pride,
Eyght dayes he did therin abide.

To see of Philippe wo[uld] re[deeme]
His conquered towne [with gold] of [Spayne],
But when he saw his light esteeme,
The towne on fyre he settes amayne;
But to his men strayght Charge he gave,
That Mayds & Wiues noe hurte should have.[4]

Wherin his mercy macht his mighte,
true Vertues giuen him from aboue,
Rich natures giftes on him were dighte,
Whiche drawe from men both feare & loue.
A moses mild in towne was hee;
In feyld forre Samson deemed to be.

Two stately shippes[5] he lickwise wone,
And Englands armes on them advanced,

[1] With reference to his manner towards his dependents, Macaulay says that Essex "conducted himself with a delicacy such as has rarely been found in any other patron. Unlike the vulgar herd of benefactors, he desired to inspire, not gratitude, but affection. He tried to make those whom he befriended feel towards him as towards an equal." The Queen appears to have been irritated by the amount of sermonizing in favour of Essex, which was practised by zealous clergymen.

[2] =gestes.

[3] Cadiz, frequently so called in old poetry. See the ballad in Percy's Reliques.

[4] I have already alluded to the strict discipline maintained by Essex in his army.

[5] Two of the largest, the St. Matthew and St. Andrew, with an argosy, were taken.—Lingard vi. 275.

Which Cesars actes, when he had done,
Into the deepe he forthwith lancste;
Hoystinge vp sayles to Cutte the streames
That shine agaynst the sunne bright beames. 66

The fishes plaid in signe of Joy,
and mermaids carrold songs of glee;
with wind the silken fluds did toye;
and neptune chargd his tritons three:
for his returne the trumps to sound,
with ekkoing noyse they did abound. 72

His Cullers he hath spred in france,
in honor of our Royall queene;
where death hath sat vpon his lance,
wher as in battaile he hath bin:
the papish posts he sent to hell
that did against their king rebell. 78

Rebellious townes he taught to know
allegance due vnto their king,
as quene Rene,[1] and other more,
with to subiection he did bring:
all france admird this english gere
& king therof held him full dere. 84

when Don Anthonio was displaced
by spaniards from his princly throne,
and being so by them disgracd,
to Englands queene, he made his mone.
ten thousand men she him sent,
among them, then, braue Essex went. 90

when as at Lisborn he ariud,
such haughty prowess he did show,
when at their gate his feet he draue,
which strook amasment to his foe:

[1] Alluding to the assistance sent by Elizabeth to Henry IV. "Rene" is probably Rouen, which was invested by the Earl of Essex, assisted by some French troops, in 1591. Don Antonio was an illegitimate nephew of Henry, King of Portugal, and a pretender to the throne. The expedition, commenced by Drake and Sir John Norris, and afterwards joined by Essex, was a failure. Sickness was very rife among the English: the Portuguese viewed the pretensions of Don Antonio with contempt, and the expedition returned to England with less than half of its original numbers.

During the*ir* prowess to proue in fight,
Anthonio was their king by right.

"[op]en y[our] gates, therefore," quoth he,
"and entertaine with Joy your king,
your fo[rm]er faults forgotten be;
from him I do yo*ur* pardon bring.
o doe not then your King depose,
that holds you deare and hates your foes."

But at his words they sett but light,
discharging shot at him amaine;
yet ner dismayed o*ur* english knight
but valiantly did still remaine:
drawing his poniard from his side,
wheron a silken scarfe he tide.

And on their gate he lefte the same,
returning to his Company:
w*hich* deeds be eternized by fame
for noble acts of Cheualry.
Spaine, france and portingall did feele
his fauchions force of tempred steele.

As Phoebus brightnesse far exceeds
ech twinkling star and Lunas light,
so much and more did Essex deeds,
beyond all other shine far bright;
what should I saie, god to him gaue
all vertuous gifts that man might haue.

when tilt and barriers force were seene,
sweet Deuorax still great honor wonn;
for Courtiers weale and Englands queene,
ther were no dangers he would shun:
but dead he is, why should we mone?
O yes, bycause he died so soone!

Long since was Alexander kild,
and haniball did feele like paine,
Pompeus, penis,[1] both were spoyled,
& scipio, Cirus, Cesar slaine:
in vertu and valor thes had p*art*,
yet subiect vnto deaths black dart.

[1] ? Pyrrhus.

*With*in the tower he lost his head,
in view of many noble peres:
*whi*ch on there harts great sorrow bread,
and from their eyes ran perles teares.
on skaffould then ariued he,
attird in black, *w*ith p*r*elats three.

Vayling his hat,[1] the lords to greet,
his velvet gowne he then layd by,
and spake to [them] theise words so sweet:
" my frends th*a*t come to see me die,
to god his glory I confesse,
my sinnes, like sands, ar numberles.

" yet papist haue I neu*e*r bin,
and Athisme still I did disdaine;
I neu*e*r wrongd my Royall queene,
but prayd to god for her long Rayne:
and god *w*ith shame confound them all,
that seche to worke he*r* graces fall!"

Then for the Counsell prayed he,
and for the Clergy of the land,
and for the pore comunalty,
that long in peace their weale might stand;
then privatly his prayers he sayd,
desiring god of heuenly ayd.

Then headsman humbly on his knee,
be[gged] for his death forgiuen to be;
" *w*ith all my hart I pardon thee,
and welkome, frend, thin act to me;
& when thou seest me spread my handes,
vnto the taske see that thou standst."

then *w*ith thes wordes his life had end,
after on block his head was layd:
" sweet Christ, from heuen thy angels send,
my soule by them to be conveyd
Vnto thy throune of maiesty,
to liue in blise eternally."

finis.

[1] This description of the conduct of Essex at his execution exactly corresponds with the account given in the narratives of eye-witnesses, now for the first time published, *antè*, pp. 208–213.

[Harl. MS. 6910, lf. 151.]

[Robert Earle of Esser against Sir Walter Rawleigh.]

HERE we have another lamentation over the malice of the enemies of Essex. The "Cuckoo" may be easily identified, and is surely an allusion to Raleigh. Another copy of this poem is found in Add. MS. 5495, fol. 28, from which the above title and some variations are given.

MUSES no more, but Mazes[1] be your names,
Where Discord[2] sound shall marre your concorde sweete,
Vnkyndly now your carefull fancye frames,
When fortune treads your fauours vnder feete:
  But foule befalle that cursed *Cuckoes* throt,
  That soe hath crost sweet *Philomelaes* note!

And all vnhappie hatched was that bird,
That parret-like can never cease to prate;
But most vntymely spoken was that word,
That brought the world in such a woefull state,
  That *Loue* and *Likeing* quite are ouerthrowne,
  And in their place are hate[3] and sorrowes growne.[4]

Is this the Honoure of a Haughtie thought,
For *Louers* hap to haue all spight a Loue?
Hath wreached skill thus blinded reason taught,
In this conceipt such discontent to mooue?
  That *Beautie* so is of her selfe berefte,
  That no good hope of ought good hap is lefte?[5]

Oh let no *Phœnix* looke vpon a *Crowe*,
Nor daintye Hills bow downe to dirtye dales;
Let neuer Heauen an Hellish Humour knowe,
Nor firme affect[6] give eare to foollish tales:
  For this in fyne will fall to be the troth,
  That pudle[7] watter makes vnholsome broth.

Woe to the worlde, the sonne is in a clowde,
And darksome mists[8] doth ouerrunne the day,
In Hope[9] conceipte is not content[10] allow'd,
Fauour must dye *and* fancye weare awaye: [151 bk.]

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[1] Add. *Marzes* for "Mazes."
[2] *whose discords* for "where discord."
[3] *is greife* for "are hate."
[4] *sowen* for "growne."
[5] Add. *omits this stanza.*
[6] *aspect* for "affect."
[7] *filthy* for "pudle."
[8] *mist* for "mists."
[9] *high* for "hope."
[10] *content is best* for "is not content."

Oh Heauens what[1] Hell ! The bands of Loue are broken,
Nor must a thought[2] of such a thing[3] be spoken.

Mars must become a Coward in his mynde,
Whiles Vulcan stands to prate of Venus toyes :
Beautie must seeme to go against her kinde,
In crossing Nature in her sweetest ioyes :
But Oh ! no more, it is to much to thinke,
So pure a mouth should puddle watters drinke !

But since the world is at this woefull passe,
Let Loues submission Honours wrath apease ;
Let not an *Horse* be matched with an *Asse*,
Nor hatefull tongue an happie hart disease :
So shall the world commend a[4] sweet conceipt,
And Humble fayth on heauenly Honour waite.
finis. Comes Essex.

[MS. Bibl. Reg. 17 B. L. leaf 2.][5]

Verses made by the Earle of Esser in his Trouble.

Essex here laments the unmanageable character of the Queen, or is represented as so doing.

The waies on earth haue paths and turnings knowne,
The waies on Sea are gone by needles light,
The birds of th' aire the nearest way have flowne,
And vnder earth the moules do cast aright :
A way more hard then these I needs must take,
where none can teach, nor noe man can direct,
where noe mans good for me example makes,
But al mens[6] faults doe teach her to suspect.

Her thoughts and myne such disproportion haue ;
All strength of loue is infinite in mee ;
She vseth the aduantage tyme and fortune gaue
Of worth and power, to gett the libertie.
Earth, Sea, Heaven, Hell, are subiect vnto lawes ;
But I, poore I, must suffer, and knowe noe cause.
R : E : E :

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[1] Add. *oh* for "what."
[2] *word* for "thought."
[3] *thought* for "thing."
[4] *your* for "a."
[5] There is another copy of these verses, with little or no variation, in Sloane MS. 4128, fol. 14*b*.
[6] MS. nens.

[Add. MS. 15,226, lf. 65.]

The disparinge complainte of wretched Rawleighe for his treacheries wrought against the worthie Esser.

For allusions to the hostilities prevailing between Raleigh and Essex, see pages 30 and 197. Cuffe is said to have urged Essex to remove Cecil, Cobham, and Raleigh from the Queen's Councils at whatever cost. This poem, which is anonymous, must have been written by a great admirer of the unfortunate Earl—and he had many.

To whome shall cursed I my case complaine,
to moue some pittye of my wretchles state?
for thoughe noe other comfort dothe remaine,
yet pittye would my greife extenuate.
but oh! I haue deserued nought but hate,
For I towards God & man my-self abused,
& therefore am of god & man refused.

To heauen I dare not lifte my wretched eies,
nor aske God pardon for my wicked deeds;
for I his word & service did despise,
esteeminge them of noe more worthe then weeds;
from which most vile conceite theise woes proceeds.
For now I finde, & findinge, feare to rue,
theire is a god which is both iust & true.

And vnto men I likewise am affraide
to make complaint, of this my gnaweinge greife,
Least they, as well they may, should mee vpbraide
with scorne & pride, which in mee were most rife;
& therefore man will yeild mee not Relefe.
Thus wretched I, which euery man did scorne,
am now my-self of euerie man forlorne.

What shall I doe in thys perplexed plighte,
Fearinge to moue to god or man for grace?
shall I to heavenly Saints my wooes recite,
in hope that they will moue my wretched case?
O noe: It is theire office and theire place
To iudge such guiltie sinfull soules as I,
and therefor noe releif may come thereby.

Yet one there is of that Cælestiall sorte, [ff. 7.]
whoe sure I thincke would pitty my distresse;
For when hee liued here, in earthly porte,
hee was the patterne of all gentlenes.
Ah! but gainst him I greatly did transgresse:
Then, traitor vile, how canst thou hope for grace
from him whome thou by treason didst displace? 35

O yes, I knowe his vertues here were such,
Hee did abhorre to beare revengeinge minde;
and beeinge there, they bettered are by much,
because he liues remote from fleshlie kinde,
in p*er*fect ioye to blessed Saints assigned.
A worthy Essex! but for feare and shame,
I would invoke thy honorable name! 42

But 'ere I can exspect Comiserac*i*on,
I must intreat forgiuenes hartilie;
and 'ere forgiuenes can haue Confirmac*i*on,
I must confesse howe I haue iniured thee:
For it w*i*th reason rightlie doth agree,
That such a wrongfull wicked wretch as I
should first confesse, and then for p*ar*don crye. 49

Wherefore I will my clogged conscience cleere,
by true confession of my treacherie,
That God & angells, *Sain*ts and men may heare,
howe I thy honor wrong'd most shamefully,
w*hi*ch on my-selfe is lighted suddainely:
For this my due deserts, now falne on mee,
plainely declares my treason wrought *gain*st thee. 56

For when thy sou*er*aigne did thee well respect, [ff. 7 bk.]
as well thou didst deserue to bee respected,
I then w*i*th falshood did thy truthe infect,
whereby her princely Iudgm*en*t was infected,
and thou by her most causelessly reiected;
Then I, which on occasion did attend,
omitted nought which might thee mee offend. 63

For then with open throate I did not spare
to taxe thy vertues most reprochfullie;
Thy vallour was ambition, I would sweare;
thy curteous bounty, hope of souer*a*ignt*i*e;
thy Justice, mallice and extremitye;
And thy religious vale I ofte would call
dissimulac*i*on to deceaue with-all. 70

Thus with detraccion I did first assaile thee,
whoe did effect what shee did vndertake;
Then envie wrought that nothinge might availe thee,
Though truthe thy iust Apologie did make;
Then framed treason brought thee to the stake;
That to assaile thee with theese furies fell,
I pawnd my soule to fetch them out of hell. 77

I allsoe hadd assistance in this worke,
whose helpinge hands were in as deepe as myne,
though some of them aloof now slily lurke,
as if theire consciences were sole devine;
yet in a league with mee they did combine
Thee to destroye by treasons pollicie,
w*hi*ch was effected to our Infamye. 84

But some of my Confederates in this act, [f. 8.]
whose dates of mischeif did with myne expire,
are fallne with mee in this pretended fact,
prepar'd to paie our due deserued hire,
nowe, if it were not sinne, I would desire
That all w*hi*ch wrought with mee in this disgrace
might stand with mee in this my wretched case. 91

But what should I need doubt or stand in stare,
that they shall scape revenge, more bare than I;
sure hee whoe hath intrapt mee in this snare
can traverse them in theire owne pollicie,
and will, noe doubt, when hee due tyme dothe see,
For hee will punishe everie treacherous case,
either in this or in a worser place. 98

And therefore, thoughe they florishe for a tyme
in Grace, authoritye, and honors great,
w*hi*ch maie p*er*swade them they may easily climbe
vpp to y^e^ highest stepp of Fortunes state,
yet is theire one whoe can theire hopes deseate,
For when they thincke themselues in highest respect
then suddainely hee can them soone deiect.

Witnes my self, whoe thought my self as sure
as anie one of my associates all;
but now I finde treason cannott indure,
insultinge pride will likewise haue a fall,
for such offences doe for vengeance call;
And hee w*hi*ch is the remedie of wronge
hathe said his vengance shall not tarry longe.

W*hi*ch by experience I haue found most true; [lf. 8 bk
for in the self same kinde that I offended,
hee iustlie hath repaide to mee my due;
his iustice therefore needs must bee comended,
w*hi*ch hath it-selfe soe equallie extended,
vsinge the meanes of my owne foule offence
to giue to mee a righteous recompence.

For as by letters I procur'd thy bane,
w*hi*ch of a p*er*iur'd villaine I d*i*d buye,
whoe for comoditie hadd stollne the same
from her to whome thou sent'st them faithfully,
containeinge nought but truthe & modestie,
Yet I, w*hi*ch knew they would thee much infest,
did spare noe cost till I hadd them possesst:

Soe I throughe lett*er*s, of contrarie kinde
to those of thine, am now adiud_ d my meed;
for when all other p*ro*mises did fayle
mee to offend in this pretended deed,
my opposites more strictlie did p*ro*ceed,
And then a letter did gainst mee p*ro*duce,
for w*hi*ch my cuninge lacks a cleane excuse.

And thus, as I by le*tter*s thee offended,
by le*tter*s nowe my owne offence was provde;
vile Traito*ur* I, that ill gainst thee intended,
whoe for desert I rather should haue lovde;
pride, spite, & mischief thereunto me movde,
And now mee-thincks dispaire dothe mee surprize,
settinge thy wrongs before my wretched eyes. 140

For when I heard my-selfe exclaim'd vppon [fr. 9.]
by him whose mouthe, Mastivelike, revilde thee,
then thought I howe I laughinge stood by one
whose cankred hart broke out & much defild thee,
and still wee laught, to thinke howe wee beguild thee.
I then did praise the barker's mouthe for spendinge;
but now he hathe mee plaug'd for then offending. 147

And now I finde it dothe my conscience gall,
that wee suborn'd a *Judas* to betray thee;
whoe tould thee, when the Counsell did thee call,
that I & *Cobham* by the waye would slaie thee;[1]
advisinge thee therefore for to staie thee;
And thus by fraud wee forc'd thee to offend,
by disobayenge when the lords did send. 154

It now likewise dothe greeve mee, though too late,
that wee p*ro*curd thy Prince thee to imploye,
whilest in thy absence wee might worke thy hate,
by vrginge thou didst purpose to annoye
thy loueinge Country, & thy Prince destroye;
And more, to stare her with that foule intent,
wee raised force thy comeinge to prevent. 161

But well wee knewe thy meaneing was not such,
thoughe wee pretended soe thee to abuse,
hoping thereby wee might encrease soe much
thy sou*er*aignes hate that shee would quite refuse
to heare thee speake with truthe this to excuse;
And sure wee were wee should our purpose gaine,
if from her presence shee would thee restraine. 168

[1] Lord Cobham, one of the most uncompromising enemies of Essex: he was implicated with Raleigh in the conspiracy to place Arabella Stuart on the throne at the beginning of the reign of James I., and sentenced to death, but afterwards reprieved on the scaffold.

When falselie thus wee hadd the queene possest [lf. 9 bk.]
with this conceite, that thou hadst plotted treason,
wee likewise then our pollicies addrest
to trayne thee over by some subtill reason,
whereof our consultations were not geason;[1]
For I have heard, thoughe here it may seeme grosse,
holy's the churche where sathan beares the crosse.

Then wee did blowe abroade the Prince was dead,
thinckinge thereby to further our intent;
for then we hopt thou sure wouldst gather head,
and come with speed invasion to prevent;
for wee before of cuninge purpose sent
That Spanish expedicion was in hand,[2]
the which wee knewe thou stronglie woldst withstand.

But here our expectacion somewhat faded,
because thou didst not come when wee expected,
nor in that manner as wee hadd persvaded;
thou men'st to come when first thou was detected,
yet wee soe wrought that thou wast quite reiected,
And eke restrained of thy libertie,
the which wee labored most incessantlie.

Now when wee hadd our wishes thus obtained,
we lefte noe tyme our mischeifes to devise;
For then false Articles wee forged & fained,
wherewith wee dimm'd thy soueraignes princely eyes;
and then did every one against thee rise,
like as a single hound by Currs ore matched,
once beeinge downe, by every Curre is snatched.

Then for Starrchamber wee did worke a-pace, [lf. 10.]
pretendinge thou shouldst presentlie appeare,
and there by order answer face to face
such articles as should concerne thee neare;
but this was neuer meant, the case is cleare,
for well wee knewe, if thou shouldst there haue spoken,
our knott of treacherie might haue beene broken.

[1] scarce.—Halliwell.

[2] In 1598 the English were again apprehensive of a Spanish invasion. Preparations were apparently made by the ministers of Philip III, the new king, but they ended in nothing. The kingdom was, however, put in a state of defence. Essex was forbidden by the Queen to leave his command in Ireland: his enemies were apprehensive that he might return to England to drive them from court, and therefore procured the order. See Lingard, vol. vi. p. 292.

But wee a farre more clearer shifte devised
then that thou shouldst haue answered *our* obiection,
for wee p*ro*cur'd thy falle to bee surmised;
thou beeinge absent, oh vile lawes infection!
and censured as wee hadd giuen direction;
for wee soe wrought thy prince by subtill sawes
y^t^ what wee willed was of more force then lawes.

The yce was broken, then wee grewe more bold,
in course of violence forward to p*ro*ceed;
for then all offices w*hi*ch thou didst hould
wee purg'd thee of, as wee before decreed,
thereby more discontent in thee to breed:
thus when wee hadd occasion stirdd to ire,
wee gaue the scope y^t^ shee might kindle fire.

But when wee sawe occasion, nought p*re*vailed
w*i*th furious blast the fier to inflame;
but as the more she wrought, the more she fayl'd,
because coole patience still the heat orecame;
for iuce of her by grace was on the same:
wee then another stratagem devised,
by w*hi*ch thou was most cuningly surpriz'd.

And this was slye & subtile subornac*i*on, [ff. 10 bk.]
w*i*th p*ro*mis*es* of very large extent,
w*hi*ch gain'd vs one w*i*th thee in estimac*i*on,
and in thy private favo*ur* resident:
of him wee made our workinge instrum*en*t,
thee to p*er*swade, to gaine thy form*er* grace,
by vsinge meanes thy hinderers to displace.

But when hee tould vs thou was well contented
to liue a private life, remote from care,
the modell of a p*ro*iect wee invented,
wherein hee might his loue to thee declare,
by giueinge helpe the state for to repaire;
to w*hi*ch, when hee had gotten thy consent,
wee hadd our purpose & our whole intent.

For then wee doubted not to pricke thee on,
by subtill force of forged instigac*i*on,
w*hi*ch wee alreadie hadd resolued vppon,
to stirre thee vpp to secrett consultac*i*on,
for resoluc*i*on and determinac*i*on,
of meanes and tymes, of present execution;
loe thus wee wrought thy vtter dissolution.

Yet this my true detestable Confession
is but the abstract of my villanye;
for I haue wrought more treacherous tr*a*nsgressions
against thy hon*our*, truthe, & loyaltie,
then now I can recall to memorye;
For w*hi*ch, w*i*th sighes, all desp*e*rate of releefe,
I craue for p*a*rdon to aszwage my greefe.

And as for this offence wee nowe intended, [ff. 11.]
I doe not doubt but I shall fav*our* finde;
but what can my estate bee thereby mended?
for still I shall retaine a guiltye minde,
for w*hi*ch I can noe place of refuge finde;
for every man will kill mee w*i*th his eye,
& therefore twere most ease for mee to dye.

For I such Terror in my Conscience feele,
by thought of my most execrable deeds,
that [though] my hart obdurate bee as steele,
yet when I thincke thereon, it quakes & bleeds,
such peircinge passions from them still p*ro*ceeds:
Oh since I haue confessed then the truthe,
Forgiue mee, then, and pittye this my ruthe!

But if thou wilt not daigne to pittye mee,
then must I eu*er* pittiles remayne;
for all that liues laughes at my miserie,
except some fewe, and they I thincke doe faigne,
fearinge I should theire falshood vile explaine:
Thus like a Cursed Catiffe did I liue,
and now my cursed case dothe noe man greive.

Finis.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

The following poem was probably composed by one of the admirers of Essex, who keenly anticipates the disgrace and punishment of the unfortunate Earl's rival. Raleigh is accused of avarice, pride, sensuality, and lying. The verses seem to belong to the beginning of the reign of James I., when Sir Walter was implicated in the plot for placing Arabella Stuart on the throne, tried at Winchester in 1603 and found guilty. Cecil had now completely shaken off Raleigh, and the two confederates in the ruin of Essex were endeavouring to supplant each other.

Many of the accusations brought against Raleigh by the anonymous versifier are fully substantiated. He was one of the most flagrant instances of the gross abuses of the system of monopolies, having enjoyed a very lucrative patent for licensing the sale of wine, which was subsequently augmented as a reward for his services at the time of the Armada. He seems to have been at all periods of his life amenable to bribes, and some of the offenders implicated in the Essex affair were glad to purchase his good offices by large sums of money. A Mr. Littleton is said to have paid him £10,000. That his private life was licentious is well known, and Aubrey quaintly assures us that he was "damnable proud;" but we may perhaps be pardoned for an inclination to forget these defects, when we consider the gallant general, the man of courtly and chivalrous action, the scholar and poet.

If his memory pales among us, he will not be forgotten by our transatlantic kinsmen. In the earlier half of the seventeenth century America was the exercising ground of all the most rarely attempered, the noblest and the most gallant spirits; and among them all no finer one could be found than Raleigh.

To recapitulate the events of his life would be but to make a dry catalogue of facts known to every reader. Thus much may suffice. He was born in 1552 in Devonshire—one of Devon's choicest worthies—and was for some time a student at Oriel College, where, as Wood says, "he was worthily esteemed a proficient in oratory and philosophy." He afterwards served as a volunteer in France and the Netherlands; but his most interesting undertaking was the attempt to found a colony in Virginia in 1584—memorable for ever as the first English settlement on that continent, although the plan was not at first successful. It is thus that the name of Raleigh must be for ever associated with the "Old Dominion."

His intrigues against Essex I have already spoken of. They form the most discreditable passages of his life, and one would willingly forget the scene of Sir Walter viewing the execution of his fallen rival. After a long imprisonment, during which he composed his "History of the World," he was allowed to equip thirteen vessels in 1617, with a view of opening a mine in Guiana; but the expedition resulted in a complete failure, and his eldest son was slain at St. Thomas. On his return,[1] the Spanish ambassador complained of the expedition to James as being piratical; and the English monarch, who at that time was anxious to bring about the marriage of his son with the Infanta, readily sacrificed a man for whom he had never had a great predilection. In a Spanish life of Diego Sarmiento de Acuña, Conde de Gondomar, the ambassador previously mentioned, published at Madrid in the year 1622, we find it recorded with a flourish of triumph that he caused the head of the English General, Walter Raleigh, to be cut off (hizo cortar la cabeça al General Ingles Whaltero Rale); and of the same important individual we are told that he chastized the insolence of the bold English pirate, Francisco Draques.[2] Whatever the causes may have been, Raleigh perished on the scaffold on the 29th of October, 1618. In his last moments he comported himself with much dignity.

Of his literary works his "History of the World" is now but little read. It is a heavy performance, but has some fine outbursts of eloquence. Some of the poetical pieces assigned to him are beautiful, and contain many of the exquisite touches peculiar to the authors of the Elizabethan period; they were, however, for the most part, published anonymously, and cannot in many

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[1] See Howell's Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ, 1645, page 6: "Sir Walter landed at Plymouth, whence he thought to make an escape, and some say he hath tampered with his body by Phisick, to make him look sickly, that he may be the more pitied, and permitted to lie in his own house. Count Gondamar, the Spanish Ambassador, speaks high language, and sending lately to desire audience of his Majestie, he said he had but one word to tell him, his Majestie wondring what might be delivered in one word; when he came before him, he said onely, 'Pyrats! Pyrats! Pyrats!' and so departed. Tis true that he protested against this Voyage before, and that it could not be but for some praedatory designe: and if it be as I hear, I fear it will go very ill with Sir Walter, and that Gondamar will never give him over till he hath his head off his shoulders; which may quickly be done, without any new Arraignment, by vertue of the old Sentence that lies still dormant against him, which he could never get off by Pardon, notwithstanding that he mainly laboured in it before he went; but his Majestie could never be brought to it, for he said he would keep this as a Curb to hold him within the bounds of his Commission, and the good behavour."

[2] See *Notes and Queries*, 1st series, March 26th, 1853.

instances be attributed to him on the safest evidence. It was the great age of miscellaneous collections, into which the rare spirits showered the cornucopiæ of their wits. He was probably the author of the answer to Christopher Marlowe's "Come live with me," and if so, deserves a niche, be it but a small one, among his great contemporaries. Moreover, he was the friend of Spenser, and prophesied the glories of the "Faerie Queene."

Rawleighs Caueat to Secure Courtiers.

[From Add. MS. 15,226, fol. 11 back.]

I speake to such, if anie such there bee,
whoe are possessed, through theire princes grace,
with swellinge pride, scorneinge insolencie,
haughtie, disdaineinge, & abuse of place:
To such I saie, if anie such there bee,
come see theire vices punished in mee.

For I that am nowe as ye see abiected,
by iust desert of former life ill spent,
was sometymes of my prince as well respected
as anie nowe in this new Gouerment;
But for I then my fauo*ur* misimployed,
I now with punishm*ent* am much annoyed.

Then did I hold *Religion* but a Jest;
farr more esteeminge my owne pollicie,
whereby I framed my acc*i*ons as a beast,
moved by beastlike sensuallitie.
For what my fleshly humo*urs* did delight,
That held I lawfull, were it wrong or right.

My whole endeavo*ur* was to please my sence
with greedie avarice & fowle oppression,
divelishe disdaine, filthie incontinence,
& false invenc*i*ons were my cheife p*r*ofession;
those vices were by mee still exercised,
and these haue caused mee to bee dispised.

And well hee dothe deserue despised to bee, [fol. 12.]
whose minde with such corrupcion is infected;
wherefore 'twere good yow should theire natures see,
that soe they maie the sooner bee reiected;
ffor anie one of them sufficient is
bothe soule & bodie to deprive of blisse.

First looke on *Auarice*, that senceless beast,
and yow shall see noe end of greedie scrapinge;
for thoughe her paumch bee stopt at Middaies feast,
her still devouringe mouthe contynewes gapinge:
most wise was hee whoe did her nature fitt,
comparinge her to the infernall pitt.

If yow her reason should desire to knowe,
why beeyond reason shee dothe ritches loue;
suerlie noe other reason shee could showe,
but Covetous desire which dothe her move.
The which enforceth her soe lowd to Crye
ffor *Riches, Riches*, most incessantlye.

Then *Riches* come, and with her shee dothe bringe
her God, her daughters, and her servants three;
her Enimies doe alsoe after flinge
whoe dothe her much molest & terrifie;
For Riches never doe approache alone,
but is by Furies fierce attended on.

Pluto her God dothe guide her by the hand, [fol. 12 bk.]
and dothe dispose her when hee best dothe please;
her daughter, Pride, dothe swellinge on her stand,
whoe, with sharpe prickinge, doth her much disease:
ffilthy excesse for more, more still cryes,
and ignorance dothe blinde her mothers eies.

Blinde *Chance* her servant sometime doth availe her,
and some times hee by losse sore dothe wrong her;
but Fraud & Vsurye doe never faile her,
but like good servants still doe profitt bring her:
Suspition, feare & greife, her enimies,
doe waite advantages, her to supprise.

Now when vile Auarice is full possest
Of riches, and this traine w*h*ich doth attend,
Shee dothe account herself not meanely blest,
and then to gaine a heaven she will not spend;
but still dothe seeke her to increase w*i*th gaine,
by all meanes possible w*i*th busie paine.

For when opp*r*ession must his cunninge vse,
In *Monopolies* and in tr[a]nsportac*i*ons,
whereby hee manie thousands dothe abuse,
by sendinge that awaie to many nations
w*h*ich should bee dealt for gods sake to y^e^ poore,
whoe, wantinge, aske the same from doore to doore.

But *Avarice* for riches still dothe crye [fol. 13.]
Soe stronglie that the poore cannot be hard,
for shee hadd rather they should starue & dye
then shee from gettinge riches should be barred:
such is the nature of y^t^ damned Spright,
that riches onely are her whole delighte.

To pleasure her opp*r*ession w*i*th his power,
Of all the meaner sorte dothe make his praye,
like to a wide mouthd pike, w*h*ich dothe devoure
the smaller Fishe, w*h*ich cannott gett awaye:
and when the Foxes skinne can take noe place,
then dothe oppression use the lyons Case.

If hee by strength of place dothe rule y^e^ lawe,
and suites decrees uppon long pleaded cases,
then if a matter haue a cracke or fflawe,
Argentum must annoynt those Crazie places,
Whereby in tyme it growes sufficient stronge
to passe for curr*e*nt, bee it right or wrong.

And if shee bee in place of Gou*e*rment,
haueinge of meaner places ouersight,
then such as doe not bribes to him present
are either pentioned or discharged quite;
For avarice doth still crie out for Gaine,
and the opp*r*essor dothe noe wronge refraine.

When theise vile vices hadd my coffers filld, [fol. 13 bk.]
my minde likewise was then filld with disdaine;
by whose approche all vertues quite were spilld,
which doe in mind of anie man remaine;
Yet in my minde shee found but few to spill,
for (since it was a minde) the same was ill.

This hell-bredd *Monster*, of fowle divelish kinde,
was gotten by proud scorne of scornefull *Pride*;
Nurst upp by *Envie* in a Cankred minde,
which could noe other but itselfe abide;
Deformitie her nature dothe expresse
her nature poisones where it doth possesse.

Of this her nature was my minde possest,
and with her poison was I all infected,
the which by me in fury was exprest,
When anie but my self I sawe respected;
For were hee farr my better in degree,
Yet I disdaind hee should my equall bee.

This hatefull vice made mee soe odious seeme
that for the same I hated was of all;
For as none but myselfe I did esteeme,
soe none there was which did not wish my fall:
wherefore if this in anie of y^w^ bee,
Come, see the same now punished in mee.

I likewise, like a beast, much tyme did spend [fol. 14.]
in that most beastly sinne of fleshly pleasure,
to which with filthy minde I much did bend,
makinge noe spare of bodie, soule, nor treasure;
For as a beast is moued still by sence,
soe was I moued by fowle incontinence.

And for I would bee exquisite herein
I vsed supernaturall devises;
powders, perfumes, paintings for filthy skinnes,
Extraccions, distillacions, spiritts of spices;
with theise and such like tricks I still was able
to trimme a hackney for the Divells stable.

And as younge Apes doe learne by imitacion
of elder Apes theire friskinge Apeishe toyes,
soe many Apes & Monkeyes vse my fashion,
and in the same doe places their cheifest joyes:
never was beast to nature so vniust,
as man & woman giuen to beast-like lust.

This sinne was my familiar recreacion,
wherein I gloried much with shameles pride;
boastinge my self of easie acceptacion,
protestinge that I neuer was denyed:
Ah but if this in anie of yow bee,
come see the same now iustly plaug'd in mee.

In false Invencion likewise I excelled, [fol. 14 bk.]
with which my Prince's eares I much abused,
whereby plaine truthe was oftentymes repelled,
and such as did prevent her were refused:
This sinne is onely proper to the devill,
then I which vsed the same must needs bee evill.

Noe toothe of beast or subtile serpente stinge
is halfe soe hurtfull as a lyars tounge;
for those but paine to outward parts do bringe,
which maie bee cured well with medicines stronge;
but if a lyars tonge doe make a wound,
noe salue can heale the same or make it sound.

When smoothd tounged flatterie with falsehood ioyne,
as seldome yow shall see them goe aparte,
then what the one in her false harte dothe coyne,
the other publisheth by subtill arte:
And such a Tincture on the same shee setts,
that of the greatest it acceptance getts.

Surelie if Princes rightlie wold conceiue
what danger lyes in fawninge flaterie,
how of theire sences shee doth them bereaue,
and how shee doth impaire royaltie,
noe doubt they would then hold it for good reason,
to punishe her as they would punishe treason.

For if it bee offence deservinge deathe, [fol. 15.]
To sett the princes shadowe on base coyne,
sure hee much more offends which with base breathe
vnto the princes substance vice dothe ioyne;
and this dothe hee whoe makes an occupacion,
his prince to humour with base adulacion. 174

Theise twoe united sinnes did first aduance mee,
and by theise twoe I still my state sustain'd,
and theise in sinne soe highlie did inhance mee,
that for the same this mischeif I haue gain'd;
wherefore if theise in anie of yo^{w} bee,
come see theise & the rest now plaug'd in mee. 180

But do not come as Idle Gazers vse,
whoe make noe vse of what they doe behold;
but come & see how God dothe mee refuse,
because myself to vice I wholly sould:
Soe come & see; behould theise plauges in mee,
& fly my sinnes least plauged soe yow bee. 186

And doe not thinke that earthlie princes Graces
can giue proteccion to a life ill-spent,
nor doe not thinke authoritie of places
can for one hower reuerse due punishment;
for neither favor nor authoritie
can staie God's hand from iust severitye. 192

Wherefore all yo^{w} whoe knowe your selues infected [fol. 15 bk.]
with these fowle sinnes which I haue now confessed,
see y^{t} in tyme your prayers bee directed,
& that your wrongs comitted bee redressed;
For if yo^{w} doe not speedily repent,
bee sure yo^{w} shall receaue iust punishment. 198

bee not deceiued by vaine imaginacion
of Gods remisse, forgetfullnes of wronge,
for hee sometymes vse procrastinacion,
Yet will hee not deferre his commeinge longe;
For when mans sinfull measures overfrothe, 203
then powers he forthe his measures filled with wrothe.

Soe measure iust for measure shall yo^{w} haue,
if still without remorse y^{w} doe offend;
and therefore if yo^{w} hope your selues to saue,
leaue of in time & seeke your liues to mend:
but if yo^{w} still contynewe in your sinninge,
then shall your ende paie deare for your beginninge.

And do not hould this my advice for vaine,
because yo^{w} knowe mee vaine which doth advise yo^{w};
but rather doe thereby your vice refraine,
least for the same both God & man despise yo^{w};
For thoughe my owne confession proue me evill,
Yet truth hath some time come even from the divell.

And therefore since with truthe yo^{w} nowe are warn'd, [fol. 16.]
thoughe from a mouthe that truthe hathe seldome vsed,
Yet speakinge truthe let not the same be scorn'd,
but lett the cause thereof bee well perused;
And yo^{w} shall find that God dothe soe ordaine it
for your behalf, if yo^{w} can entertaine it.

But if yow willfully advice refuse,
and, like as I did, growe from ill to worse;
then looke what payment God to mee dothe vse,
such or the like hee will to yo^{w} disburse;
For if my warninge cannott now advise yo^{w},
my punishment shall shortlie then surprize yo^{w}.

Finis.

[Lansdowne MS. 777, leaf 64. Variations given from another copy in Harl. MS. 791, leaf 49.]

On Sr Wa. Raleigh's Death.[1]

Great heart, who taught thee so[2] to dye,
Death yeelding thee ye victory?
where[3] took'st thou leaue of life? if there,
How couldst thou be so free from feare?
But sure thou didst,[4] & quitd'st ye state
Of Flesh & blood before yt Fate.
Else what a myracle is wrought
To tryumph both in[5] flesh & thought?
I saw in euery[6] stander by
Pale Death! life onelye in thine eye.
The Legacy thou gau'st vs yn,
wee'll sue for when thou dyest agen,
Farwell; yr glory truth shall saye[7]
wee dyde, thou onelye liu'dst yt daye.

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[1] This piece has been already printed. See Hannah's "Courtly Poets," 1870. A copy occurs among the Rawlinsonian MSS. 699, p. 35, and also among the Hawthornden MSS., vol. viii.

[2] Harl. thus *for* so. [3] when *for* where. [4] died'st.
[5] over *for* both in. [6] all the *for* euery.
[7] For truth shall to thy glory say, *for line* 13.

LORD BACON.

The following lines are said to have been written by Dr. Lewis,[1] one of Bacon's chaplains, whom he afterwards caused to be made head of Oriel College at Oxford when a very young man, "not caring," he said, "for minority of years where there was majority of parts." The appointment, however, does not appear to have been a fortunate one, for he got into some scandal, and had to give it up. The verses relate to the fall of the "wisest, meanest of mankind," as Pope has it, in 1621, when Bacon was prostrate in the dust. Of course every one who wishes to read the life of this intellectually great man must go to the exhaustive work of Mr. Spedding, which is a κτῆμα εἰς ἀει for everything connected with him; nor will the glowing rhetoric of Macaulay ever want its readers, although the study may not be so profound a one. All encomium upon Bacon as philosopher, essayist, and historian is idle: the pathetic words of his will, when he bequeathed his memory to foreign nations, and to his own countrymen when some generations were passed, have been amply fulfilled: he now stands a statuesque and colossal figure for all time. Those who cannot bring wits enough to fathom the depths of the Novum Organum, may admire the close-wrought gold, the subtle analysis, the delicate antithesis of the essays, or pause with delight upon the quaint reflections teeming with worldly wisdom introduced so copiously among his historical works—more neglected, but most unjustly so.

Three other copies of this poem are found in the British Museum: Sloane MS. 1792, leaf 109; Add. MS. 29,303, leaf 3*b*.; and Add. MS. 25,303, leaf 83, referred to for the various readings as V. X. and Z. There is also another among the Jackson MSS., presented to the University of Edinburgh by Mr. Halliwell (p. 82), thus headed: "In laudem Francisci Baconis olim totius Angliæ cancellar."

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[1] Dr. William Lewis, Provost of Oriel College (1618–1621). He resigned, and died at an advanced age in 1667.—See Gutch, *History of Colleges and Halls of Oxford*, 1781.

Dor. Lewis, his foolish invectiue against the Parlament for proceedinge to censure his Lo Verulame.[1]

[Sloane MS. 826, leaves 4, 5, 8: title from Add. MS. 25,303.]

When you awake, dull Brittons, and behould
What treasure you haue throwne into your[2] mould;
Your ignorance in pruming[3] of a state
You shall confesse, and shall[4] your rashnes hate:
For in your[5] senceles furie you haue slaine
A man, as farre beyound your[6] spungie braine
Of common knowledge, as is[7] heaven from hell
And yet[8] you tryvmph, thinke you haue done well.
Oh, that the monster multitude should sit[9]
In place of iustice, reason, conscience, witte,
Nay in a[10] throne or[10] spheare above them all!
For tis a supreame power that can call
All these to barre:[11] and with a frowning brow,
Make Senatours, nay mightie Consulls bow.
Bould Plebeans, the day will come I know
When such a[12] Cato, such a[12] Cicero,
Shalbe more worth[13] then the first borne[14] can be
Of all your auncestours, or posteritie.
But hees not dead you[15] say: oh, that[16] the soule
Once checkt, controwld, that once[17] vsed to controwle,

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[1] X. has, instead of this title, the following: "Certen verses made in the behalfe of Sr Francis Bacon, whoe was Lorde Keeper of Englande Anno 1620; but then put off by the Parlement howese for some occations to me vnknowen." V. *has only* "On Sir Francis Bacon."

[2] V. this; X. and Z. the *for* your.

[3] V. and X. praving; Z. pruning.

[4] X. and Z. that *for* shall.

[5] V. X. and Z. a *for* your.

[6] V. X. and Z. the *for* your.

[7] V. *omits* is.

[8] X. *omits* yet; Z. has tryumphinge *for* you tryvmph.

[9] A marginal note in Add. MS. 29,303 to lines 9-13 says, "The maker hereof was too bould in his censure, and partiall in his loue, as maye appeere by the sequell."

[10] Z. the, and, *for* a, or.

[11] V. There to the; X. Such to the *for* All . . . to; Z. *has* the *after* to.

[12] V. X. and Z. as *for* a.

[13] X. and Z. worthy *for* worth.

[14] X. *omits* borne.

[15] V. you'll *for* you.

[16] V. X. and Z. but *for* that.

[17] V. X. and Z. *omit* once.

Cowcheth her downie wings, and scornes to flye
At any game but faire eternitie.
Each spirit is retired to a roome,
And makes[1] his living body but a toombe;
On which such[2] epitaphs may well be read
As would the gazer strike[3] with sorrow dead.
Oh that I could but give his worth a name [fol. 4 bk.]
That if not you, your sonnes may[4] blush for shame!
Who in arithmatick hath greatest[5] skill
His good partes cannot number, yet[6] his ill
Cannot be calld a number; since tis knowne
He had but few that could be calld his owne:
And those in other men (even in these times)
Are often praised, and[7] vertues calld, not crimes.
But as in purest[8] things the smalest[8] spott
Is sooner found, then either staine or blott
In baser stuff; even so his chance was such
To haue of faults to few, of worth to much.
So by the brightnes of his owne[9] cleare light
The moates he had lay open to each sight.
If yee would[10] haue a man in all points good
You must not haue him made of flesh and bloud:
An act of Parliament you first must settle
And force dame Nature worke[11] in[12] better mettle.
Some faults he had, no more then serve[13] to proove
He drew his line from Adam, not from Jove.
And those small staines[14] nature for its[15] offence
Like moones in armorie[16] made a difference
Twixt him and angells; beeing sure[17] no other
Then markes[18] to know him for their[19] younger brother.
Such spotts remooved (not to[20] prophane) he then
Might well be call'd a demie God mongst men.

---

[1] V. and X. made *for* makes.
[2] X. *omits* such.
[3] X. and Z. prick *for* strike.
[4] X. and Z. might *for* may.
[5] X. *omits* greatest.
[6] X. but *for* yet.
[7] X. prayses *for* praised and.
[8] Z. purer, poorest *for* purest, smalest; X. purest *for* smalest.
[9] Z. noone *for* owne.
[10] X. will *for* would.
[11] X. to *before* worke.
[12] V. on *for* in.
[13] V. X. and Z. served *for* serve.
[14] X. in *before* nature.
[15] V. X. and Z. forced *for* for its.
[16] V. X. and Z. were *before* made.
[17] X. since *for* sure.
[18] X. made *for* markes.
[19] X. a *for* their.
[20] X. *omits* to.

A diamond flawed, saphyers and rubies stained
But vndervalewed are, not[1] quite disdained;
Which[2] by a file[3] recoverd they become
As worthie of esteeme, yeeld no lesse summe.
The gardner finding once a canker growne
Upon a tree, that he hath frutefull knowne,
Grubs it not vp; but with a carefull hand
Opens the roote, remooves the clay or sand
That cawsed the[4] cancar, or with cunning arte
Pares of some rynde, but comes not nere y^e^ harte. [fol. 5]
Only such trees y^e^ axes adge endure
As nere bare fruite, or else are past all cure.[5]
The prudent husbandman thrusts not his sheare
Into his[6] corne because some[7] weeds are there,
But takes his hooke, and gently as he may
Walke through the[8] field, and takes[9] them all away.
A house of many roomes one[10] may command,
But yet it shall require many a hand
To keepe it cleane: and if some filth be found
Crope[11] in by[12] negligence, is't cast to th' grownde?
Fie, no; but first y^e^ supreame owner comes,
Examines everie office, viewes the roomes,
Makes them be clensed, and on some certaine paine
Commands they never be found so againe.
The temple else should over-throwne haue bin,
Because some money-brokers[13] were therein.
The arke had sunke and perisht in the floud,
Because some beasts crope[14] in that were not good.
Adam had with a thunderbolt bin strooke,
When he from Eve the golden[15] apple tooke.
But should the maker of[16] mankinde doe soe,
Who should write Man? who should to mans state grow?
Shall he be then put to th' extreame of law,
Because his conscience had a little flaw?

---

[1] V. but *for* not.
[2] V. Yet *for* Which.
[3] X. and Z. foyle *for* file.
[4] V. this *for* the.
[5] Z. omits the next twelve lines.
[6] X. the *for* his.
[7] X. such *for* some.
[8] X. his *for* the.
[9] X. pluckes *for* takes; V. pulls *for* takes.
[10] V. man *after* one.
[11] Crept. An instance of a strong perfect, which has since been changed into a weak form.
[12] X. Crept in through *for* Crope in by.
[13] X. changers *for* brokers.
[14] X. and Z. crept *for* crope.
[15] Z. tempting *for* golden.
[16] V. all *after* of.

Will ye want conscience cleane, because y[t] he
Stumbled or tript[1] but in a small degree?
No; first looke back to all your owne past[2] acts,
Then[3] passe your censure, punish all the facts
By him committed: Then Ile sweare he shall
Confesse that you are vpright Chancellours all:
And for the time to come with all his might
Strive to out doo you all in dooing right.[4]
Oh could his predicessours goost appeare,
And tell how foule his Master left the chaire![5]
How every feather that he satt vpon [fol. 5 bk.]
Infectious was, and that there was no stone
On which some contract was was[6] not made to fright
The fatherlesse and widdow from their right.
No[7] stoole, no[7] boord, no[7] rush, no[7] bench, on which
The poore man was not sould vnto the rich.
It[8] would have[9] longer time the roome to aire
And what yee now call foule yee would thinke fair.[10]
He tooke to keepe (tis knowne), this but to live;
He robd to purchace land, and this to give.
And had this[11] beene so blest in his[12] owne[13] treasure,
He would have given much[14] more with much more pleasure.
The nights greate lampe from the rich sea will take,[15]
To lend the thirstie earth,[16] and from each lake
That hath an overplus borrow a share,
Not to its proper[17] vse, but to repaire
The rivers[18] of some parcht and vp-dried hill:
So this vnconstant planet (for more ill
Envie cannot speake of him) tooke from some floud,
Not for 's owne[19] vse, but to doe[20] others good.

---

[1] X. and slipt *for* or tript; V. and Z. slipt. [2] X. and Z. passed *for* owne past.
[3] X. and Z. And *for* Then. [4] Z. *omits* the next ten lines.
[5] "Eggerton was before him Lord Keeper." Marginal note to lines 95–98, in Add. MS. 29,303. Ellesmere, Thomas Egerton, Bacon (1540–1617). To his custody Essex was committed, see p. 206. [6] *Sic.* [7] X. nor *for* no.
[8] V. and X. you *for* it. [9] V. give *for* have. [10] X. would then be *for* yee would thinke. [11] V. hee *for* this. [12] Z. in's *for* in his.
[13] V. X. and Z. borne *after* owne. [14] X. and Z. *omit* much.
[15] Cf. Timon of Athens, act iv. scene 3:

"The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun."

The idea, however, dilated upon in these five lines, is a very old one, and can be found in the pseudo-Anacreon. (See Bergk.) [16] V. X. and Z. lande *for* earth.
[17] V. X. and Z. her owen *for* its proper. [18] V. and Z. ruines *for* rivers; X. raynes. [19] X. his owen *for* 's owne. [20] V. and X. for *for* to doe.

But such[1] misfortune dogg'd his honest will,
That what he tooke by[2] wrong, he gave as ill.
For those his bountie nurst, as all suppose
(not those he iniured), proov'd his greatest foes.
So foolish mothers from their wiser mates
Oft filch and steale, weaken their owne estates,
To feede the humor of some wanton boy;
They sillie women hoping to haue ioy[3]
Of this ranke plant, when they are saplesse growne.
But seld or never hath it yet bin knowne
That pamperd youth gave parents more releefe
Then what increastd their age with care[4] and greefe.
These[5] oversights of Nature, former times [fol. 8.]
Have rather pittied then condem'd as crimes.
Then wher is charitie become of late?
Is her place begg'd? her office given[6] Hate?
Is their a pattent got for her restrainte?
Or a[7] Monopoly gain'd by false complaint?
If so, pursue the patentees, for sure
False information did the writt procure:
The seale is counterfeict, the referrees
Have taken bribes: then first examine these,
Restore faire Charitie to her place againe,
And he that suffers now may then complaine:
Set her at Justice feete, then[8] let the poize
By them directed be, and not by noise.
Let them his merritts weigh[9] with his offence,
And you shall finde a mightie difference.
Rase not a goodly building for a toy:
Tis better to repaire then to destroy.
You will not force his ashes to y[e] vrne,
Tush, thats not[10] it; himselfe, himselfe will burne.
When he but findes his honour sound retreate
Like a cag'd foule, himselfe to death will beate:
And leave the world when thers no healpe at all
To sight and greeve for[11] his vntimely fall.

---

[1] X. since *for* such.
[2] X. and Z. with *for* by.
[3] X. inioye *for* haue ioy.
[4] V. and X. payne *for* care.
[5] X. This *for* These.
[6] X. turned to *for* given; V. and Z. to *after* given.
[7] V. X. and Z. *omit* a.
[8] V. X. and Z. and *for* then.
[9] X. wright *for* weigh.
[10] Z. *omits* not.
[11] Z. at *for* for.

The skilfull surgeon cutts not of a lim*m*e
Whilst there is hope: oh deale you[1] so w*i*th him!
He wants not fortitude, but can endure
Cutting, incision, so they p*r*omise cure;
Nay more, shew him but[2] where the ey-sore stands,
And he will[3] search and drest w*i*th his owne hands.
Would yee anotomize? would ye desect [leaf 8 bk.]
For your experiment? oh, yee may elect
Out of that house where yee as Judges sit,[4]
Diverse for execution far more fitt;[4]
And when ye finde a monster overgrowne[5]
W*i*th foule[6] corruption, let him be throwne
At Justice feete, let him be sacrifiz'd,
And let[7] new tortures, new plagues be devised:
Such as may fright the living from their[8] crimes
And be a president to[9] after times;
Which long-lived records to enseuing daies
Shall still proclaime, to your[10] eternall praise.[11]

---

[1] X. not *for* you; V. and Z. so then *for* you so.
[2] X. *omits* but. [3] V. X. and Z. shall *for* will.
[4] X. reverses these two lines.
[5] V. farr oregrowne *for* overgrowne.
[6] X. frayle *for* foule.
[7] V. and X. there be *after* let, *omit* be *before* devised; Z. *the same, but omits* and.
[8] V. like *for* their; X. and Z. such *for* their.
[9] V. X. and Z. for *for* to. [10] Z. his *for* your.
[11] Add. MS. 25,303 has the following lines appended by way of comment on the poem (leaf 86):

Blame not the Poet, though he make such moane
For's Lord, since in his case he pleads his owne;
if y^t his Lord must such sharpe censure haue,
what then must hee y^t was soe very a knaue?
yet as his faultes were more, so may we say
his witts weare, for he quickely run away.
Like to the man that saw his Master kisse
y^e Poopes foote, feard y^t a worse place was his,—
may y^e Lords cure succeede his punishment,
and iustice him oretake that it ore went;
Though scapd his first, he stay till y^e last doome,
and cry Let hir (*sic*) alone till y^t day come.

The following Verses on Bacon are printed in vol. i. p. 469, of "Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage," by S. R. Gardiner. Mr. Gardiner says:—

"The following verses are valuable as giving an idea of the mode in which Bacon's case was regarded by a not unfavourable looker on."

Vicecomes Sanctus Albanus Cancellarius Anglicanus
Miris dotibus imbutus, ingeniosus et acutus,
Linguâ nemini secundus (ah! si esset manu mundus)
Eloquens et literatus repetundarum accusatus
Accusatus haud convictus (utinam haud rithmus fictus)
Tanquam passer plumbo ictus est ægrotus, aut sic dictus,
Morte precor moriatur reus antequam damnatur,
Morte dico naturali; (munus, non est pœna tali),
Ab amico accusatus; miser tu, at es ingratus.
Actæon tu propriis manibus, præda facta tuis canibus
Pereant canes hi latrantes te famamque vulnerantes.
Tua sors est deploranda, quid si culpa perdonata,
Fama est per orbem fiata quod sigilla sunt sublata.
Mali semel accusatus, et si pœnâ liberatus,
Manet malum et reatus, absit hic sit tuus status.
Vive tu, si vitam cupis, vita cara ursis, lupis,
Et si quid fecisti malè, redime et bene vale.

—*State Papers, Domestic*, vol. cxx. 39.

[Harl. MS. 6038, leaf 27.][1]

Verses made by an vnknowne Author vpon the falle of Sr Francys Bacon Lord Verulam, viscounte St. Albons & Late lord Chauncelor of Englande.[2]

Great *Verulam* is very-lame, the gout of[3] go-out feeling,
he humbly begs ye Crutch of State, with falling sicknes reeling:
diseas'd, displeas'd, greiues sore to see[4] that State by fate should perish;
Unhappy, that no hap[5] can cure, nor high protection cherish:
Yet cannot I but marvaile much at this in Common reason,
yt *Bacon* should neglected be when it is most in season.
perhaps ye game[6] of *Buck* hath vilified[7] ye Boare;
or else his Crescents are in war[8] yt he can hunt[9] no more.
be it what it will, the Relatiue your Antecedent moving,
declines a Case Accusatiue, the Datiue too much loving.
Young, this griefe will make thee Old, for care with youth ill matches.
Sorrow makes *Mutas* muse; that Ratcheus[10] under hatches.
Bushell wants by halfe a pecke the measure of such teares,
because his Lords posteriors makes the[11] buttons yt he weares.
Though Edney be casheir'd, greife moues him to compassion,
to thinke how[12] suddenly is turn'd[12] the wheele of his ambition.

---

[1] Other copies of this poem are found in Harl. MS. 367, leaf 187, and Harl. MS. 1221, leaf 80*b*.; the variations in which are here given, and referred to as B., A. respectively.

[2] This heading is found in Harl. MS. 367 only.

[3] B. or *for* of.

[4] B. greeueth soare *for* greiues sore to see.

[5] B. hope *for* hap.

[6] B. grace *for* game.

[7] B. doth vilifi *for* hath vilified.

[8] B. vaine *for* war.

[9] B. hurte *for* hunt.

[10] A. Ratchers; B. Hatchers.

[11] B *omits* the.

[12] B. that fate should bringe so lowe *for* how . . . turn'd.

had Butler liu'd he-ad vext a[1] greiu'd this dismall day[2] to see
the hogshead y^t^ so late was broach'd, to run so neere the [lee].
Fletcher may go feather bolts for such as quickly shoot them;
Now Cockins Combe is newly cut, a man may soone confute him.
The red[3]-rose house lamenteth much y^t^ this unhappy[4] day
Should bring this fall of[5] leafe in March before the spring in May.
Albones much[6] condoles the losse of this great viscounts Charter,
Who suffering for his conscience sake is turn'd Franciscan Martir.

[Royal MS. 17 B. L., leaf 2 back.]

Verses made by Mr. Fra. Bacon.[7]

The man of life vpright whose giltles heart is free
From all dishonest deeds and thoughts of Vanitie;
The man whose silent daies in harmeles ioyes are spent,
Whome hopes cannot delude, nor fortune discontent:
That man needs neither Towers nor Armor for defence,
Nor secret vaults to flie from Thunders violence;
Hee onelie can behold with vnaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deepe and Terrours of the skies:
Thus scorning all the care that fate or fortune bring,[8]
Hee makes the heauen his booke, his wisdome heauenlie things,
Good thoughts his onelie freinds, his life a well spent age,
The Earth his sober Inne, a quiet Pilgramage.

---

[1] A. and *for* a; B. heed next have *for* he-ad vext a.
[2] B. so sudden for *for* this dismall day.
[3] B. whit *for* red.
[4] B. so fatall *for* vnhappy.
[5] B. the fallinge leafe *for* this fall of.
[6] B. *omits* much.
[7] This is printed by Mr. Spedding in his edition of Bacon's Works, vol. vii. p. 269, from Royal MS. 17 B. L. He does not mention the copy in Add. MS. 4128, which also ascribes the verses to Bacon.
[8] Add. MS. 4128, leaf 14, has *brings* for *bring*.

POEMS ON WARWICK AND FROBISHER.

These verses are addressed to Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, for a brief account of whom see page 120. He had been sent to France by Elizabeth to support the Protestants. For some notice of Dr. Simon Forman and his MSS. see also p. 70. He seems to have enjoyed a very dubious reputation: here we have the "wizard" quitting his criminal and deleterious drugs, and betaking himself to the humbler offices of a flatterer and small-beer poet. It is to be regretted that his curious diary, preserved among the Ashmolean MSS., has not been entirely printed. As yet only a few extracts have appeared—as, notably, the interesting mention of the production of Macbeth.

[Ashmolean MS. 208, leaf 260 bk.]

lord of Warrick.

What doth more glad the harts of men
Then springe tim when hit comes?
Or what doth pinch men more with care
Then hyemps with her Bloms?

For when that Ladie Ver appears,
for good relife men hope;
But when Againe A waie hit fares,
Then Hiemps cuts their crope.

So wase ther nothinge, noble Lord,
That more did make men glad,
Then when the folke of your coming
Abundaunt newes they haid.

Then did their harts in bodyes lepe,
for ioye of your comminge;
And to behould your Louely cher,
fuⁿ great wase their Runninge.

for whye, they knewe Asuredly
that comfort with youe came
In depe distres their harts to ease;
Therfore thei praise your name.

Therfore they praye continually,
That here stiff might byd,
And never wold *with* willing hart
That youe from them should ryd.

And I my-self, O noble Lord,
Could wishe youe her to dwell
Continuallie with willing hart;
for suer hit[1] lykes me well.

Ase Euphrates of Paradice,
That flod Abrood doth spred;
So doth yo*ur* name in All our costes,
wher so ever youe goe or ryde.

The wind, Also, which Bloweth stiff,
Youre name Abrood doth Bare;
for prudent Iustice in youe flowes,
which rids men out of care.

And ase The Well of Helicon,
That never dryeth vpe,
So is yo*ur* name in all this land,
for whye? none can hit stope.

Even ase the Culter of the plowghe,
which makes the land to Reue;[2]
Soe doth your na*me* the harts of men
with good report them cleue.

The which Report god still encres,
And graunt youe happie daies,
And nestors yeares that youe maye Liue,
And stiff Augment yo*ur* praise.

And thuse farwell, moste noble Lord; [lf. 261 bk.]
my hart hear at is sade:
But yet we hope to se the daies
when youe o*ur* harts shall glad

[1] MS. hits.

[2] To tear or be torn.

Againe, I meane At your Returne
  Againe even to this place;
Again, I saie, god graunt hit be,
  And that with in short space.

Noe other gifte I haue wher with
  I might present your praise;
for, certes, I am A scollare poor,
  In learning spend my daies.

But thus doe youe in mind, I praie,
  Receiue nowe in good part,
And not except the thinge hit selfe
  Aboue my willinge hart.

Simon fforman.
1578, Januari the 10th.

To write a life of Martin Frobisher is only to go over very old ground. He was born at Doncaster, of parents in a humble position. Being provided with funds by Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, he fitted out three ships in 1576, with a view of discovering a North-west passage to China. In 1577 he sailed from Harwich on another expedition, and returned towards the close of the same year. In 1588 he commanded the *Triumph*, and exerted himself vigorously against the Spanish Armada, and finally was sent, in 1594, with four men-of-war, to the assistance of Henry IV. of France. Here, in an assault on the fort of Croyzon, he received a wound in the hip, of which he died soon after his return to Plymouth. His adventures have found a chronicler in the indefatigable Hakluyt.

Of such a stamp and mode of life was old Martin Frobisher, one of the sea-lions of the Elizabethan epoch—a "shepherd of the ocean," to quote the rather fantastic appellation which Spenser gave to his visitant on the banks of

"Mulla mine, whose waves I whilome taught to weep."

But for these sea-glories, of course, we must go to Mr. Kingsley's fresh, vigorous books, which seem to be redolent of the brine and the bold roystering deeds of our forefathers. Like the Homeric heroes, they did not blush to unite the duties of the sailor and the wild adventures of the buccaneer. They founded,

however, the maritime glories of England, and the maiden Queen gladly accepted their services, and gave them her countenance and support. She could grace the "Golden Hind" with her presence at a dinner; and when Master Frobisher set out on his first voyage, a regal hand was seen waving him an adieu as his vessels passed the Palace at Greenwich.[1]

[Ashmolean MS. 208, leaf 262.]

Thomas ellis in praise of frobisher.[2]

Yf gretians stout did right extoll
Their Worthye Weights of fame,
And gaue to them great honors highe,
Which did deserue the same;—

Yf they had cause for to Advaunce
Alcydes for his might,
Which did subdewe ech sturdie foe
And monster fierce in fight;—

Which brought from hesperus ylle y^e^ frut
Which glitterud lyke to gould,
And did enriche his Countrye soill
with heaps of goulden mould:—

---

[1] "The first voyage of M. Martine Frobisher to the Northwest, for the search of the straight or passage to China, written by Christopher Hall, Master in the Gabriel, and made in the yeere of our Lord 1576.

"The 7 of June being Thursday, the two barks, viz. The Gabriel and the Michael, and our pinnesse set saile at Ratcliffe, and bare down to Detford, and there we ancred: the cause was, that our pinnesse burst her boultsprit, and fore mast athwart of a ship that rode at Detford, else we meant to have past that day by the Court, then at Grenewich.

"The 8 day being Friday, about 12 of the clock we mayed at Detford, and set sail all three of us, and bare downe by the Court, where we shotte off our ordinance and made the best shew we could: Her Maiestie beholding the same, commended it, and bade us farewell, with shaking her hand at us out of the window. Afterward she sent a Gentleman aboord of us, who declared that her Maiestie had good liking of our doings, and thanked us for it, and also willed our Captaine to come the next day to the Court to take his leaue of her.

"The same day towards night M. Secretarie Woolly came aboorde of us, and declared to the company, that her Maiestie had appointed him to give them charge to be obedient, and diligent to their captaine, and governours in all things, and wished us happie successe."—*Hakluyt*, vol. iii. p. 29.

[2] Who Thomas Ellis was I cannot discover. Did Forman compose the verses in his name?

Or yf that theie deservedlye
enrold the valiaunt facts
of the Adventrose Jason braue
with All his noble actes,

And all his noble knitlye trope
from Cholchis ylle, the which
Did bringe A waie the goulden fleece,
his Countrie to enriche:—

Yf thes, I saye, *with* flickeringe fame,
wear lyke to loftie[1] skye,
That even tyll nowe in thes *our* daies
Their fame A freshe doth flye;—

Whie should not then *our* frobisher,
Whoe sure doth them surmo*unt*,
With goulden Trumpe of Thundringe fame
be glad in lyke acompte?

His harte ase valiaunt is Ase theirs,
His hazards wear more hard,
His good succes doth theirs surpase,
Yf they be well compard.

The glittering flece that he doth bringe,[2]
In value suer is more
Then Jasons was, or Alcyds frute,
wher of was mad such store.

And cruell monsters he doth tame,
And men of sauage kind,
And searcheth out the swellinge seas,
And Countrise straunge doth find.

And brings hom treasur to his land,
And doth enrich the same,
And Corage giues to noble harts
To seke for fleight of fame.

giue place, therfore, youe greatia*n*s nowe,
And to me giue Assent:
This worthy weight excells youre imps,
The which befor him vent.

finis. qd. S. fo.

[1] MS. loftie.

[2] The second expediton of Frobisher in 1577 was fitted out with a view to the discovery of gold.

[Ashmolean MS. 208, leaf 263.]

John kirkham of martin frobisher.

This poem seems to have been composed by Forman in the name of Kirkham, a person of whom nothing is known.

Youe Muses, guid my quiuering quill;
Caliope, drawe near;
Sicilian nimphes, attend my suet,
And to my hestes giue ear.

Your sacred ayd A whyll I craue,
my shiueringe sence to staye;
such hewt exploits I take in hand,
That men to me maye saye:

Thy ragged rime and ruratt verse
cannot Ascend soe hye
To toutch the tope of martins prayes
which fleth the hiest skie.

Wher whirlinge sphers doe hit resound
And deweshe staress containe:
With Thundringe Trompe of goulden fame,
in Azure ayer soe plaine.

Whose hewtie acts not heavens allone
contented ar to haue;
but earth And skyes, the surging seas,
And Silvans Eccoughes braue,

Do att resound with tuned stringe
of siluer harmonye,
Howe frobisher in every coste
with flickering fame dothe flye.

A mertiall knight adventuros,
Whose valure great wase suche,
That hazard hard he light estemd,
his countrie to enriche.

To climb The height And heutie[1] hills, [lf. 264 bk.]
where Poets preach for praise;
To Vewe Pernassus and etna,
I liste not spend my daies.

Nor yet to seke the water nimphes,
nor fatall sisters three,
Nor yeat to tell of Acteons death,
what thaunche be chamced (*sic*) he.[2]

Nor yet to tell of Arthurs Knits,
in force that did excell;
for certainlye suche men ar dead
of whom the Poets doe tell.

god graunt to thee old Tythons age,
And Creasus happie wealth;
Policrats haps god send youe to,
And Gallens perfect healthe.

but sith my wit for sakes my will,
I maye not what I wold;
Then, pardon wit, accept good will,
That wills yf soe it could.

Thus will I end, And not contend
your noble fame to scrye,
Whose excellent grace doth far surpase
The clear and christall skye.

To Abrams seat thy sowll shall com
in lastinge ioyes to rest;
When from this earth thy sowll shall pase,
The heavens it shall possese.

finis. qd. Simon forman.

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[1] ? haughty.

[2] what thence bechanced he.

POEMS FROM THE JACKSON MS.

The following pieces are taken from a MS. volume presented to the University of Edinburgh by Mr. Halliwell. The contents appear to have been copied out by one Richard Jackson, who began the book in 1623, as this date is found with his name on one of the opening leaves (see *Notes and Queries*, 5th series, vol. iii. p. 99). This book was at one time in the possession of Haslewood the antiquary, and is alluded to by Mr. Collier, "History of English Dramatic Poetry," vol. iii. p. 275.

Vicars on Queen Elizabeth.

This piece, of which a duplicate is to be found (Ash. MS. 38, fol. 24), is the composition of John Vicars, who in his day obtained the reputation of perhaps the most conspicuously "bad poet." In Hudibras we find him coupled with Prynne and Withers (with the latter certainly most unjustly) as one of those who write against nature and their stars; nor has he escaped the caustic severity of Oldham.

Vicars was born in 1582, and died in 1652. The following amusing account of him is given by Anthony à Wood:—

"John Vicars, a Londoner born, descended from those of his name living in the county of Cumberland, educated from his infancy or time of understanding in school learning in Christ Church hospital in London, and in academical partly in Oxon, particularly, as it seems, in Queen's Coll., but whether he took a degree it appears not. Afterwards he retired to his native place, became usher of the same hospital (which he kept to, or near, his dying day), and was esteemed among some, especially the puritanical party (of which number he was a zealous brother), a tolerable poet, but by the royalists not, because he was inspired with ale or viler liquors.[1] In the beginning of the civil wars he

[1] This shows that Wood had been reading Hudibras, and did not think as meanly of it when it first appeared as Mr. Samuel Pepys.

"Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Prynne, and Vickars,
And force them, though it was in spite
Of Nature, and their stars, to write."

shewed himself a forward man for the presbyterian cause, hated all people that loved obedience, and did affright many of the weaker sort and others from having any agreement with the king's party, by continually inculcating into their heads strange stories of God's wrath against the Cavaliers. Afterwards, when the independents began to take place, he bore a great hatred towards them, especially after they had taken away the king's life."

A long list of his works is given in Carew Hazlitt's Handbook, but the recapitulation of them would be a trespass upon the reader's patience. They are well known, however, to the antiquarian, and some of them, especially the "Prodigies and Apparitions, or England's Warning Pieces," 1643, valued on account of their curious plates.

Among the Ashmolean MSS. No. 38, 170, we find *Vindiciæ Virgilianæ*, "Why, how now Mævius, art thou dabling still. Wrighten against John Vicars, the Usher of the Schole at Christ Church Hospitall, by E. C." The piece subjoined has been printed before.

A SUCCINCT MEMORIALL OF THAT MATCHLES MIRROR OF PRINCELY ROYALTY, QUEENE OF VERTUE, PATRONESSE OF CHRISTIAN PIETY, AND PATTERNE OF MOST WORTHY INIMITABLE VERTUES AND ENDOWMENTS OF GRACE AND GODNES, ANGELICALL ELIZABETH.

Behold the pourtract of faire vertues Queene,
Rare paragon of time, by fame still seene,
Sweet nurse of loue, graue wisdomes darling deere,
Religions fortresse, fortitudes chiefe peere,
Chastities lampe, faiths nourceling, charitye,
Constancies bullwarke, gēme of pietye,
Delights faire arbour, pleasures pallace rare,
Where subiects hearts were freed frō woe and care:
The flower whose top foule envye nere could crop,
The Tree whose boughes Traytors could neuer lop;
A piouse Deborah to ouerthrowe
Proud Sisera of Rome—Christ's mitred foe;
The vine whose iuyce their subiects comfort gaue,
The Rose of England florishing most braue,
To whom since Venus deigneth to giue place
As to the mirror of perfections grace,
Whose princly, noble and heroicke mind
Bids bold Semiramis come far behind.

Not chast Diana, with her nimphes most faire,
With chast Eliza dare attempt compare.
Whose learning, witt, and knowledge most profound
Parnassus nimphs with great applause resound.
Whose amitye what king did not desire?
What potent nation dreaded not her ire?
What puissant Keisar could her corage quell?
Who ere in ought Eliza could excell?
On whom as handmaides Peace and Plenty tended,
Whose life in glory led, in glory ended.
And tho grim death hath rob'd vs of this treasure,
And she an angell in celestiall pleasure,
Yet still on earth her neuer-dying name
Shall propagated be by sounding fame.
She was, she is, what can there more be said?
In earth the first, in Heaven the second maid.
Praise her who list, he still remaines her debter,
For Art nere faign'd, nor Nature fram'd a better.

James the First.

The character of James the First as a king has been frequently drawn, and his manners are familiar to the general reader by the somewhat highly-coloured portrait of Scott in the "Fortunes of Nigel." As an author he is less commonly known, but the pupil of Buchanan, if a pedantic, was certainly a learned writer. He had not been under the eye of one of the greatest Humanists for nothing. His "Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie," together with the "Counterblaste to Tobacco," were reprinted by Mr. Arber in 1869. They are deliciously quaint, and well worth reading: his Demonology may also be consulted with advantage in these days of "levitating theories."[1] The King's works were by himself presented to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

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[1] *Vide* the passage about how witches travel.

VERSES VPŌ THE KINGS WORKES TO CĀBRIDGE DEDICATED.

Rex pater est patriae, mihi clara Academia mater.

Thus in the deare memoriall of my duety,
Into the tender bosome of my mother,
I light my father vp: O let her beutye,
Mixt with his strength, each day beare me a brother,
And let the spring tides of their fresh delight
Make euery minute as a marriage night.

Crownes haue their cowmpasse, length of dayes their date,
Tryumphes their tombes, felicity her fate,
Of more then earth can earth make none partaker,
But knowlege makes the king most like his maker.[1]

Among the common-places books of fugitive verses made in the first half of the seventeenth century, and preserved among the Ashmolean and other MSS., we find here and there a few pieces assigned to James I., but on no very certain authority. As the King however, like Queen Elizabeth, was well known to be a "makir" in the Scotch sense of the word, they may possibly be his. In the Jackson MS. we have the following curious story:

"Two yeares before the King died, a carbuncle being in his hat, and he by the fire sleeping, by chance it fell in the fire and was burnt. Immediately after the King called to mind two propheticall verses that his scoolemaster Buchanan the night before in his dreame appeared to him and repeated to him, the verses being these:

Sexte, verere Deum, iam te tua properat aetas,
Cum tuus ardenti carbunculus vritur igni.

Soe he died two yeares after."

For some pleasant papers on James as a writer, see Isaac Disraeli's "Inquiry into the Literary and Political Character of James the First."

Physically weak, and the child of an unfortunate marriage, James passed his youth among the broils of the turbulent and savage aristocracy of Scotland. His early days were further embittered by the acrid Calvinism of the Kirk-squabbles of the

[1] The last four verses have been already printed, and contain some noble truths pungently expressed.

country. All these experiences left a deep impression upon him: he became a supporter of the divine theory of kingcraft in its most exaggerated type, and an Episcopalian of the most approved constitutional pattern. In the intervals of his buffoonish sallies, he uttered many wise things, and showed considerable political sagacity. Thus he foresaw the great constitutional struggle which was approaching, and prophesied the mischief which Laud would work in the kingdom. The pageant of royalty—the very first principles of which were shortly to be debated—was however to be made ridiculous by a king whose personal cowardice, whose uncouth and waddling gait, whose tedious and pedantic platitudes, made him an object of contempt to his Court, and were such that his very wife and children blushed for him.

Vpō the death of Queene Anne—the verses of King James.

(Anne, wife of James I. and daughter of Frederick II. of Denmark, died in 1619.)

Cara Deo, taedis clarissima, prole beata,
Anna soror regum, filia, sponsa, parens,
Tu quae protrita victrix de morte tryumphans
Manibus inuitis, Anna perenna manes,
Quam bene præcipitis lusisti spicula mortis,
Aucta malo, Cristo nupta, potita Deo.

The[e] to invite the great God sent his starre,
Whose freinds, and neerest freinds, great princes are;
Who though they lead the race of men and die,
Death seemes but to refine their majestie;
For did my Queene her court frō hence remoue,
And left of earth to be enthron'd aboue,
Then shee's aliue, not dead: Noe good prince dies,
But like the sun sets onely to our eyes.

AN EPITAPH OF Y^T SECOND ALEXANDER, PRINCE HENRY,[1] THAT GLORIOUS DAYSTAR OF BRYTAN'S CONSORT, TOO SOONE HID FRŌ VS BY Y^E CLOUD OF GOD'S WRATH: Y^T MOST ODERIFEROUS FLOWER OF ENGLANDS HOPE, TOO SUDDENLY NIPT BY THE CHILLING FROST OF HEAVENS HIGH DISPLEASURE.

A threefould mother God the gaue,
O princely youth!
A royall Queene, the Church, the Graue
Which caus'd our ruth.
The Church thy mother in her lappe,
The Queene in wombe,
The Graue in clay thy corps doth wrappe
In princely Tombe.
The Church the made a heauenly Saint,
A prince the Queene,
A lifeles corps Earth doth depaint
The to bee seene.
In Church eterniz'd is thy name:
[2]She doth deplore
Thy losse. From Graue to heauens high frame
Thou[3] once shalt soare.

Ex eodem ad eundem.

Henry the heate of all, ah his owne fire;
Henry braue Mars his sonne, graue Art's sweet sire;
Henry Art's Nourceling, and great Mars his Master;
Henry our glory, but by death, disaster;
Henry Rome's terror, whole world's admiration;
Henry our day day-star, and sun's deprauation;
Henry the glory of the Henries all;
Henry, nought grieu'd vs as thy funerall.
Henry the ninth was he? Nay nine in one
In Henry d^ed, the more's our griefe and moane.

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[1] For a note on this Prince, see p. 138.
[2] Queene.
[3] At y^e Resurrection.

THE GOOD SHEEPHEARDS SORROW FOR THE DEATH OF HIS SONNE P. HENRYE.

In sad and ashye weedes I sigh, I pine, I grieue, I mourne,
My oates and yellow reedes I now to ieate and ebon turne,
  My vrged eyes, like winter skies,
My fvrrowed cheekes oreflowe;
  All Heauen knowes whye; men mourne as I,
And who can blame my woe?

In sable robes of night my dayes of ioy apparel'd be,
My sorrowes see noe light; my light[s][1] through sorrowes nothing see;
  For now my sunne his date hath run,
And from his sphere doth goe
  To endless bed of solded lead,
And who can blame my woe?

My flockes I now forsake, that silly sheepe my griefes may know,
And lillies loath to take that since his fall presum'd to growe.
  I envie-aire, because it dare
Still breath, and he not soe;
  Hate earth that doth entombe his youth;
And who can blame my woe?

Not I poore lad alone (alone how can such sorrow be?),
Not onely men make moane, but more then men make moane with me,
  The Gods of greenes, the mountain Queenes
In fairie-circled row,
  The Muses nine, the Nymphes divine
Doe all condole my woe.

You awfull Gods of skie, if sheepheards may yow question thus,
What Deitie to supplie, tooke yow this gentle star from vs?
  Is Hermes fled? Is Cupid dead?
Doth Sol his seate forgoe?
  Or Jove his ioy he stole from Troy?
Or who hath fram'd this woe?

[1] light, singular in original.

Did not mine eyes, O Heavens, adore your light as well before?
But that amidst your seven, yow fixed haue one planet more,
  Yow may well raise now double dayes
On this sad earth below,
  Your powers haue wonne another sunne,
And who can blame our woe?

AGAINST THE PAPISTS: FOR THINKING IT MERITORIOUS TO KILL THE KING AND ALL HIS PROTESTANTS, CAUSE THEY BE NOT OF THEIR CHURCH—DESIRING SUBVERSION RATHER THAN CONUERSION.

Rise, O my Muse, mournfull Melpomene!
Vochsafe thine aide to thy weake Orator;
Distill sweet streames from thy rare Deitye
Erst too too long by him vnasked for!
  Vrania, take thy lute, hung vp too long,
  Let posts and stones sound out my tragicke song!

O that I could in sacred Helicon,
Or precious Nectar of Parnassus Muse
Dip my dull pen, or from faire Citheron
Vranias sacred skill and power could vse
  T' anatomize and paint to publique view
  A stratagem most horrid, strange and true.

If thus[1] they hope to climbe to Heauens high throne,
Then with Ascesius climbe to Heauen alone.
Now how these Jesuites censures doth agree
With Jesus doctrine, you shall plainly see:
When God with sinfull flesh vouchsaft to talke,
Did he not vnto faithfull Abraham say,
That if in Sodome he could find ten folke
That vpright were, his vengeance he would stay,
  And for their sakes on all hee'd mercy shew?
  But cruell Papists are more wise than soe.
Did not the heauenly Husbandman decree,
Considering how with wheat grew vp the tare,

[1] A quaint marginal gloss by the scribe: If by murthers & fornicatiō.

How intricate a business then would be
The weed to plucke vp and the wheate to spare,
Therefore gaue charge to let them both alone?
But of this husbandrie Papists will none.
Doth not St. Paull, doth not all Scripture teach
That none ill ought be done, tho thence may rise
A greater good?[1] But what tho Paul thus preach?
Loiolae's priests are now growne far more wise,
For if that any good to the Church may grow,
They hold it lawfull to kill freind or foe.
Our Sauior likewise said he came to saue,
Not to destroye, whom God vnto him gaue.
If Christs blest kingdome of this woreld had bene
Legions of Angells he might haue commanded;
But Antichrist, great Babell's man of sin,
Must here be Lord and King, and richtly landed.
Peter might not once strike in Christs defence,
But Popish priests may vse all violence.
O, saith our Sauiour, loue your enemies,
For persecutors pray, blesse them that curse.
But yow than Christ would seeme to be more wise,
Or rather than vnholy pagans worse,
For Pagans loue their friends, yow would vs slaye,
Which fauour yow, and for your soules health praye.
Oh is it possible such wrath should rest
In Rome's vn-erring Popes most sacred brest?[2]

And tho the letter seemed most obscure,
Like great Apolloe's Delphean misterye;
Our King a Joseph,—Daniell—was most sure
T' vntwine the twist of its obscuritye.[3]

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[1] Non facienda sunt mala vt eveniant bona.
[2] Tantaene animis coelestibus irae? Scelestibus imo.
[3] The letter which cāe to Lord Mounteagle, Jāes our king interpretcd.

That rare pare-royall of true piety,
Sweet Shedrach, Mesach, and Abednego,[1]
True worshippers of Heauen's deitye,
In whom the Lord did such a wonder show;
And certainly such was to vs God's grace,
And wee well nigh in as like dangerous case.

The fatall sisters Latin poets call
Parcae, tho parcunt nulli, they kill all,
And Latinists the thicke wood lucus write
Ceu nunquam lucens, wherein comes no light,
Bellum, fierce war is by them vnderstood
Ceu nunquam bonum, as nere being good,
And by the same antiphrasis of late
The Jesuites to themselues appropriate
The sacred name of Jesus, tho their workes
Declare their liues to be far worse than Turkes.
But euen their name, and doe their workes behold
Their best part then will proue but drosse to gold.
Doe thornes beare grapes? or figgs on thistles grow?
Or the hard oake yeild tender fruit? O noe.
The tree by 's fruit may manifested bee;
On good trees good, on ill wee bad fruit see.
The Jesuites doctrine who to know doth list,
It doth of five Dees certainely consist,
In daunting subiects and dissimulation
Depose, disposing kings realmes, and destruction.
Whether the Jesuites come more neere to those
Which beare the armes of Christ or Mars with blowes,
It is a question, but with ease decided,
As thus, Christ's souldiers euer are prouided
Of these blest weapons, Teares, prayers, patience,
These foile and spoile their foes with heauenly sence:
But daggars, daggs,[2] keene swords, poisons, deceipt,
Close fawning treasons, wiles, to couzen and cheate,

---

[1] Three children that was put in the furnace by Nabuchodonezar for not kneeling to their idolls.
[2] Pistols.

These are the Jesuites armes, and with these artes,
The Pope to deifye, they play their parts.
Nor faith, nor pity, their followers haue,
They diuellishly against Truth rage and raue.
How fit those armes Loiolae's brats beseeme,
Brytan can witnes, and the whole world deeme.
I'le passe by sleights, all in this one,
In this great pouder treason all were showne.
They'le smooth and sooth, and one thing to yow say,
And yet their hart goes cleane another way.
This ambiguity was Apolloe's art,
Vnder whose name the diuell play'd his part.
Even Tully may these popish priests reprehend,
By whom such lamb-skin wolues are oft condemn'd;
Who if he now liu'd, O howe 's eloquence
Would thunder out Loyolae's impudence!
Satan, that subtill serpent, did them teach
This lying art, they nere heard Christ soe preach.
Are not these then Rome's white deuills? Fie for shame,
Nought but bare outsides, their best part their name.
What was the diuell? a lyar, homicide,
A slie dissembler, regicide,
And with best reason, may this Jesuite deuill
Most properly be called the Kings euill.
If then affinity of manners vile,
If iust proportion of like fraud and guile,
If deedes so consonant and disposition
To practise greably may with prouision
Auaile to proue a truth; then I Magog know,
These doe a great part of thy warfare showe,
And palpably declare to the truely wise
This offspring did from the their father rise.
Avant, yow locusts! hence, yow spawne of Hell!
From whose blacke smoake yow are deriu'd full well:
If still yow will the name of Jesus take,
Let all men know yow doe it onely make
A cloake to hide your knauery, for yow are
But gray wolues, bearing in your front a star.
Instead of Jesus, take yow Judas' name,
Your hatefull liues will best befitt the same;
For by your works wee perfectly doe find
Noe part with Christ is vnto yow assign'd.

Robert Cecill.

Robert Cecill was a younger son of the minister Burghley, and was born about 1565. He was a bitter enemy, both of Essex and Raleigh, and has been previously alluded to as such in these pages. He was made Earl of Salisbury in 1605, and died in 1612. In him James lost a trusty friend, who had laboured much to facilitate his succession to the throne.

Vpon the death of Robert Cecill, in Queene Elizabeth's raigne Lord Treasurer and Master of the Wardes and Liveries.

Poore England! (for how can'st thou be but poore,
Whose losses haue enricht the cope of heauen?)
How is thy wealth decayde? Where is thy store?
Who of thy treasure hath the bereauen?
Yet maist thou tryumph in thy povertie,
You hadst bene rich, had heaven not robbed the.

Yee blessed saynts, whither haue yee convayde
Poore England's syluer-headed senatour?
To Jove's starchamber? Be it never said
The highest heavens wants a councellour:
Yet never fitter man, nor fitter place,
Since he the heavens, the heavens him doe grace.

Where were ye Muses when your glory died?
Would not your griefe endure to see his fall?
Noe marvaile for his glory was your pride,
And those his siluer haires enricht yow all:
Those siluer haires rich as the golden fleece,
Which Jason with his gallants brought to Greece.

Then mourne, ye Muses, mourne and never cease!
Cease never till your griefe be drown'de in teares!
And when the wellspringes of your teares decrease
Make ditties of his prayses for the sphaeres;
Soe let the man that hath the Muses raysde,
Or liue or dead be of the Muses praysde.

Twise twenty winters past, while he protected
Our ilands elder sisters nurserie;
And rose then any troubles vnexpected,
He guarded them, like as an aged tree
From summers heate and winters cold doth cover
The tender lamkins and their milkie mother.

How might wee send embassadours to Jove
To parlie for a ransome with the Gods!
O noe, yee Muses should haue overstrove
The fatall sisters, having them at odds:
Your champione slaine yow tooke the foile, not hee,
Yee beeing three to one, he one to three!

Ben. Hinton, Col. Trinit.[1]

The Winter-King.

These lines are on the death of the eldest son of Frederick the Elector Palatine. The following account of the melancholy fate of this young Prince is given by Mrs. Everett Green, "Lives of the Princesses of England," vol. v. p. 468:—

"The Princess Elizabeth was placed under the care of Lord and Lady Vere, then residents at the Hague, who watched carefully and affectionately over her expanding talents; and the young heir, Frederic Henry, was also brought to the Hague, to be more fully trained in manly and military exercises. The developments of this Prince were already very promising. He was regarded with pride and hope, not only in Bohemia, where the people delighted to give him the title of their Crown-Prince, but in England, where, after his mother, he was the next heir to the yet childless King. His uncle, Charles I., showed his approval of the intention of his parents to train him to arms, by placing him as volunteer in the army of the Prince of Orange. But his opening prospects were quickly closed by a sudden and fatal calamity. On the $\frac{7}{17}$th of January, 1629, the Prince set out with his father on a pleasure excursion, to see the fleet returned from the West Indies, in which his mother herself was interested, as a rich prize had been secured, of which a share belonged to her, by the will of the late Prince of Orange. Elizabeth parted from her son in buoyant and vigorous health. The next day

[1] This writer is probably the author mentioned by Allibone ("British and American Authors"):—"Hinton, Benjamin, Eighteen Sermons. London, 1650. 4to." A Benjamin Hinton was Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and afterwards Minister of Hendon; B.A. $159\frac{8}{7}$, M.A. 1600, B.D. 1607.

he was brought back to her palace a corpse. The circumstances of his disastrous fate have been given with much difference of detail; but the official record sent to England relates, that shortly before reaching Amsterdam, the vessel containing Frederick and his son came into collision with one of much larger make, and sustained so serious an injury that it immediately filled with water, and all on board perished, except the King, who was saved by the prompt efforts of one of the sailors. The tide of the next morning brought on shore the body of the drowned Prince."[1]

Of his studies it has been said:

"He wrote and spoke English, French, and German. Latin he understood so well that his examinations in his historical studies were conducted in that language."—Frederick Henry to Ambassador Carleton, Holland Correspondence, State Paper Office.

Frederick, a weak and incapable man, who was induced to hazard his ancestral territory for the crown of Bohemia, died heart-broken under the ban of the empire in 1632. The full record of his follies may be found in German history. While the battle of the White Mountain was raging outside of his new capital, he was entertaining the English ambassador at a grand banquet. The Winter-king faded from Bohemian history—the only record they keep of him at Prague is his Bible, preserved in the National Museum—and died a pensionary. His wife Elizabeth, daughter of James I.—"goody Palsgrave," as the unfortunate libeller called her—long survived him, dying in London in 1662. Two of her sons, Rupert and Maurice, distinguished themselves in the Civil War, and her daughter Sophia was the mother of George I.

In obitum Henrici Frederici majoris natu Frederici comitis palatini.

Must it be soe, iust Heauens, that still the best
And sweetest flowers fierce stormes shall most molest?
Good God! can none but cedars serue to be
Th' vnhappy markes of Boreas iniurie,
When shrubs are safe? Must thy Lethean cup
Of direfull vengeance all be drunken vp
By thine owne servants? O yet let thy foes
Drinke vp the dregs which are begun by those.
Must sweet Eliza's streames of griefe still flow?
And ioyes still ebbe? Methinks the fates would owe

[1] True Recital of the accident happened to the King of Bohemia, $\frac{7}{17}$ Jan., 1629.—German Correspondence, Bundle 61, State Paper Office.

Some loue to vertue; or at least desist
Soe sweet a life of blacke threed still to twist.
Her brother's, mother's, father's death should be
Surely enough to moue or satisfie
The most revenging fates! Yet adde to these
The losse of husbands crowne and dignities.
Alas! 'twere well if here her woes would end,
And angry starrs no further rage extend.
She that lost freinds before must lose a sonne,
And with her age her glasse of cares must run;
Water must serue for sand. The earth before
Had lauishly exhausted all its store
Of hateful mischeife, and the sea must now
Conspire with earth to make afflictions flowe.
Yee stir-like Waues could awfull maiestie
No whit asswage your hoodwincked crueltie?
'Twas pollicie, thou trident-bearing God!
When azur'de waues thou moud'st with three forkt rod,
To choose the gloomie lap of clowdy night
Least else thy rage should earth and heauen affright;
Gold-haired Apollo would not daigne to showe
His earth in lightning rayes, least he should soe
Seeme to approue thy rage; sterne Eolus
Vnwilling seemes to loose his furious
Vnruly servants: you thy spleene to shew
Mad'st hoarie Winter arme himselfe anew
To further the, and mad'st blacke nighte effect
That which thy waues for pitty did neglect.
But, Neptune, thou hast done thy worst, and now
Expect the effects of angry mortalls woe,
Thou shalt a riuall, a new welkin see
Which brinish teares from mortalls' eyes shalbe,
Ore which new ocean thou noe rule shalt beare,
But sole Eliza shalbe governer.

NOTES.

P. 66. *The Learning of Queen Elizabeth.*—"Her wisedome was, without question, in her life by any unequalled. She was sententious, yet gratious in speech; so expert in Languages that she answered most Embassadors in their natiue tongues: her capacitie was therewith so apprehensiue, and inuention so quicke, that if any of them had gone beyonde their bounds, with maiestie vndaunted she would haue limited them within the verge of their dueties, as she did royally, wisely, and learnedly, the last strutting Poland messenger, that thought with stalking lookes and swelling words to daunt her vndaunted excellence."—From "England's Mourning Garment," reprinted by Mr. Ingleby in the "Shakspere Allusion-Books," p. 94.

P. 67. *For Sigismund II. read III.*—This was the Jesuit king, whose rule was so pernicious to the unfortunate country.

Ibid. *The suit of Anjou.*—Among the Ashmolean MSS., 800, 1, we have a letter from "S^{r} Philip Sydney to Queene Elizabeth concerning her marriage with Mounser." This has been already printed. Black, in the Ashmolean Catalogue, also quotes "A defence of the French Monsieurs desiring marriage with Q. Eliz., written by Lord Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton." This is in the Harl. MS. 180: it is noticed by Walpole in "Royal and Noble Authors."

P. 68. *Elizabeth's Lament.*—It is only fair to add that these verses are also found among the Tanner MSS., where they are asserted to have been composed by the Queen on Essex.

P. 68. *Stubbs' Gaping Gulf.*—Of this production there are two copies among Douce MSS. (XLVI.) entitled "The discoverie of A Gaping Gulf, wherinto England is like to be swallowed by another French mariage, if the Lord forbid not the banes by letting her Maiestie see the sinn and punishment therof." Also (CCLIX.) another copy, illustrated throughout with marginal notes. At the end, "Thus endeth the discovery of the Gaping

Gulfe, seene in a dreame, allowed in a traunce, published by the autority of feareful douting, and rewarded with a common hyre to proferred servitours. Non credo." This last copy is curious, because it is supposed to be in the handwriting of the author.

P. 70. *Forman.*—I have not attempted anything like a complete account of Forman and his fellow-conjurors, as the subject would be too lengthy for a book of these dimensions. In Ashmolean MS. 802, 15, we have a long psalm composed by Dr. Forman, January 19th, 1604, "to be songe at his burialle." It begins, "Assemble now, youe people all. Finis per Forman." He was buried at Lambeth 12th Sept. 1611. The editor of the Catalogue doubts, with apparent reason, whether the mourners would have had sufficient patience to chant over the deceased doctor so lengthy and dismal a performance. Among the Ashmolean MSS. are many volumes containing the names and "cases" of persons whose nativities were calculated by him and Lilly.

P. 72. *The Partheniades of Puttenham.*—For all that can be ascertained concerning Puttenham's life, and how far it is probable that the "Arte of English Poesie" was written by him, I must refer the reader to Mr. Arber's very careful Reprint of the above-mentioned book.

P. 78. *Frith.*—Since writing my note on this word, I have met with an article by Mr. Skeat in *Notes and Queries* (4th series, vi. 573) denying its existence in Chaucer. So accurate a student of Old English cannot be wrong, and it is probably to be found in some piece by Lydgate, productions by whom are frequently to be found appended to the old editions of Chaucer.

Ibid. *iolly dame.*—In the original edition of his "Day-dream," Mr. Tennyson ventured upon the expression "he must have been a jolly king." The small wits and the reviewers of the time forced him by ridicule (we must presume) to alter this into the weaker, "a *jovial* king." Let us hope the old reading will be restored. It is certainly amusing to look at the Quarterlies on Keats and Tennyson: we see how late the real study of our own language has been. The present enthusiasm does not count many years of existence: those who promoted it could be easily specified—and their original number was very small. We may now be comforted that it is in fashion: a short time ago those who ventured in these by-paths were the subjects only of fatuous and self-admiring raillery.

P. 92. *Richard Tarleton.*—For a biography of Tarleton—the Grimaldi of his time, and a great deal more—we may also go to Baker's *Biographia Dramatica*, where we are told that his por-

trait was frequently made the sign of ale-houses. Baker quotes Hall, "To sit with Tarlton on an alepost's sign." See also the reference to Dr. Cave, who, speaking of him, says: "in cujus voce et vultu omnes jocosi affectus, in cujus cerebroso capite lepidæ facetiæ habitant."

P. 94. *Quotation from the Play of Henry VIII.*—Of course I have here left the question unsettled concerning the authorship of this play. For this very interesting discussion, and how far Shakespere was assisted by Fletcher—a suggestion first made by Mr. Tennyson to Mr. Spedding—I must refer the reader to the Papers of the New Shakspere Society.

P. 96. *A Poem in Praise of Queen Elizabeth.*—The first part of this piece, viz. that which was merely a translation of Simonides, did not appear worthy of transcription.

P. 100. *Sir Francis Drake.*—Ashmolean MS. 830, 17, contains some official documents setting forth the depredations committed by Sir Francis Drake as follows: "The third voyadg of Francisce Drake uppon information of ye Spa. ambassador." The indorsement is in Burleigh's handwriting, and contains official accounts of the plunder carried off by the bold navigator. So also, "A summarye relacõn of the harmes and robberies done by Frauncis Drake, an Englishe man, wth the assistauntz and helpe of other Englishmen." Thus indorsed by Burleigh, "Franc. Drakes voyadg to ye Sp. Indias." Also, 19, "An abridgement of the relation and proves made againste S^{r}. Fraunces Drake, k^{t}., towchinge his doinges in the sowthe sea, beyonde the streighte of Magalanus." The Spaniards now began to find that their *mare clausum* was being invaded, and was to become a *mare liberum* to their British rivals.

P. 114. In the emendation in the note, *for* "Britanna" *read* "Britanno."

P. 130. *To the blessed Sainct,* etc.—A duplicate of this is found in the Jackson MS. No. 9.

P. 132. *The Answere to the Libell.*—Of this piece a copy also occurs in the Ashmolean MS. 36, 37, art. 71, and in art. 72 we get "An answere to the Wiper-away of the People's teares," beginning, "Contemne not, gracious kinge, our plaints and teares."

P. 138. *Prince Henry.*—The elegies on this darling of the nation are numerous. See Ash. MS. 38, 323, "Uppon Prince Henry. Reader, wounder thinke it none." Black tells us, however, that it has been previously printed. So also another copy, 781, 75; also 96. Epitaph on Prince Henery, "I had no vaine in verse." An interesting portrait of this young man is preserved

in the Bodleian Gallery: there does not appear to be any intellectual promise stamped upon the face.

P. 192. *Poems by John Lilliat.*—Lilliat has added a great many pieces on the sheets bound up with the copy of Watson's *Ἑκατομπαθία*, a production, let me add, of very poor merit, and in no way justifying the exuberant praise of Mr. Arber, who finds in him a second Petrarch, and speaks of his sonnets as lost pearls. Lilliat has also had his name printed in many parts of the volume: thus the preface, commencing "John Lyly to the Authour his friend," is signed John Lilliat; but on comparing this name with other parts of the volume, we see that it has been added since. Among the pieces composed or copied out by the latter are—"A welcome to Cupid," "Dr. Goldingham his Ghost," "A Melancholy Passion;" also "Lilliat, his Confused Chaos," and "David's Dumpe." The writer was probably a Roman Catholic. As the last-mentioned poems are of no poetical merit, and deal with general topics, I have not ventured to trouble the reader with them.

P. 195. *The Earl of Essex.*—We can realize to ourselves how prominent a figure Essex was, by the abundance of fugitive poetry and other literature with reference to him. In answer to Bacon's attacks upon him, his admirers issued the following publication after his death:—"An Apologie of the Earle of Essex, against those which jealously and maliciously tax him to be the hinderer of the peace and quiet of his country. Penned by himself in Anno 1598. Imprinted 1603."

Among the Ashmolean MSS. are the following pieces relating to Essex:—

No. 767, 1. "The buzzeing Bees complaynt. There was a tyme when seylley bees could speake." Besides the different copies mentioned on page 240, we get this new version of this not very meritorious poem, and also another, 781, 56. The piece is alluded to by Ritson, and has also been published by Mr. Park, in his edition of Walpole's "Royal and Noble Authors," vol. ii. pp. 109–112. (Quoted by Black.) Tanner (Bibliotheca Britannico-Hibernica), 1748, makes "The buzzing bees complaint" to have been written by Essex. 767, 7, "By the Queene, a Proclamation declaring the treasonable attempts and practices of the Earl of Essex," etc. 781, 14. Letter from "The Lo: Keeper Edgerton to the Earle of Essex, dated 12th of October, 1599," and (15) "The Earle of Essex answere to the Lo: Keeper." 16. Letter from the Earl of Essex "To the sacred Ma^{tie} of Queene Elizabeth." 20. Letter from "The Lady (Penelope) Rich to the sacred Ma^{tie} of Queene Elizabeth" on behalf of her brother.

P. 196. *The Winning of Cales.*—Rawlinson MS. B. 259, 3, we have the following curious tract:—

"An English Quid
For a Spanish Quo;
God graunte one quayled
This quarreling foe:

or a true relation of the late honorable expedition and memorable exployte (God so assisting) performed by her ma^ties^ moste royall navy and army at Cadez, on the coaste of Spayne, in the monthes of June and July last, this yeare of Christe oure Savyour 1596. Diligently collected, advisedly corrected, and owte of most credible advertizments newly and truly written owte, by Richard Robinson, citizen of London, anno dicto mensis Octob., fol. 47."

P. 207. *The followers of Essex.*—In Ashmolean MS. 862, 44, we have the following list of the confederates of Essex (in a hand of the time of Queen Elizabeth):—

Earles.
- Essex.
- Rutlond.
- Sussex, close prisoner.
- Sowthehampton.
- Bedford.

Lordes.
- Sandes.
- Moountegull.
- Crumwell.

Lady Riche.

Knightes.
- Ferdinando Gorge(s).
- Charles Davers.
- Will^a^m Cunstabull.
- Anthone Pearsey.
- John Pearsey.
- John Davers.
- Gwillam Merrick.
- Henry Lensley.
- Xp'ofer Blunt.
- Henry Tracy slayne.
- Thomas West L. Delawares heyer.
- Henry Cari of Kent.
- Rob^t^ Varnam.
- Joh'n Haydoon̄.
- Xp'ofer Haydon̄.
- Edward Bagnam.
- Joh'n Litelton.
- Yeaxley Pearsey.
- Charles Pearsey.
- Jozaphell Pearsey.

Slayn.
- George Manners.
- Edward Michelboorne.
- Rob't Evers.
- Joh'n Throgmorton.
- Joh'n Tracey.
- Henry West of Kent.
- Rob't Warner.
- Captayn Leyceter.
- Owen Salisbury.
- Joh'n Salisbury.

P. 209. *Asked for the executioner.*—The name of this functionary has come down to us: it appears to have been Derrick. See note to "The Trimming of Thomas Nash" (p. 62), reprinted in Miscellanea Antiqua Anglicana, part ii., 1871, where the name is said to be found in a contemporaneous ballad. We never appear to have had a family to boast the hereditary honours of the Sansons.

P. 252. *The Disparinge Complainte.*—Of this a duplicate is found among the Ashmolean MSS. 36, 37, No. 10. It is alluded to by Hannah, in his "Courtly Poets," 1870, where there is a very complete account of poems by Raleigh, or attributed to him, and also relating to him. After the careful labours of this editor, there is very little for a belated worker in the field to glean. Certainly no fuller account of Sir Walter's fugitive pieces has ever appeared. Dr. Hannah has also noticed "I speak to such if any such there be," but has only quoted a small portion of it. Here also will be found printed the lines on page 269. It is a comfort to think that, although many of the pieces ascribed to Raleigh are assigned to him on such dubious authority, he cannot be robbed of the glorious sonnet on Spenser's "Faërie Queene," which is his by indubitable title. Among the Ashmolean MSS., 781, 25, we find "Letter of S^{r} Wa: Raleigh to his Ma^{tie} before his tryall;" also, 24, "annother of his to his Ma^{tie} after his condemnation;" we also have (32) "Carey Raleigh's petition to his Ma^{tie} for his father."

P. 271. *When you awake, dull Brittons.*—A copy of this poem is also to be found among the Ash. MSS., 38, 14, and also in the Jacksonian MS. at Edinburgh.

P. 274. For Ellesmere, Thomas Egerton, *Bacon*, read *Baron.*

P. 290. *Verses on Queen Anne.*—Of course we must not lose the point of Anna perenna, which occurs in Ovid's Fasti, 3654, and is supposed to be an epithet of the goddess of the moon.

P. 299. *In obitum Henrici Frederici.*—The same kind of idea as that at the conclusion of this piece is also found in the fol-

lowing lines, copied likewise in the Jackson MS. They have been printed before, but deserve quotation on account of their grotesque quaintness. I have seen them attributed to Dekker.

"In reginam felicissimae memoriae.

The Queene they rowde from Richmond to Whitehall,
At euery stroake salt teares the oares let fall.
More clung about the boate,[1] sith vnder water
Wept out their eyes in pearle, and swome blind after.
I thincke the Bargemen might with easier thighes
Haue rowed her thither in her peoples eyes;
Yet howsoe're, thus much my thoughts haue scann'd,
Sh' ade gone by water, had she gone by land."

The reader will observe that by an unfortunate oversight the name of Elizabeth's great minister is written sometimes Burley at others Burleigh: both forms, however, are frequently found.

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[1] ? fish.

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